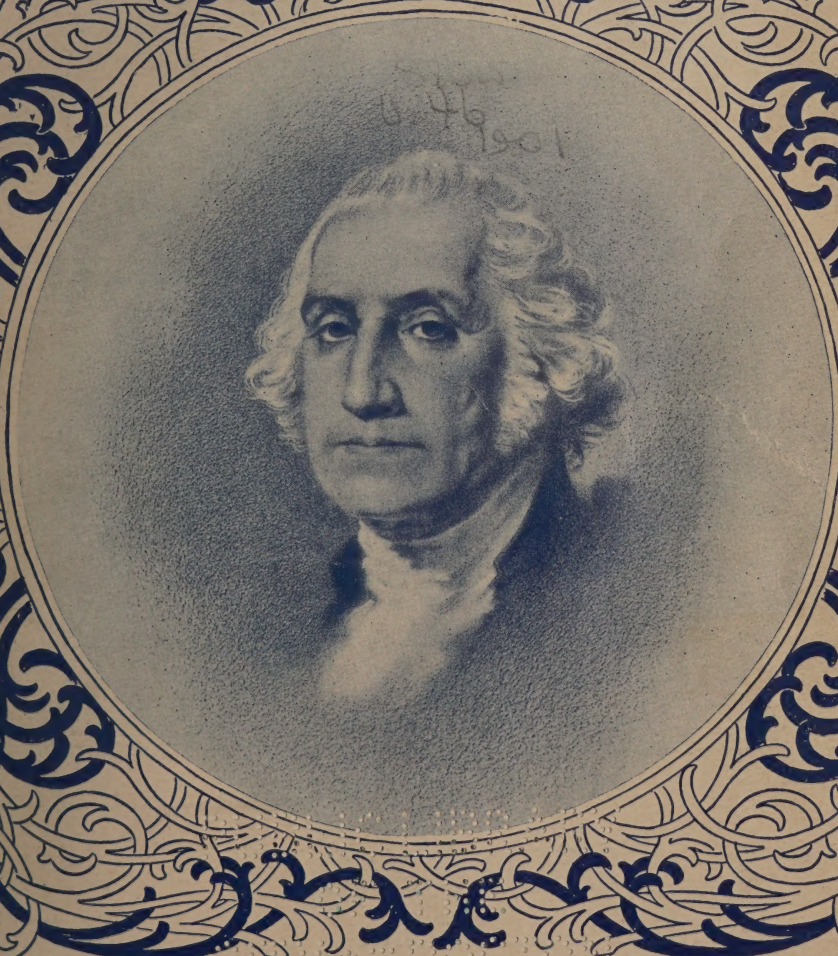
Boston Public Library
3 9999 10588 581 6

No.....

THE TRVSTEES OF THE
PVBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

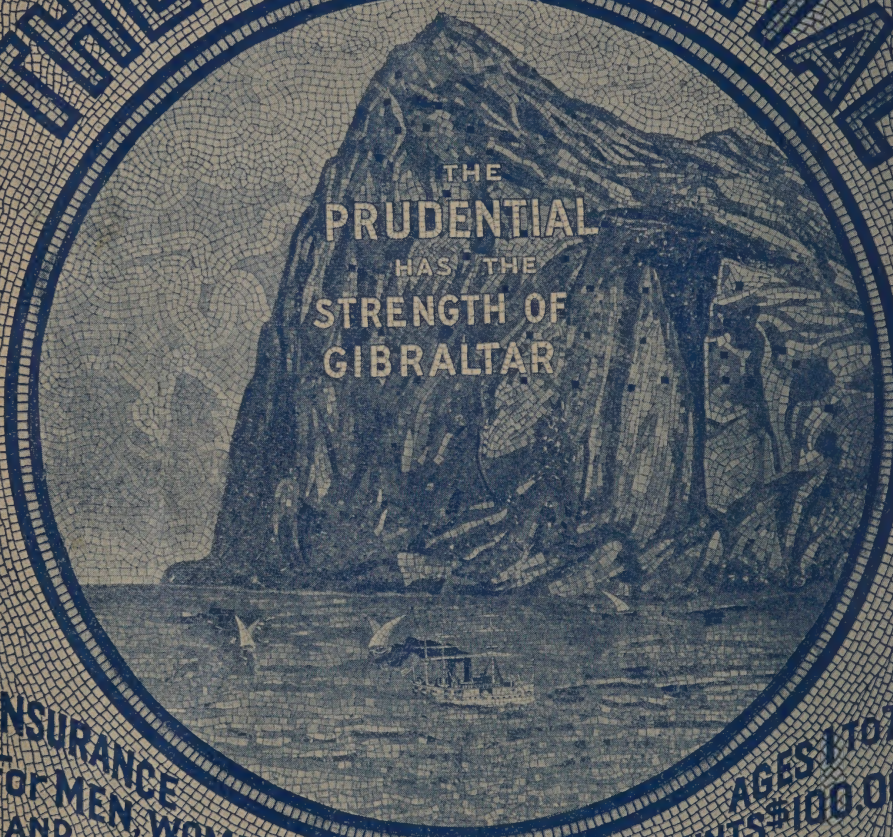
24 MAY 02 K
R JAN 18
S APR 5
F MAY 5
M. FEB 3
3/6
F MAR 23
J NOV 25
D JAN 7
F. JAN 27.
M. FEB 20

Donahoe's



JULY, 1901.

THE PRUDENTIAL



INSURANCE
For MEN, WOMEN
AND
CHILDREN

AGES 1 TO 70
AMOUNTS $100.000
TO $15.

The Rock of Gibraltar

pictured in mosaic at the entrance to the Home Office Buildings owned and occupied by THE PRUDENTIAL, symbolizes the strength of this Company which protects the holders of over

FOUR MILLION POLICIES

by Life Insurance of over

$600,000,000

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — Home Office: NEWARK, N.J.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JULY, 1901, TO DECEMBER, 1901.

VOLUME XLVI.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY.
BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XLVI.

Period
AP2
D7
V.46
1901

INDEX.

PROSE.

American Gem on the Church's Brow. (An) Illus.	*Anna C. Minogue*	138
Belgian Metropolis. (The) Illus.	*Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J.*	257
Best Laid Plans. (The) Story	*Eugenie Uhlrich*	610
Best Way to Settle Labor Troubles	*H. M. Beadle*	296
Bicycle in Morocco. (A) Illus.	*Henry Collins Walsh*	432
Borrowed From the Night. Story	*Anna C. Minogue*, 41, 185, 269, 377, 469, 531	
Bossuet's Relation to Modern Thought	*F. M. Capes*	330
Building a Home. Illus.	*William Peard*	477
Cardinal Wiseman. Illus.	*Rev. F. A. Cunningham*	203
Castle in Spain (A) Story	*Katharine Tynan Hinkson*	131
Catholicity in Scotland. (Modern)	*Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B.*	224
Catholics and Irishmen in a Famous Conquest	*Edward Fitzpatrick*	290
Christmastide Long Ago. Illus.	*Dr. B. F. DeCosta*	515
Christmas Visitor. (A) Story	*Katharine Tynan Hinkson*	544
Church of Greece. (The) Illus.	*Rev. Daniel Quinn, D. D.*	5
Cold Courtship. (A) Story	*Ethna Carbery*	354
College Boy in Camp. (The) Illus.	*Rev. John Talbot Smith*	31
Conditional Catholic. (A) Story	*Eugenie Uhlrich*	83
Colonial or Puritan Law in Texas	*John T. Nicholson*	96
Conversion of Henry of Navarre	*Susan L. Emery*	57
Cork International Exhibition. Illus.	*Herbert Honahan*	359
Creed of Anarchy	*Rev. L. W. Mulhane*	441
Duke's Motto. (The) Story	*Blanche Elizabeth Wade*	150
Edge of the Sea. (On)	*Edward J. McLoughlin*	71
Episode. (An) Story.	*Gabriel Prasse Powers*	18

Federation Convention. (The)	*T. B. Minahan*	430
Firm of Hampton and Mayho. Story	*Ellen Cawthon*	87
Kentucky Catholic Literators. (Some) Illus.	*Charles J. O'Malley*	157
Lilies of Manuel. (The) Story	*Elizabeth Vore*	155
Literary Critics and Criticisms	*Mary E. Desmond*	395
Little Mother's Christmas. (The) Story	*John Austin Schetty*	551
Lucina's Ascension Robe. Story	*Rev. John Talbot Smith*	321
Meeting Public Problems. Illus.	*Anna Seaton Schmidt*	457
Memory of the Manchester Rescue. (In) Illus.	*Major Dudley Costello*	280
Missionary Experiences in Jamaica. Illus.	*Rev. Patrick F. K. Mulry, S. J.*	597
Mission in Arizona. (Old) Illus.	*J. L. Herron*	175
Monasteries of Subiaco. Illus.	*Rev. H. G. Hughes*	339
Monks of Trabolgan. (The) Story	*Rev. P. A. Sheehan*	578
Moral Power of Music	*Annette S. Driscoll*	165
Our True Position	*Rev. John F. Mullany*	533
Parrish Luck. (The) Story	*John Austin Schetty*	245
People in Print. Illus.	*William Hopkins*, 74,182,286,369,484,571	
Poets I Have Known. (John O'Hagan) Illus.	*Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.*	107
Poets I Have Known. (Aubrey De Vere) Illus.	*Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.*	555
Prairie Cross. (The) Story	*Charles Curtz Hahn*	144
Prelates' Tribute to the Dead President		348
Probation System in Massachusetts	*John J. McDonough*	147
Purer Ether. (In) Story	*Esther Waggaman*	399. 447
Queen of France. Illus.	*John O'Mahony*	311
Rescue Work in Liverpool. Illus.	*Anna Seaton Schmidt*	233
Singing Women of Tor-I. Story	*Ethna Carbery*	61
Social Side of the Gaelic Movement. Illus.	*Alice L. Milligan*	411
State Paternalism in Education	*Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J.*	489
Tammany Hall and the Catholic Church	*M. P. Curran*	421
Tinker's Daughter. (The) Story	*Cahir Healy*	92
Toto, an Etching. Illus.	*J. Torrey Connor*	593
Where White Sea Horses Ride. Story	*Nora Rylman*	172

POETRY.

Absent	*G. Wonson Vandegrift*	222
According to St. John	*Kathleen Kavanagh*	329
Angel Reapers. (The) Illus.	*Caroline D. Swan*	308
August	*Elizabeth Kelly*	106
Autumn	*Charles Gould Beede*	358
Ave Maria	*Rosa Mulholland*	336
Before the Tabernacle	*Amadeus*	154
Bohemia.	*Henry Coyle*	610

Breakers at Monhegan. (The) Illus.	*Caroline D. Swan*	3
Burst of Glory.	*D. J. Donahoe*	82
By Light o' the Moon	*Rev. James B. Dollard*	530
Domestic Enemy. (A)	*E. G.*	244
Earth's Harvesting. Illus.	*Caroline D. Swan*	307
Enter, God.	*Caroline C. Shea*	72
Faith	*Mabel M. Lent*	609
Glory to God and Peace to Men	*Amadeus.*	529
In the Temple.	*Benjamin F. Leggett*	174
Jubilee Poem	*Rev. Abram J. Ryan*	252
Living Dead. (The)	*Lucy Gertrude Kelley*	359
Love Lies Bleeding	*Romilly White*	95
Love Shall Be Law	*D. J. Donahoe*	618
Memory. (A)	*Mary M. Redmond*	477
Other One. (The)		541
Our Lady's Exile	*Katharine Tynan*	256
Poor. (The) Illus.	*J. Gertrude Menard*	543
St. Anthony of Padua. Illus.	*J. Gertrude Menard*	542
Was There Warfare in the Garden?	*Mary Allegra Gallagher*	149
White Choir. (The)	*Caroline D. Swan*	577

DEPARTMENTS.

Book Reviews	97, 201, 209, 405, 511, 620
Question Box	103, 207, 303, 407, 509, 625

ST. ANNE AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"THEY ARE TOSSING UP THEIR BURSTS OF SPRAY, THE BREAKERS WILD AND FLEET."

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVI. JULY, 1901. No. 1

THE BREAKERS AT MONHEGAN.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

They are swinging in their glory where the sea and mountain meet,
They are tossing up their bursts of spray, the breakers wild and fleet;
From out their green, translucent whirls they rush with eager shock,
And boil in white exultance round each jag of shattered rock.

I share their exultation, I share their sense of power;
I drink in all their beauty, their strong, eternal dower!
Yet, O ye mighty messengers of the Almighty One,
The secret of your whirl belongs to realms beyond the sun.

771

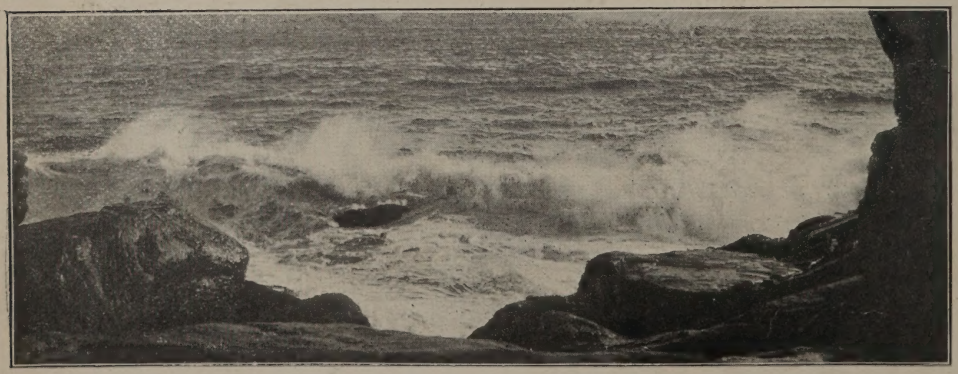
It fascinates our feebleness, it charms our quivering sense;
It quiets us, as though brought near to touch Omnipotence!
So sweet, the creature's helplessness in the Creator's arms,
That deeper grows its trust where force, love-held, nor chides, nor harms.

O wondrous sea-green surges, in our spirits' loftiest hour
They yearn to understand and grasp the fullness of His power;
The power of grace that strengthens, the power of love that cheers,
The power, whose uplift shall endure throughout the endless years.

Great waves of tenderness, that come from high, celestial shores
And break, like music, on the soul that reverently adores
That Source of Might benignant, the Sacrificial Love
Whose life is ever surging on in golden seas, above.

Ye baffle comprehension! We faint and fail to mete
Or fathom half your mystery of condescension sweet!
O pardon our beclouded souls, in earth-mists lying dim!
The splendors of Thy might, O Lord, o'erwhelm the seraphim.

Wherefore, in silvery silence—like the sands upon the shore—
We wait Thy mercy's tidal wave that swingeth evermore;
Enfold us in Thy gracious clasp and smooth our roughened palms,
And softly show us all the deeps of Thine eternal calms.



PROKOPIOS, METROPOLITAN ARCHBISHOP OF ATHENS.

THE CHURCH OF GREECE.

BY REV. DANIEL QUINN, D.D.

American Archæological School, Athens, Greece.

Many of the earliest and readiest to accept the first teachings of Christianity were from amongst the Greeks. In the New Testament, and especially in the Pauline epistles, Greek names are common for the primitive converts to the new belief; and names are often indicative of nationality. Most of

HILL OF ARES, WHERE, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, ST. PAUL STOOD AND PREACHED.
ACTS XVII., 22.

these, however, received the new light not in their patrial country, but as foreigners in Rome and Asia and Makedonia. But even the very core of Hellenism was reached by the Gospel. Paul came into Greece. At Athens he preached the new religion, and, while he and his hearers could gaze upon the doric and ionic temples of the Akropolis, announced to the lolling Epicureans and ascetic Stoics that he was the messenger of a God Whose abode was not in temples made by hands. How the gentle philosophers must have smiled as they heard his words of depreciation, and looked proudly up at the great citadel and its glory. But nevertheless Paul gained followers for Christ even at Athens. Continuing his work in Greece, the apostle went to Korinth, the residence of the pro-consul, the representative of the Roman empire, to which all Greece then belonged. Here he established a community of believing converts, which for centuries remained the chief church in the province of Achaia, as Greece then was called.

The Christianity of the first three centuries was exceedingly fertile in literature. But nearly all of these writings have unaccountably perished. This vast loss is one of the saddest in all history. Perhaps it is on account of the destruction of early Christian literature that we know nothing certain about such men as Dionysios of Athens. Greece furnished a number of leading men to the primitive church. Misty traditions have pre-

served their names and occasionally some of their deeds. Anakletos and Hygeinos, two of the early popes, are said to have been Athenians. Aristides, who as far as we know, wrote the first Apology for Christianity, was a converted Athenian philosopher. This Apology he wrote and presented to Hadrian, hoping to obtain the emperor's favor for the Christians.

Paganism was very tenacious of life. It was steadfastly cherished and defended by the priests of the ancient cults, by the schools of Athens, and by those who had been initiated into the Elevsinian and other mystic rites. The final death-blow to opposition against Christianity was given by the Byzantine emperor Justinian when in the year 529 he ordered the old schools of Athens to be closed forever, and

THE METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL OF ATHENS.

THE PROPHET ELIAS; A MOSAIC IN THE ANCIENT MONASTERY OF DAPHNION, ON THE ROAD TO ELEVSIS.

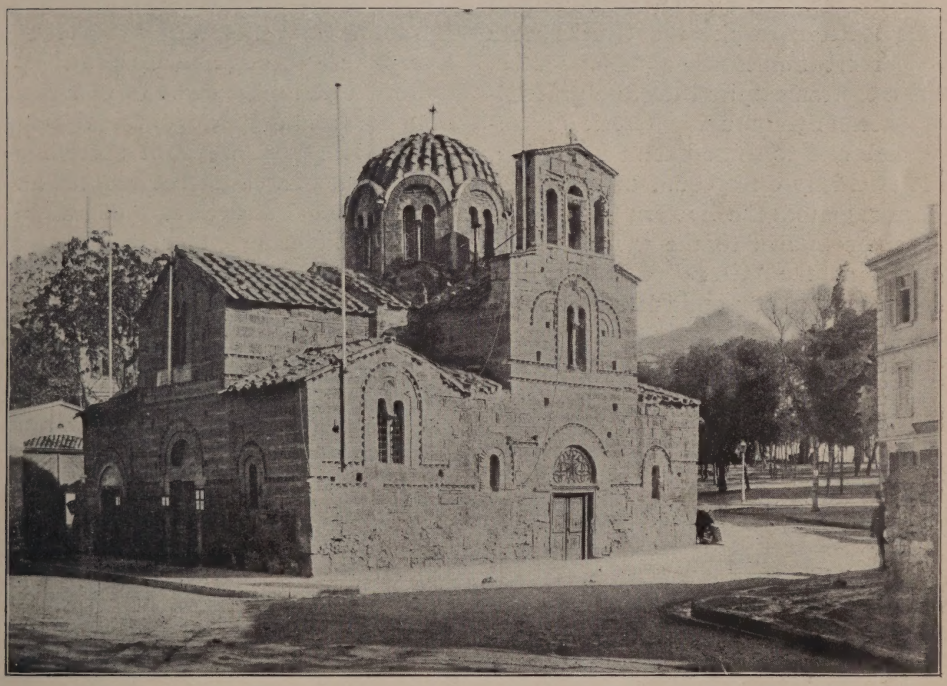
put an end to the public teachings of the philosophers. During the previous centuries the church of Achaia made progress indeed, but yet could not prevail. At the time of Justinian the largest communities must have been at Patræ, where according to tradition the apostle St. Andrew had first established a church, and in Korinth, where the chief bishop of the church of Achaia resided. Athens was still in the hands of the successors of Platon and Aristotel and Chrysippos. Most of these teachers were pagans. Indeed in other parts of the Hellenic world, as for example at Alexandreia and Antioch, the schools of philosophy gradually became Christian. But this did not happen at Athens. The last teachers in these schools were just as far from Christianity as were the original founders. They were not very famous, however. And the last eminent heathen of Athenian antiquity may be said to have been the neo-Platonic philosopher, Proklos, who had died long before Justinian's edict was fulminated.

Soon after the closing of the schools, Christianity spread without further opposition in all the towns of Greece. Only in the country and mountainous districts did the wild inhabitants still retain their preference for the ancient superstitions. The celebrated Maniats who live on the slopes of the Parnon and Taygetos mountains in Lakonia, accepted Christianity only in the eighth century.

In the time of Constantin the Great, the Roman empire was re-apportioned into new provinces. According to this division, Achaia was assigned to Eastern Illyria. The seat of local government for Eastern Illyria was the city of Thessalonika. The Church, which from that time on was recognized by the State, followed the same division. Accordingly the archbishop of Thessalonika was regarded as a kind of primate over the church of Achaia.

In the general government of the great empire, the province of Illyria was regarded as belonging rather to the West than to the East. The church of Eastern Illyria likewise was accounted to Rome rather than to Constantinopol. In this way the

Christians of Greece were under the jurisdiction not of the patriarch of Constantinopol, but of the pope of Rome. Not only thus in outward government, but also in dogmatic sentiment was the Helladic church nearer to the popes than to the patriarchs. When the ikonoklasts of Constantinopol made war against the use



BYZANTINE CHURCH OF STS. THEODORE, IN ATHENS.

of images, the Helladians, or inhabitants of Greece proper, fiercely adhered to the veneration of their ikons, and took the side of the pope. Love for the city of Constantinopol had not yet taken possession of them. So deeply were the Helladians angered by the action of the ikonoklasts that they rose in insurrection and fitted out a fleet and sailed off against Constantinopol to dethrone the emperor Leon. But their ships were burned by Greek fire which was poured down upon them from the walls of the city, and their expedition came to naught. Leon continued his crusade against the images. Finally the pope excommunicated him. In return for Gregory's excommunication, the emperor withdrew several provinces from the immediate ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome. Among these was Eastern Illyria. This took place in the year 733. Whether the Helladians desired the transfer or not, was not then asked, and is not now determinable. At least

they kept to their ikons. From the year 733 down to the year 1821, they continued to be under the patriarch of Constantinopol, and constituted part of the Eastern or Greek Church.

By their long and complete absorption into the Eastern Church, the Helladic communities lost all the individual and local characteristics which they probably possessed in the early ages. Of all the inhabitants of the Eastern empire the Greeks were the most numerous and influential. The eastern empire therefore gradually became thoroughly Greek in language and to some extent in feeling. It is chiefly on account of its official language that the Eastern Church has become known to the writers of the West as the "Greek" Church. For more than a thousand years the Helladic church was merely a portion of this greater Greek church, whose centre was at Constantinopol. After the Helladians ceased to be distinguishable from the other Greeks, their inspirations thenceforward came from Constantinopol; they became entirely Byzantine. All their ecclesiastical sympathies naturally were thereafter not with Rome, whose Latin language was unknown to them, but with Constantinopol, whose language was theirs. Even in architecture is this Byzantine influence clearly evident. Everywhere throughout Greece there stand churches and ruins of churches from the various epochs of this Byzantine period. All are built according to the style of architecture adopted for ecclesiastical structures in Constantinopol, being either basilicas or more frequently domed edifices in the form of a Greek cross. In Athens there are several such old and beautiful churches, of which the one sacred to the Saints Theodore is an interesting specimen. It was built in the ninth century.

ARCHIMANDRITE, IN OFFICIAL DRESS.

During the first eight centuries there existed no variance between the Greek Church of the East and the Latin Church of the West. But differences and jealousies that gradually developed brought about a separation which finally became formal and fatal in the year 1054, when Pope Leo the Ninth excommunicated the patriarch Michael. The church of Greece naturally did whatever the Church of the East did, being a part of it.

As a result of the crusades, various western powers came into possession of Greece and held it for upwards of two hundred years, beginning at about the time of the fourth crusade, in 1204. But this sway of the Franks did not affect the religious belief of the inhabi-

EVGENIOS, PRESENT ARCHBISHOP OF CHALKIS IN EVBOEA.

tants. They remained true to Constantinopol.

During all these ages there had been growing amongst the theologians of the East a belief in the principle that the Church is a unit not in government, but merely in religious belief and practice, and that when other and other countries, whose religion is identical with that of the ancient Eastern Church, acknowledge no ecclesiastical authority of the patriarch of Constantinopol.

The church of Greece, like all that portion of the Eastern Church which fell under Turkish dominion, suffered

CHURCH OF THE MADONNA GORGOEPIKOOS, WHICH IN THE 13TH CENTURY WAS A CHAPEL OF THE FRANKISH DUKES OF ATHENS.

reasons demand it, the Church of each State or Nation may be entirely free from all jurisdiction coming from foreign authority. According to this principle, each national church may be independent and autocephalous. Accordingly the Greek Church has gradually been subdivided. Russia and Greece and Roumania and Servia exceedingly after the fall of Constantinopol. Education amongst the clergy had fallen very low. When at the beginning of the last century, the Greeks everywhere began to hope for final deliverance from bondage such men as Koraes and Doukas lamented the sad and ignorant condition of these ministers of Christianity. Even

in the Ionian islands, which were under Venetian dominion, and enjoyed many of the benefits of a more civilized government, the clergy were so ill-educated that the phrase "ignorante com' un prete greco" was a proverb.

In spite of this ignorance and lack of training, the clergy of Greece never entirely ceased to feel that they were placed for the betterment of the people. And when at last the moment came for Greece, after various stages of servitude for twenty centuries, to strike a successful blow for freedom, it was an ecclesiastic, Germanos, the bishop of Patrae, who blessed the banner of the patriots and furled it at the church door of the monastery of the Holy Lavra.

This revolution against Turkish sway broke out in the Peloponnesos in 1821. Immediately the patriarch of Constantinopol, forced by the Sultan, excommunicated the patriots. This measure, together with the knowledge that the Turk could at any future time use the patriarch against them, led the revolutionists to determine to ignore all documents and messages that during the struggle for independence might emanate from the patriarchate. During the war and for some time afterward, that is from 1821 down to 1833 or later, there was no central government for the church of Greece. The patriarch was not recognized, and no other authority had been substituted.

The first step towards re-organizing the church was made in the year 1828, when the president of the provisional government Kapodistrias appointed a committee to devise some way to restore order in ecclesiastical affairs. No conclusion, however, was then arrived at. In 1833, a synod of the bishops of the country convened at Navplion, and declared that the Church of Greece should be an independent branch of the Eastern Church, and that it should be governed similarly to the manner in which the Church of Russia is governed.

The leading spirit in this movement towards separation was the priest and theologian Pharmakides. He was

PRIEST, VESTED TO SING THE LITURGY.

perhaps the most learned ecclesiastic in Greece. He had studied theology in the University of Tübingen. Not all the Greeks, however, were in favor of separation from the Patriarch. Many looked upon such a course as schismatical. The leader of those who preferred continued union with Constantinopol was the theologian Oekonomos, who was equal in education to Pharmakides perhaps, but inferior to him in honesty of thought and in system.

CENOBIAC MONKS OF THE MONASTERY OF THE PRODROMOS, IN ARKADIA.

After the Church of Greece had in the synod of Navplion declared itself independent, it was found difficult to announce the fact officially to the patriarch. It was well known that he would not acknowledge the announcement. The Helladic Greeks saw the necessity of not acting hastily, so as to avoid producing the impression that they were cutting themselves loose from the Greeks in the Turkish dominions, and elsewhere, who continued to look upon the patriarch as their head. In this way years passed, and no decisive measure was decided upon either by the Greeks to be recognized as autocephalous, or by the patriarch to make it possible for their report to be received.

At last, in the year 1850, the synod of bishops who had the direction of ecclesiastical affairs in Greece, took the decisive step and announced to the patriarch the independence of their church. On receiving the announce-

RUSSIAN CHURCH OF ATHENS; IN PAST CENTURIES SACRED TO THE SOTEIRA LYKODEMOU.

ment the patriarch did just what the Greek synod had dreaded. He summoned in Constantinopol a council of bishops, who after deliberation declared that the Greeks had not acted canonically, that the manner in which the Church of Greece had been directed ever since the declaration of ecclesiastical independence was not correct, and that much that had been done would have to be undone. He, however, at the same time declared the Church of Greece to be henceforth independent in almost all matters; but this condition of independence was to begin not from the decision of the synod of Navplion in 1833, but from the utterance of the patriarch in this regard, in 1850. He also sent to Greece a set of regulations for the direction of the future independent church.

When this news from the patriarch reached Greece, Oekonomos and the friends of continued union with Constantinopol warmly advocated the partial independence offered. But Pharmakides vigorously defended the

action already taken by the bishops of Greece, and wrote a book against the acceptance of the conditions placed by the patriarch. This book had great influence. And the result was that the Greek parliament, which had to consider the question, rejected nearly all of the regulations fixed by the patriarch. The only important condition which the parliament accepted was that the Holy Oils should be always procured from the patriarchate as a token of respect.

DIONYSIOS LATAS, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF ZAKYNTHOS.

When the patriarch saw no other course open except that of allowing the Greeks to have their own will in the matter, he, after a time, recognized the full independence of the church

of Greece. And the church is now governed in accordance with the regulations proposed by the bishops at Navplion in 1833, and finally reaffirmed with some modifications in 1852.

The supreme management of all purely ecclesiastical affairs rests with the Holy Synod. The president of the Synod is the metropolitan archbishop of Athens. Besides the president there are four other members appointed annually, in the order of hierarchical seniority. These appointments are made by the civil government.

It is probable that the Church has a certain amount of influence in directing and sustaining the morals of the people. But this influence is by no means so effective as it ought to be. One of the great hindrances towards the usefulness of the Church is now as in Turkish times the lack of education among the most of the clergy. Attempts have been made to remedy this evil, but success has not been great. The Church itself can do nothing, for it is completely hampered by the State. And the State can do but very little on account of its famous poverty.

When Greece became free, there existed a great number of monasteries, some two hundred and forty-five. It was soon decided to abolish all save eighty-six of these, and to employ the revenues of the properties attached to the monasteries in educating the clergy and paying the salaries of the bishops. The properties were confiscated accordingly, but the clergy have received exceedingly little benefit therefrom.

Nearly everything noble in Greece is due to private good-will. This is the case also in respect of providing for the education of the clergy. Two rich brothers, Georgios and Manthos Rizares, from Epeiros, founded and endowed a school in which candidates for the priesthood may receive a collegiate classical education together with some knowledge of theology and kindred studies. This school is now flourishing, but most of the young men who study there abandon their intention of becoming clergymen, and adopt some other profession.

Another step towards raising the condition of learning among the clergy was the establishing of a school of theology in the University of Athens when this institution was founded in 1837. This school sends out several fairly well-educated clergymen every year.

It is unnecessary to state that the most of the clergymen never attempt to preach the gospel. That duty is entirely beyond their powers. Most congregations hear a sermon only two or three times a year, if even so often. The best known ecclesiastical orator at present is a layman, professor Moschakes of the University.

Notwithstanding all these disagreeable disadvantages, the Church of Greece possesses a sufficient number of ecclesiastical writers. In all the more common branches of theological investigation the Greeks are becomingly represented, although they can not claim any theologian of eminence. They have not yet been able to break off from the old idea that religious polemics are the life of theological study.

Such is a brief sketch of the Church of Greece as it is and has been since its foundation in the first century down to the present day.

AN EPISODE.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

The twin skiffs lay in the quiet sea, not far distant one from the other; a great stillness brooded in the air and the men were sullen, having dragged nets all day and caught no fish.

"I'd give an eye to know what the deuce that big steamer is doing," growled one of them presently. "Let's get nearer and see."

"Pshaw!" said the master. "Who cares? It's one of those merchantmen from the east."

"It's turning anyway, now. Helmsman, put us to leeward and we'll find out what they're about."

"If I know the looks of anything at sea, "drawled one old salt, "they're dumping somebody."

"Oh, stuff."

"Bet you even odds on' t."

"I say, you fellows, stop jawing: we'll be under their stern in a minute."

The little fishing-craft, sailing gallantly along what wind there was, drew near the bulky hull and proceeded to circle it, keeping at a respectful distance. Now the figures on deck were clear. A slide, a scarce perceptible splash, then two, three splashes in quick succession. The men on the skiff, eager-eyed, craning their necks to see, and one voice rasping: "There! What did I tell you? And they're pitching the poor devil's kit in after him."

"On! Ay! Boys, let's catch the mattress!" urged the look-out eagerly. "My wife never slept on such a one."

"Dead men's things," objected the master.

"No! No!" from a chorus of voices, "quick, Master, and we'll get his clothes as well."

They were poor fellows, so poor their misery was abject. The fact goes, for what it is worth, as an excuse. The mattress floated and they caught it instantly; the rest of the things, in part; and the body, with nets and boat hooks. The clothes were good clothes and there was a ring upon the finger.

"I say, boys, don't let's do it: its sin," ventured one grave voice. "Bless you! He doesn't want them."

They had signaled to the sister-smack and she came sailing slowly toward them. As they bent over the side with no eyes or thought but for their gruesome work a voice rang out over them, muffled through the trumpet, yet startlingly distinct: "Let the dead alone. D—n you!" (the officer was so furious he forgot the lowing of the instrument and used familiar words). "Don't touch anything; he's dead of cholera."

The men lifted their heads and looked into one another's faces.

"Cholera morbus," bellowed the monitor again, as if fearful of not being understood. The steamer was receding fast into the distance.

One of the men laughed weakly: "'Taint true; they're trying to scare us off."

"Turn him over," said the master. "Yes, it is true. Give me that ring, boys, and let go of him."

"Cholera or no cholera, I'll have the

coat!" And—"St. Mark! master, you're not going to rob us of the wool!"—"No, no, no! equal shares, every man of us," they repeated.

The master shrugged his shoulders, turning the ring upon his finger. "All right, go ahead: you get sick! Don't blame me, that's all. Land, helmsman."

"We won't, never fear," the voices grew cheerful again and quiet laughs echoed in the shelter of the skiff-sail as the evening breeze bore them gently homeward. The helmsman was the only man gloomily silent. The master, glancing occasionally from that dark face to the handsome signet on his own hand, felt angry; the rest were ripping up the mattress in high glee.

. . . . .

Above the curve where the lip of the Adriatic kisses the sand of the eastern coast, the hills draw themselves up and away from all that glittering silver-blue expanse of water and seem to lift thoughtful brows to the sky. The highest summit of this branch of the Apennine range is Ripascaltra; from the maritime town of S. Giulio a five hours' drive by a road that is broad and sweet as that of heaven. As you ascend it in great sweeps winding upward, all the lesser eminences recede and sink. The horizon extends even to where, on the south west, the eye attains the distant Abruzzi and, on the other side, plunges down to the sea. Ripascaltra went to sleep in the sixteenth century: nothing since has occurred to awaken it. And when you do reach it, you step bodily into the sixteenth century yourself. The town gateway is pure gothic; and battlements and leafy trees gird the clusters of old houses massed together. When I first came to it I could not help thinking of stage scenery, it was so desperately picturesque; but it was not distemper after all: it was just old Italy. Arches span the streets; the lamps hang to the walls by rusty chains, and at nightfall, if lighted, are filled with olive-oil. When the Bishop leaves his palace—for the town is a bishopric, if you please—he dons his mitre and vestments at home and crosses over to the cathedral, the centre of a procession bearing rood and tapers, and people kneel for his blessing as he goes. The palace is a thing to be seen. Its great windows overlook billows on billows of mountains rolling away like a great sea, the window-seats are of carved stone and the deep-ceilinged corridors echo to your voice like vaults. In the winter his lordship's mail is often intercepted for the snow closes in around the mountain-seat and the town grows isolated. Lives lost in the attempt to carry messages from S. Giulio, or vice-versa, have taught the hill-folks to wait patiently in their solitude until the thaw. There is a seminary too at Ripascaltra, and a museum; the museum being chiefly a collection of coins and vessels found in the neighborhood and which antiquarians ascribe to the once-presence of a Roman camp. Not less interesting than local history are the notable families of Ripascaltra.

The Riffas, who were the medieval lords of the mountain, have the portraits of their ancestors hung, for some reason unknown, in the halls of what was once the Barnabite convent (now suppressed). Their heir (the direct male line is extinct) is the Count Riffa-

Sirletti, a man of rare culture, in fact a scholar, also a philosopher. He would have been a cynic by nature had not Christian faith tempered his mood. As it is he is the Bishop's right hand. Other families as old as the Riffas have kept, or returned to, their original avocation as tillers of the soil, and it is a rare sight on a Sunday morning to see the people muster for Mass. The great ancestral pew on the Gospel-side is filled with men in plain clothes and unstarched collars, three generations, the grandsire, the son and adolescent grandson, standing up side by side. They say of themselves that they are peasants, the brown of sun and broad air is on their faces, but sometimes they will add also that they go back as far as the Riffas in unbroken line. Another well-known house is that of the Oreas. They have no pretensions at all. The father owns some land and is a cooper by trade, but every one in town knows what the name is worth. The eldest son was to be a priest—is a priest, I should say, for this story begins on the morrow of his ordination.

Don Francesco Orea had lived in Ripascaltra all his days except for those holidays which he spent boating and swimming at S. Giulio. From the time the slight, dark-haired lad of twelve made his First Communion up to the day he entered the seminary it was said of him, "Orea's boy will be a priest." At S. Giulio while he played with others of his age the words were repeated. The Bishop kept his eye upon him and was silent: he knew for certain that this vocation would come. In the seminary Francesco began by winning the medal for good conduct and that presented by Count Sirletti for classical honors. Sirletti went to see the boy after that, frequently, in the old school parlatorio. He had found a man after his own heart. The man was only sixteen as yet. By the time he had finished his philosophy and theology they were friends for life.

Don Francesco was ordained one September morning and on the morrow said his First Mass in the Bishop's private chapel. His family, Sirletti, and one or two fellow-students were the only persons present. For a beginner he acquitted himself satisfactorily, though in the middle of the "Gloria in excelsis," which he knew as well as the Hail Mary, he stumbled and faltered, and, once, as he came to his Master's name in the ritual, the young voice broke. After Mass they kissed his hands according to the good custom, his old father, the mother from whom he had the pure lineaments of his face and, it may be, his mystic soul; the hot-tempered aunt who had tended him, watched him, cuffed him, and worshipped always; the two brothers, and Sirletti who reverenced him with his whole soul, though occasionally he must mock even at him. Breakfast was served at the Bishop's own table. Later on, at home, Tia Rosa produced a dinner which had been her dream for weeks previously: as a creation it was equal to Michael Angelo's Sistine. When it was all over and Don Francesco and Sirletti had gone out together the family vowed this was the happiest day they had ever known. Their only anxiety was as to what the Bishop would do with their priest. The mother voiced the hope—it was her long, deep, silent hope of thirteen years, but she did not say so—that he might be attached to the seminary and live at home. "He could teach Latin

or philosophy," she said tentatively. The words were odd and unfamiliar in her mouth, but she knew that Francesco knew.

"He could teach anything,," the father rejoined stoutly, "but they'll give him a parish you'll see."

"Why doesn't the Bishop make him his private secretary?" Tia Rosa's voice suggested that she had a grievance against the Bishop.

"He's got one already; I don't suppose he would want two. Don't let's talk about it, anyhow. What's the use? We'll know soon enough."

Tia Rosa heaved a wind-mill sigh; the mother bent silently over her dish-washing and perhaps prayed.

At nine o'clock that evening the Bishop's man-servant came to the Orea door. His lordship wanted Don Francesco immediately. Great was the family's amazement, and even the priest's face was rather grave as he took up his hat and went. The Bishop was pacing his study, ash-pale and much agitated. "Come in; sit down," he began and then the ghost of a smile flickered to his lips: "I didn't think I should want you so soon." The priest was about to answer that it would never be too soon to serve his excellency, but the Bishop did not give him time to say it.

"The cholera has broken out at S. Giulio. The first case was reported this morning and there have been twelve deaths already. The pastor of S. Maria was one."

Don Francesco exclaimed softly: "Good God!" for the pastor of S. Maria had been his friend.

"The priest from S. Francesco is doing his best," pursued the Bishop, "but he can't get round fast enough. I haven't a man to lay hands on; everybody is away on vacation. Will you go?"

"Certainly, Eccellenza."

"Can you go at once?"

"From your door, sir."

"You have two hours before you: the driver cannot leave yet."

Then the Bishop turned away his face, and the younger man, looking upon it, saw its exceedingly great sorrow and bitterness. It appeared to have grown old and it seemed grey.

"I—I hate to see you go," he said with his face still towards the window.

Into Orea's face came a great wonder: "I am very willing to go, Eccellenza."

"I know you are," this time in the voice was a suggestion of unspoken tenderness. "But I need not tell you how swift and terrible these outbursts of cholera can be and you know the sickness itself." The young man bowed his head slightly: "Eccellenza, I know."

"Do you know the formula for Absolution?"

"I will learn it on the way down, sir."

"Good. You had better go home then and get your things together. You have plenty of time."

Don Francesco hesitated: "I am half afraid to go home. I think I had better not let my people know where I am going. There would be such a fuss."

"As you wish. You can send my man over if you like." Don Francesco reflected a moment: "No," he said, "I had better go myself after all."

He barely looked into the room where the family were sitting, and called out cheerily: "I can't say the

rosary for you tonight, good people. The Bishop wants me up at the palace." His father came forth with a blank face. "What for, in the name of heaven?"

But Don Francesco had reached the top of the stairs: "Why, father, he's my chief, you know; he doesn't have to explain."

Crest-fallen, the old man went back to his chair.

"Are you going to be out all night?" shouted Tia Rosa aggressively.

"Yes, ma'am; I think so. Mother, can I have your bag?" In about four minutes he came down and said good-night to them; within twenty he was back in the Bishop's study.

"You will please me now, Don Francesco, by lying down until the carriage comes."

"But I am not tired, Eccellenza, I assure you.

"Well, you are not going to rest at S. Giulio. You may as well try to sleep."

Perhaps the Bishop was asking too much. The bed in his guest-room is broad and soft-pillowed, but Orea had not been reclining many minutes when he remembered that there would be no light in the carriage. The Ripascaltra drivers are laboring yet under a hereditary objection to lamp-lighting and as their lamps give no light when they are lighted, the case is one of B to A and A to B. That last half hour Don Francesco spent eagerly committing to memory the words he would need for his ministry that very night.

At the first sound of wheels he was out in the corridor, bag in hand, and the Bishop hastening to call him they met half-way. One knelt for a blessing; the other raised him up, kissed him and wept.

Half an hour later a volley was rung at the palace gate. The hour was a late one for callers, but many things were pardoned the Count of Riffa because, with all his faults, morally he was worth much. On this occasion the Count's breeding alone induced him to knock at the door: his mood would have burst the panels.

"Down at the café and on the square people are saying the cholera has broken out at S. Giulio. Is it true?" Sirletti was panting for breath.

"It is true," the prelate answered, quietly.

"And you have sent Orea?"

"I have."

"I knew it! I knew it! The moment I saw that carriage I guessed what you had done. Bishop, you have lost your senses."

"My dear Sirletti, do you suppose it cost me nothing to send him? People are dying by the score and they have no priests. As for him, he was glad to go."

"Of course he was! He wouldn't be Francesco Orea if he were not ready to fling himself like a fool at every chance of death. These saint-men exasperate me. Soldiers are less cheap of their lives. And the best Latinist your rotten old school has turned out in fifty years."

When Sirletti was very angry the Bishop was very meek, or else he laughed. Tonight he said rather gravely: "It was my duty to send him."

"Oh, your duty! your duty! Why don't you send down some of your fossilized professors of rubbish? No! you must go and pick out the only

man with brains, the only classicist and the only one who would ever have done you credit. Now he'll die of the cholera the morrow of his ordination. Bishop, I can't forgive you. I shall never forgive you."

"I hope you will, Sirletti. As to his dying, he must take the chance. When our Master calls us to His service and we answer and go to Him we are not in the habit of making preliminary conditions. Sometimes the Latinists must die of cholera at the foot of the beggar's truss of straw and the poorer men who send them, and who know they are not worthy to send them, must suffer them to die."

Then Sirletti buried his face in his arms upon the table and tried to stifle his sobs: "I loved the boy—" he gasped in explanation; and the Bishop answered very softly: "So did I." For a few minutes there was no sound but that of the man's grief, more convulsive because he strove to fight it. The Bishop did not speak. Even in that spot that seemed so quiet and sacred the ebb of the world, not unfrequently, had washed-up wreckage. Presently Sirletti struggled to his feet and took his hat, which he had flung upon the table at his entrance. At the door he paused without looking round: "I beg you to pardon my unseemly words, Eccellenza—I am very sorry—I am scarcely myself this evening."

"We are both a little unbalanced, Signor Conte; but I think there is One who will understand."

The Count of Riffa did not read Aeschylus that night. He lighted the candles in his oratory and there knelt long after his household had retired to rest. The Bishop's troubles were not yet at end. Close upon twelve o'clock the palace bell jangled again. Two figures stood without in the starlight. The Bishop's servant put his head out of the window and a man's voice demanded sternly: "Where is Don Francesco Orea?"

"Don who?—oh, yes, of course. He's gone to bed."

"Just call him to me, will you?"

"Oh,—ah,—why, really, Orea, I can't call him, you know. It would wake the Bishop."

"You call my son to me this moment or I'll smash the doors down. No, hold your tongue, Maria; he's my son and I'll know what it means. Do you hear me, Arcangelo?"

"I hear you all right. Well, wait a moment."

It was a pretty long moment; then a light appeared and the Bishop himself opened the door. "Good evening, Orea. Good evening, Signora Maria. This is rather a late hour for a visit."

"It's not a visit, Eccellenza, saving your presence," the man's voice was hoarse and muffled. "But—but it's all over town that the cholera is at S. Giulio and that—that—Francesco didn't come home this evening and we want to know where he is. He's my eldest son, Eccellenza, and if anything were to happen to him—Sir, for God's sake! where is my son?"

"Friend, I will tell you the truth. He has gone down to help the priest at S. Giulio. It is quite true. People are dying without the Sacraments and I had to send him: God knows how much I wished to hold him back."

The woman's figure swayed slightly, but she put out her hand and gripped her husband's arm. No word passed

her lips. The man murmured with exceeding bitterness: "And he never said good-bye."

He was afraid you might hinder his going and he knew, we both knew, that it was his plain duty to go."

The man's white lips tightened over his teeth: "He won't stay there very long. I'm going down for him now and, by heaven! he shall come back with me. You're the Bishop and you can order him to do anything you like, but I'm his father, and I've got something to say to it, too."

"Don't disturb him, Orea. He will not come back because he must not come back, and you will only give him the sorrow of a refusal. Down there he is saving souls for God." But this man's soul was full of rebellion passing words.

"I never meant this, I never foresaw this when I let him be a priest. To work, to save souls, yea; but not to be sent down before he has been a priest forty-eight hours to die of an awful sickness. Its simple butchery, murder. People do not return from ordeals like these."

"He is in God's hands there as here. The sickness may never touch him."

"May! Say may to the woman there who bore him: it will comfort her very much. Come, wife. We are going down to S. Giulio now, this very night, and I give you fair warning, sir, that by brute force if needs be I shall bring back my son."

In vain they sought for a conveyance of any kind whatsoever. At the mere mention of S. Giulio men turned their backs upon them and such fear and horror came into their faces that it seemed as though the would-be travelers were infected with contagion already. To the writer's knowledge, the news that cholera had broken out in a city fifty miles distant caused a crowded ball room to be evacuated in fifteen minutes' time, and before daybreak, the town was deserted, people leaving by every train, even to the freight trains, or sitting in the luggage-vans upon their unstrapped trunks. The terror and panic are indescribable. And, alas! not without reason.

"We shall have to walk," said Orea. His face was distorted with rage, contempt, sorrow and all the passions that in hours like this one can rend the breast of man. "D'you think you can do it?"

"Anything Guido, anything. Only let us make haste."

When he came in and told her the report that their son was gone to S. Giulio her only answer was to fling a shawl over her head and say: "Let us go to the Bishop." Now that she knew he was at S. Giulio no power on earth could stay her from joining him. I do not remember the number of miles, but the walk is one to appal any woman: in fact, I never heard of a woman's attempting it before or since. At a great pace, for they were mountain-bred and anxiety spurred them, they hurried along the road. The darkness was complete save for some pale radiance from stars. And they did not speak: they could not speak. At times the woman cried noiselessly and then would cease crying to passionately pray. The man did not pray. Neither did he weep. All fury and all reproach were massing themselves in his heart to meet his son. Towards dawn a buggy overtook them going to the coast above S. Giulio and the driver in pity offered them seats. By

that time the woman was exhausted and only her dauntless will forbade her to give up. It was morning when they reached the town. Ere they reached it the heavy sickening odors of chloride of lime befouled the air. The streets were be-spattered with the obnoxious substance and the houses all close shut. Not a sign of life anywhere. Men had ceased to buy or sell and only took their food in trembling. As the Oreas passed, a pale boy opened a door and peered out furtively. He seemed to dread unseen enemies.

"Where is Don Francesco Orea?" they asked him.

"D'you mean the tall, thin priest? He's at S. Maria. The old priest at S. Maria is dead."

"Dead!" gasped Orea.

"Yes, they buried him last night. The new priest came to see my papa last night. He's dead, too." The childish eyes filled with tears, but fear froze them there: "Look out! Get away! Here's the cart."

He had sprung inside, bolting the door, and they stood against the wall as the cart, furiously driven, went past them. There was no time to make coffins and the bodies were piled in one over the other. Some of the souls prisoned an hour since in the poor clay going to burial, their own son had absolved that night. As the rattle and jolting died away in the distance they looked into one another's face.

"Come on," the man said gruffly and turned towards the church on the market-place. There was no market now. A few days later the Health Commission would be carting provisions to the starving and entreating people to eat, that this food was untainted. They had not come to that yet. Don Francesco opened the door himself and his pallor startled them.

"Oh! mother," he said, "you shouldn't have come here." The father did not give her time to answer. "How of yourself, sir? How come you here? You might at least have had the decency to tell your father and mother. You are mad. I believe; stark mad. But you will go back with us now, Francesco, this instant, or you never darken my door again."

"I cannot go back with you, father. I did not tell you because I knew you would oppose me. I knew it was my duty to come. If you only knew what scenes I went through last night you would tell me yourself to stay."

"Let some one else come to them then! Why should you, scarce ordained, untried, and with no health either, wreck yourself here? What have you to do with S. Giulio?"

"The Bishop asked me to come: there was no one else to send. Oh! father, don't hinder me; you don't know how sore is their need. Mother, can't you speak up for me?"

"Don't ask me. Francesco; how can I, when I know what the price may be."

Something of anger, the anger of those who do not sin, flashed into the fine young face: "How selfish you are, both of you! Can't you let me die at my post like a man, if I must, and be glad for me! Besides, I'm not going to die—please God. I'm going to live and work: I may be home in a few days."

"You will be home this very day as I have said," repeated the old man doggedly, "or you will not come home at all."

"I cannot go home today, Babbo, I have told you already."

The voice was very quiet and the

word "Babbo," that old childish word of tenderness, set some unfamiliar chord vibrating in the father's heart.

"Look at your mother there, then, if you don't care for me; I see you don't! but she walked down from the mountain,—yes, walked down to fetch you, and she is worn out with grieving. Can't you do it for her?"

"My mother," his eyes were upon her eyes, "will not ask me."

"Yesterday—the day before—(the old man's voice was breaking) you knelt at my feet and asked me to pardon you the sins of your youth and boyhood. Not that you ever caused me pain—you never caused me pain, Francesco, but now —oh! my God!—" He was crying at last and the big tears ran dumbly through his fingers. The woman rose up and flung her arms about her young son's neck: "Do as he asks you, Francesco, I beseech you. He has been so good to you always you cannot disobey him. Don't give him this sorrow now."

But to the priest standing with brows knitted in pain came one of those flashes of inspiration which at times lift us up and carry us with feet that scarce touch earth through the crises of our lives: "Why, father," he exclaimed, and some sort of bugle note rang in his words, "you are a man and not a coward either. You wouldn't do it yourself!"

Verily, God's angel at our side. It is on record that the old man stopped crying: "By the Lord!" he said; "no, I wouldn't do it—I won't ask you to do it either. Mother, we have been asking him to back out!"

He had risen in confusion and made for the door. The woman burst into tears afresh. "Guido, for the love of God, don't leave him here! How can you go away and leave him here? He will die, I know he will die!"

She clung to her son sobbing convulsively, but he looked over her head gravely to his father: "Take her home," he said, then stooped and kissed her hair: "Don't cry, dear; I will come home as soon as I can, I promise you. Have you forgotten how you laid me on Our Lady's altar the day I was baptized and vowed me to her? I have always ratified your consecration: don't you think she can take care of me now?"

This poor woman, his mother, had taught Francesco Orea to love the Virgin Mary: in the history of Christian manhood an old endowment and an old, old gift. Had you asked him he would have told you that in all the knowledge accumulated later there is no knowledge like it, no strength equal to this strength. For to the darkest lanes and to the longest lanes she is the turning and issue: our sunshine on the wall.

It did not surprise him now that, weeping more copiously, his mother bowed down over his hands to kiss them and went forth without a word. He knew the sacrifice she was making, but he knew too the sweetness it would be to her to lay her heart-break upon the self-same altar at which she had vowed her infant son.

About two o'clock another knock (probably the fiftieth that day) brought Don Francesco to the door. Hurried from sick-bed to sick-bed, and arrested more than once in the street to hear the confession of some poor wretch stricken down by the wayside, he would not own even to him-

self that he was well-nigh exhausted.

When he opened the door he smiled. There stood Tia Rosa, stout, florid, fierce in the midst of many hand-bags. Tia Rosa appealed to any sense of humor this over-grave young nephew might have: in the old days the fact had cost him ringing cuffs. His "In quoque" now was half-laughing; aloud he enquired with becoming deference: "Well, aunt, where are you off to with all that truck?"

"Where indeed! I'm coming in here, that's where I'm going. Get out of the way, can't you?"

She was so thoroughly herself, so absolutely sane and healthy in the midst of it all the man had to laugh. "My dear aunt, I suppose you know we are in the thick of a cholera epidemic."

"Cholera fiddlesticks! D'you suppose I'm afraid of the cholera?"

"Well, frankly, I don't believe you are. But you would oblige me greatly by going home and staying there until it's over."

"I daresay I should. And you would oblige me greatly by getting out of that doorway and letting me pass. Oh! Bother you, Francesco! you always were a tribulation to me. Don't you see I can't get my bag through?"

"I don't want you to get your bag through. Do please go home, Aunt, like a good sensible woman."

"Good sensible woman indeed!" (here the bag and other bags butting against him brought matters to a climax and Tia Rosa carried the gates). "Like your mother, I suppose? I met her on the road crying like a fountain. The woman's a fool; but she's got two boys to look after and I haven't. You are the only child I ever had or ever shall have and the earth may open and swallow me if I leave you alone."

"But, Aunt, I shall not want anything."

"No, I suppose not." She was arranging her belongings in the bare little parlor and somehow the act reminded one of a general marshalling his forces. "How many hours did you sleep last night?" whisking round to confront him.

"Why, really, not very much—"

"Have you eaten anything today?"

"Yes, I have."

"What?" with awful severity.

"Oh! some bread—there was nothing else in the house."

"You want to open your mouth, you know, and roasted quails will drop into it out of the blue heavens. You anger me, Francesco!"

"Don't stamp your foot, Aunt; it wears out the shoe-leather."

"Go to bed this minute now and I'll bring you up some food presently. Your eyes are enough to frighten one."

"Heigh-ho! Well, I'll go to bed. Only call me directly if there is a sick-call, will you?"

"Yes, I will. Do you suppose I'm a heathen?"

"Promise?"

"Oh! go along, Francesco, do! be quick. Of course I promise. There! there's somebody at the door now: I knew how it would be." The knock had been very faint and when Tia Rosa answered it there was a slight figure propped against the post. A girl some eighteen years of age with a shawl drawn close around her and shivering in the mild day. "The priest," she gasped, "mother—for God's sake," then rolled face down-

ward in the street. Don Francesco reached her and tried to lift her.

"Your mother—where?" he asked.

"—Dogana Vecchia — seventy—" mumbled the blue lips. A shadow bent over the priest where he knelt and he lifted up his face with the first dawning and touch of fear in it—not for himself.

"It's the cholera," he murmured. The woman may have seen and understood. Almost roughly she put him aside and her voice was consistently pugnacious: "Did you suppose she'd have the measles?" Then she picked up the girl, folding her to her bosom so generously that the clammy cheek pressed against her shoulder: "Go to your duty, Francesco," she said.

. . . . .

A letter from a physician at S. Giulio to the Bishop of Ripascaltra:

ECCELLENZA—

"I must begin by begging Y. E. to pardon the liberty I take in presuming to address you. I am only a poor doctor "medico condotto" for the town of S. Giulio, but I have a petition to make which I entreat you to hear indulgently. In the terrible epidemic we have just been through Your Excellency was pleased to send down a young priest of your diocese. The cholera is now over and D. Francesco Orea will presumably return whence he came. I am here to implore Y. E. that he may remain where he is. This town has, for years past, been sinking gradually. I have nothing to say against the late pastor of S. Maria. He died in the discharge of his duty, a fact before which any man will uncover his head. But, so far as my poor sight goes, he did not fully appreciate modern conditions. The town is a growing town, minds are in the ferment of a new education, and the quartering of troops during the summer months is not conducive to morality among the population. I have not been in the habit of going to church myself, but it is well-known that the services were not attended. Of my professional experiences I may not speak; but let me say that some new element of life must be infused, for this community is rotting. Don Francesco Orea seems to be the providential agent appointed for the task. He has won the esteem of every right-thinking man in town and the humbler classes simply worship him. When the cholera was at its worst I have seen women lay down their children at his feet in some supreme faith that he could heal them, and the sick struggle up to touch his garments as he passed. Of myself I will only say that I had not been to confession for thirteen years and that I have been again now. Y. Ex. is aware of the attitude of most of our notable physicians towards religion. I am not excusing myself, but during the eight years I studied medicine the professors upon whom I looked as the most enlightened and scientific in their methods were men who believed and freely professed that there is no cause but nature and no principle outside the brain. A young man will frequently embrace learning that pampers his intellectuality—because it enfranchises his passions; I was loath to lose my faith; I may say now that I had few evil habits; but in the confusion my religious beliefs were thrown into continually, I gave up the sacraments, and left to itself the mind will darken

quickly. At the bedside of patients I have met priests frequently: I imagined that they were earning their living, as I earned mine. Their sincerity was but an open question. The Sisters in the hospitals were good nurses, none better; but we have seen a thousand times over, women immolating themselves to the ideals of their imagination. When D. Francesco Orea crossed my path I began to wonder what actuated this man, who was intelligent and well-educated—and unsalaried,—who threw himself into peril like a fire-brand, who wanted neither rest, nor food, nor any mortal thing provided he could prevail upon poor sailors and nameless fish-wives to confess their sins ere they died. At first I deemed it ambition: before long I realized there was no prize in the diocese of Ripascaltra that was not beneath the man's gifts. One night I spent with him at the bed of a cholera patient who writhed in agony, blaspheming between paroxysms of pain. That night my faith came back to me. Sermons have never done me any good: neither have books. But he held that man in his arms filthy and revolting as he was, until he died in the morning, quiet, with the cross upon his lips: and I know there is a God. Today I have the gnawing remorse that had Francesco Orea come into my life earlier my poor old mother would not have died broken-hearted as she did over my defection; but in the new faith I hold, which is his faith and which was hers, it may be that she knows.

I beg Your Excellency to pardon me the length of this letter and its over-great personality, but in it go the best reasons I can adduce for desiring Don Francesco to remain here. No doubt I am selfish but, above and beyond my selfishness, is the firm conviction that he will regenerate the town. I have spoken to the Mayor and to some of the members of the Communal Council with regard to this matter and they are all of my opinion. The Mayor kindly promised to make the request formally to Your Excellency, but I thought that an instance of the work D. Francesco Orea is doing here was best calculated to give the request weight.

Begging you again to pardon my presumption and with profound respect, I remain Your Excellency's humble and obedient servant,

GIAN CARLO SPINI."

To the same Bishop of Ripascaltra from Don Francesco Orea:

"Eccellenza Reverendissima—

"I am in receipt of yours 20th ult., and heartily thank you for your kind and fatherly interest. Thank God the terrible scourge is at last over, or virtually so, though we are still quarantined and looked upon with suspicion. It has been a most fearful ordeal, scarcely a family spared and some wholly wiped out: the number of orphans will be a matter of care. As for me Your Excellency's solicitude is quite misplaced (however much appreciated), for I have not had so much as a headache since I came down. The cessation of the epidemic I attribute undoubtedly, and everybody in the town with me, to the intercession of Blessed Mary ever Virgin. Seeing things had come to such a pass that no sanitary measures, however strictly enforced, no form of treatment whatsoever, and no effort on the

part of the doctors (who really behaved admirably and never spared themselves) could abate the fierceness of the epidemic; seeing also that the town was shaken with earthquake on the night of the 25th, I resolved that besides the prayers already offering we must make some public religious demonstration to appease the wrath of His Divine Majesty. Consequently on the 4th of October we organized, as well as might be under the circumstances, a solemn procession bearing the image of Mary through the streets. The unfortunate ring of which Your Excellency has heard was attached to the picture as an ex-voto and, in the name of the parish, I offered a solemn vow at the shrine of Our Lady that, should we be delivered from the scourge, this day in perpetuo will be sanctified in her honor by an annual procession of thanksgiving. All this I trust will meet with Your Excellency's approbation as I felt sure it would meet your desires. As far as I have been able to ascertain not a single fresh case has been registered since. Some few who were sick already have died, others are getting well, but practically the visitation is over and people are beginning to breathe again. Thanks be to God. Concerning the matter, Y. E. is pleased to bring forward in so delicate a manner, I must answer that it would, in one way, give me pleasure to accept the cure of S. Maria; in the sad days gone through together, I have grown attached to these people and they, I think, to me. At the same time I cannot but feel that a more experienced and, above all, a more competent man would better meet their needs. However, I defer entirely to Your Excellency, whose humble and obedient servant I profess myself to be."

. . . . . .

It is some twenty years now since those letters were written and answered. The years were about half that number when Sirletti insisted upon taking me down to S. Giulio to see "how the Bishop had spoiled the finest Latin scholar he ever knew, to make of him a fishermen's curato. This was still the Count of Riffa's great grievance though he has others, many, now that his hair is white, and that in compliment new generations at the seminary successively murder his adored Greek play. In one of the old grey winding streets of S. Giulio, under a sky as softly blue as a moist turquoise, we came upon a tall, slender figure in black leading by the hand a chubby little bare-foot girl some three or four years old. He was walking slowly to suit the child's gait and looked up smiling when he recognized his friend. The face was young, singularly young in contrast with the hair which was strewn with the holy-ash of age. I could not help thinking of the statue of St. Vincent of Paul in the orphanage at home. It was the first time in my life that I saw the group living and plastic under God's open sky.

"Hulloa! Sirletti," he said pleasantly. "Glad to see you."

"Thanks, old fellow. Same to you. Whose brat have you got there?"

"She's one of my workers from the Laboratory." (This Laboratory was one of his pet schemes.) "And she's made me a whole pair of stockings all by herself without the Sister helping her one bit; haven't you, Cesaretta?

(Concluded on page 82.)

THE COLLEGE BOY IN CAMP.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Lake Champlain is an inland sea, narrow and long, with such a variety of capes and bays and islands, and such a history, that tourists rarely remember much about it, except that its beauty is not so emphatic, so well focussed for the flying traveler, as to be seen like a picture in a frame, or a series of pictures in frames. On the west shore well up to the Canadian boundary is a cape known as Cumberland Head, a place beloved of howling winds and howling history; for off this head did Commodore McDonough wallop the British fleet handsomely in the month of September, 1814, while on shore General Macomb held his position against a British army, and finally forced it to retreat. Two miles south of the Head is Crab Island, noted for its poison ivy and its desolation. Here many soldiers are buried, British and American, who fell in battle. Two miles south of this island is beautiful and cultivated Valcour Island, off which, in October of 1776, Benedict Arnold fought a stiff fight in ships with the British, and had to fly during the night. Facing the channel between these two islands is the pine-crowned rock now known as Bluff Point. On its north side, down close to the little cove where summer visitors go bathing, is the camp, the college camp, so buried among the trees and hidden by the bushes that one might pass and never see the white tents glistening in the morning sun.

It is not the only college camp in the country, for the census books take note of two hundred such camps, where the schoolboy who is running wild during a long vacation, to the distress of puzzled papas and mammas, finds his high spirits directed into a strong channel, and flies madly along between safe banks without submerging his frightened neighbors. This particular camp is connected with the institution known as the Catholic Summer School, which lies just across the ravine from the camp, and is patronized by the campers as to its soda fountains, candy-stands, and other non-intellectuals. Camp life after this fashion is so profound a mystery to most people, that it will be better to take you right into the camp at the hour of rising, and let you see for yourself how the life is lived. It is almost eight o'clock and the campers are still abed. Wandering about among the shaded and open places, with the dew still on the grass, you find a tent-village with a population of sixty, all boys from twelve to twenty, and all in the depths of that slumber peculiar to boys. Their own phrases for it are 'pounding the pillow,' and 'holding the pillow down.' Each tent is fixed on a wooden platform some inches above the ground, and the platform has a slant to entice the rain off the doorstep. Over the tent is a piece of canvas called a 'fly' to keep the tent itself free from dew and rain. The flaps of the tents are mostly closed and carefully tied. These people intend to sleep long. A few are wide open to the morning air, and you can look in at your pleasure. The camper is stretched on a comfortable cot, and his belongings are hanging on a line over his head; some

are distributed about the floor, for which he will be fined if his officers discover the untidiness at inspection. The morning breezes play upon his brown face, and your step reaches his ear; but he will sleep though the heavens opened. A thief need take no care in stealing his entire outfit, provided he leaves the sleeper his sleep.

The tents are of various sizes and shapes. The army tent, intended for four soldiers, is so small that the single occupant sleeps on a mattress on the floor, has a stool for furniture, and a rope-line for his wardrobe. The wall-tent gives room for a trunk and a chair. The larger tents have three, four, and six occupants, arranged as the old woman arranged her children who lived in a shoe. It is primitive, but not so primitive as an army camp, or a hunting-camp, or when one is roughing it. The tents stand in lanes where the ground will admit, or in a semicircle, or in any old way, as the boys put it. It is now eight o'clock. Some of the campers have been silently prowling about for an hour, since it is against the rules for the early risers to disturb the others. Sharp at eight the commandant appears in the open space before his gorgeous tent and cries out the hour and the order for rising. At once two wild figures leap from different tents, and rush about with bludgeons beating the doorsteps of each tent, and howling the refrain of eight o'clock to the sleepers. As each camper wakes he howls the story to his neighbor, or to the fellow he likes least; or makes remarks to himself about the bludgeon-bearers, who are the captain and lieutenant of the week, and cannot be spoken of lightly. The woods become vocal with sounds unfamiliar to the melodious birds, but the effect is to turn out sixty sleepy boys into the open air, and to set them at their morning toilet.

The washing-place is an open shed near the little bluff which overhangs the blue water of the cove. Two cracked mirrors, ten dented basins, and a tub of lake water are the luxuries of the morning toilet. There is no sight in the world so luxuriously lazy as a boy at his morning ablutions in camp. The onlooker begins to yawn in pure sympathy for him. The whole immediate world puts on a look of weariness. The beds seem to rise and stretch inviting arms to woo back the drowsy lad. But the captains, with their bludgeons, the friends and neighbors with their invitations, have rendered further sleep impossible; and there is the commandant striding about in dreadful silence: who knows what frightful orders may issue from his lips, if he is provoked by tardiness? At three-quarters past eight the captain reports the last man out of camp on his way to breakfast, and the guard on duty. The start of the day's living has been made.

There is an official routine for the camp, comfortable, but rigorously administered. At ten the boys will be seen at their tents sweeping, airing, and arranging them, and putting the exterior scenery also in order. They are preparing for inspection. The guards of the day have done the general work, put in order the wash-shed, filled the drinking-tanks with ice and water, and done the chores. The captain and the lieutenant report to the commandant that the camp is ready for inspection. Preceded by these officers the great official, whose word

THE BOYS AT HOME.

THE COVE.

is the law of the colony, marches from tent to tent, and is received by each camper in turn. He inspects the bedding, floor, clothing, and surroundings, looks over the camp in a general way, and then returns with majesty to his tent. The inspection is over and the campers are free to do what they will for the rest of the day. During the next hour the commandant is busy with the individuals of the camp. The offenders of the day previous are brought before his court to explain, defend, or waive off punishment; permissions to leave the reservation are granted; for each camper who leaves the charmed circle of the assembly grounds, whether by land or water, must leave his name and his destination and the probable date of his return with the officers. This precaution enables the search for him, if he delays, to take an effective form from the start.

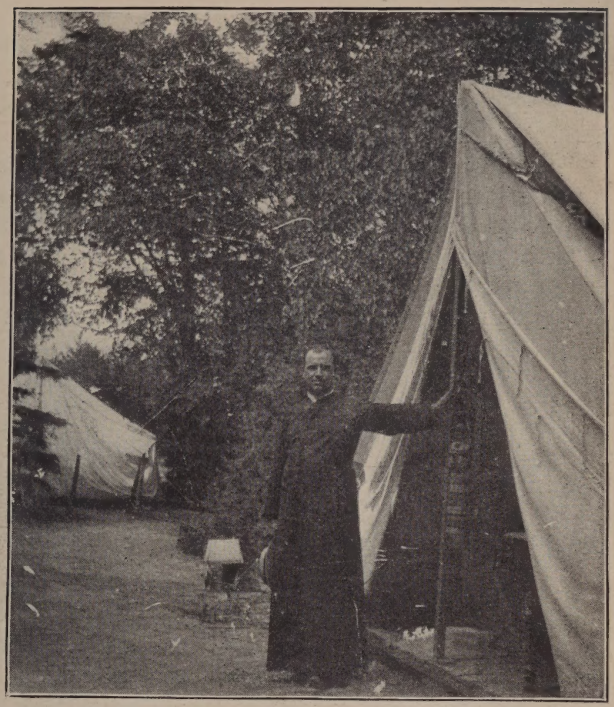
The camp is in charge of four officers besides the commandant: a captain and lieutenant, whose tenure of office is one week, and two guards who remain in office one day, which they find a day too long. The higher officers see to the general run of duties, while the guards keep out strangers and stragglers, and show the visitors about. The long day is not long enough for all that happens between inspection and bedtime. Two swims a day are allowed, and, in spite of the blistering brought on by exposure to the sun, these swims are lengthened out unconscionably. Boys have the nature of the duck in summer. Given a boy and an old boat, or a plank, and one has the elements of the wildest joy known to men. As a rule the

campers have to be driven from the water in time for lunch. The afternoon is broken up by golf, bowling, baseball, tennis, bicycling, swimming and boating. When night begins to fall the evening entertainments of the Summer School draw the lads to the auditorium and the cottages. At nine o'clock the juniors are gathered together by their captain, and by the light of lanterns marched to bed. An hour later the seniors follow suit. The commandant is in his tent, and officers and guards are at their posts. Reports are made at stated times as to absentees. The captain of the juniors reports his division in bed and lights out. An hour later the captain and lieutenant make a similar report for the seniors with the exceptions allowed for that evening, as many of the seniors are needed at the hops and other amusements of the Summer School. At the appointed hour all lights are out, and the officers go to bed. Until the next morning at eight profound stillness will rest upon the camp.

"THE BUNCH," AFTER BREAKFAST.

This life is ideal for the college boy, or any boy with a long vacation. It appears rough to visitors because of its simplicity, but the discomforts are more

THE WILD WEST SHOW.



THE COMMANDANT.

than made up for by the solid health of camp-life. Rainy weather and cold weather take much from the enjoyment of a camp, but nothing from the health of the camper. It is a standing joke with the boys of the college camp, how quickly the cottagers respond to a change of weather with colds and catarrh, while the campers know nothing of these diseases. It cannot be called a life of hardship, but rather an open-air life. There is really no hardship. The boys take their meals at a fine restaurant situated on the summer school grounds. Their tents are always dry and comfortable, and bedclothing is plentiful for cold weather. The tendency to overdo in swimming and other amusements is checked in various ways, but principally by the watchfulness of the commandant, who knows each boy perfectly. At the end of a season the average camper has apparently lost flesh, but has actually gained in weight. The flesh is more compact, firm and hard. There is no sickness among the campers except slight ailments, and so far there have been no accidents, owing to the careful supervision.

Nowhere does boy-nature display itself more freely than in camp. For example, the bluff on which the camp is located has a fall of fifteen feet to the lake-shore. The edge of the bluff was protected for years by a few posts and rails so slender that there was no leaning on them. The boys kept away from the fence, and no accidents ever occurred. A generous visitor objected to the weakness of the fence, and gave ten dollars to provide a new one. The new structure was put up, and in some places doubled. One day the camper, whose duty it was to fill the water-tub, found his task easier by sitting astride one rail of the fence; a comrade mounted beside him; a third leaned against the post to enjoy the scene; a fourth took a seat on the rail with the first two; and a fifth, coming along while the work of filling the tub was proceeding

so sociably, took a flying leap to the rail. He landed admirably, but the rail snapped and away went four over the precipice; two saved themselves, a third saved himself and a fourth, while the waterman went to the bottom, landing on his bare feet. He was only scraped and bruised.

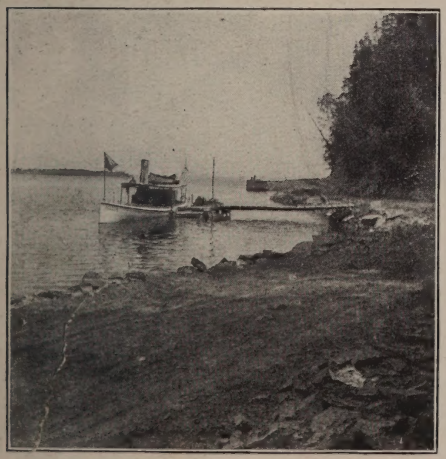
The great joy of camp-life is the camp-fire. Near the edge of this same bluff is an open space, in which has been built a circle of stones about six feet in diameter. In this circle the woodmen, specially appointed for this work, pile great logs, while on one side they have ready great heaps of pine and spruce branches both dry and green. The camp-fire is usually a social feature of camp-life, and has a great attraction for the people at the Summer School, who are often invited to the ceremony. On these formal occasions the grove is filled with chairs and benches for the visitors. The fire is lit with much ceremony. Grouped at one end the campers indulge for an hour in songs and choruses, in recitations and speeches, in capers peculiar to the camp, while the woodmen pile higher the logs and the spruce and pine branches, and blue flames and green with myriads of fire-stars shoot upward into the sky. At ten o'clock the visitors are dismissed in camp-fashion by the singing of Home, Sweet Home in a peremptory key. With much laughing over this plain and suitable dismissal the assembly withdraws, and the great fire dies away to live coals which burn all night.

THE FIELD CAPTAIN.

The aim of the two hundred camps described as existing during the summer months in this coun-

try is mainly educational. All have educational features, and some a regular college routine in the matter of early rising, hours of study and play, and a definite amount of knowledge to be communicated. How successful they are has not yet been made clear. The camp at the Summer School has no other aim than to make the summer vacation pleasant and keep it free from mischief. The juniors have over ten hours' sleep and the seniors nine, and more if they prefer, or less. The lectures at the auditorium are free to them, and they are quietly encouraged to patronize both the courses and the library, as many of them do. The chapel is convenient, and the services morning and evening attractive, so that the influence of religion is never wanting, probably in its most engaging form. The rule of life is easy, and is no more than felt by the boys; but its chief aim is to account for each boy at any moment of the day, and to be sure of his associates. How far that is accomplished cannot be told at the close of a season. It is illustrated in a general way by the absence of disease and accidents, and by the healthy condition of the campers. The great recommendation and charm of the college camp at the Summer School is the thoroughly Catholic surroundings in which the boy finds himself; surroundings too which minister to his Catholic pride, and help him later in the humiliations peculiar to his position.

THE FRONT STOOP.



THE BEACH ROAD.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (THE COLLEGE BOY IN CAMP.)

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE INDIAN SON'S CONFESSION.

A cry of pain and terror rose to the lips of George Martins: but his quick recollection of the women on the piazza without, caught it, and it escaped him in a moan. He sprang to his feet and ran half across the room. The stranger also rose, a gleam of exultation on his countenance; and the flow of blood to his face, warming up the dark skin, outlined in gleaming white a hitherto unnoticed scar on the side of his well-cut nose. George Martins half-turned to the man who had called himself his son, and the two stood regarding each other in dead silence. The white man knew the predominating spirit of the other, the pride and stolidity of his mother's people; so he first broke the silence.

"You have come back,—for what?"

"My rights," returned he coolly. "Wait!" he commanded, as George Martins was opening his lips to utter his mockery. "Wait until I have finished, before you laugh. I repeat, I have come for my rights. The rights the first-born son and heir can claim from his father. Rights that are, in my case, promised rights."

He paused, but George Martins neither spoke his mocking words, nor laughed his mocking laugh.

"I made this claim upon you once before," went on the man, leaning the palms of his hands on the long, carved, library table, "and you remember your reply. Or have you forgotten it, as you forgot your Indian wife? Let me refresh your memory! 'Give me wealth,' you said, 'and I will give you recognition.' I gave you wealth, and now I am here to demand the recognition!"

The eyes of the two men were meeting in combat across the table.

"And if I refuse?" George Martins' words whizzed through the air.

"You dare not!" The reply was hurled back at him, with the venom of a forked tongue. It made the hearer writhe up to the table. He placed his hands, too, upon it, leaned forward, and with his eyes pouring their hatred full in the eyes of the other man, also slightly bending over the strip of baize-covered mahogany, hissed,

"But I do! you brat of a beggar squaw!—"

There was the swift, unexpected lifting of a lithe arm, and one of the brown hands, falling with sharp, stinging force across George Martins' lips, broke his sentence.

"I saw you strike her so,"—the words seeming to curl like red flames from between the small, white teeth,—"and I swore by her pagan gods and mine, that I'd live to revenge that blow! A beggar was she? She wore gold on her brown arms with less pride than your mother wore gloves, and braided jewels in her black hair with no more regard for them than your white wife gives her roses! A beggar? When your ancestors were being crushed like serfs by foreign

kings, her people ruled this country from the Ohio to the Gulf. Beggar? When you came poor, ragged, footsore and hungry to her maiden tent, her father was smoking the peace pipe with envoys from Washington! Beggar! if there be beggar blood in my veins, it flowed into them from the pale-face father, not from the Indian mother!"

He paused, and looked fiercely at the man across the table and there was an expression on his face that was as a voice of warning to George Martins. In the silence that followed, with that crushing weight of little things in life's supreme moments, they heard the young girls mounting the stairs to dress for supper. Then the son began:

"Your white wife will soon be tapping at the door, calling you to supper. Am I to be given my place at your table?"

"As my guest, you are welcome to the best my house affords."

"But as your son?"

"You are no son of mine!" hissed back the father.

But the other said:

"Look upon my face, and deny your parentship, if you can! Think upon the young Indian mother's heart you broke, and deny your fatherhood, if you dare! But," drawing himself up proudly, "I am not here to plead for my recognition, but to demand it. Grant it, I have redeemed the vow I made above my dead mother, killed by your cruel desertion, and become once more the citizen of the world. Refuse it, I strip you of wealth and honor, and out of your ruin drag the recognition you would not give."

"You talk like a fool! Do you know who I am?"

"Quite well. In the eyes of the world you are George Martins, the true husband of only one wife, the stainless gentleman, the law-abiding citizen. In my eyes and your own and the eyes of whatever gods there be, you are a bigamist, a murderer and a thief."

George Martins in his rage caught up one of the heavy oak chairs and bounded around the table.

"Killing is a game that two can play at, in this case," remarked the stranger, and with the dexterity of one familiar with the action, he quickly drew a pistol from his pocket and thrust it into the face of his father. "Now?" he sneered.

George Martins dropped the chair and stepped back, with blanched face and staring eyes, while the other laughed a low, mocking laugh. The sound of it recalled the white man's scattered senses. For all that outward show of civilization it was with a half-savage he had to deal, whom force could not alarm, but whom law could intimidate and the wit of the superior race circumvent. He had made a fearful blunder. He turned and walked to his former place. The face of the son wore its mask of repose when the father again looked upon him, and as if he had divined the thought that had passed through his parent's brain, he said, with the flicker of his mocking smile in his eyes,

"Instead of meeting our difference of opinions with the civility and courtesy of polite and reasoning men, we have fallen into manners which would shame the rudest of my mother's race. I have been guilty of the graver fault in striking my father and drawing a weapon upon my host. Though the provocations were great,

the violence of my actions was greater; therefore, I ask your pardon."

Mr. Martins coolly bowed his acceptance of the apology, while fear began to knock loudly at his heart, for he saw that it was not with the semi-savage he had to deal, but the strange hybrid of savagery and civilization, educated by the school and the world.

"When I left Kentucky," began the younger man, as if his keen mind had read the thought of the other, "I drifted into Canada. The lessons it was sometimes your diversion to give me, while the charm of the wild, nomadic life of the Indian kept you with my mother and me, had inspired me with the desire to possess the education of the white man; moreover, I had witnessed the superiority it can give. I went to an institution of learning, conducted by French Catholic priests, and begged them to instruct me in the sciences and religion of the Christian. I felt that the asking of the latter would more readily secure the former request. I remained with those Fathers for six years. Under their instructions and methods I became a good scholar; they imagined they had also made a good Christian out of me. But I had had an example of Christianity which not all their piety and charity could make me forget or forgive. I did not, however, give all my thoughts to the securing of knowledge. The priests were Frenchmen, and consequently gentlemen. I contrasted them with the Indian and English, and saw that their politeness and polish made them superior to the brute force of the barbarian or the power of the rude pale-face. I strove to become a gentleman as well as a scholar. On leaving college, I returned to the United States. I sought employment in New York, and obtained it. It was in a commercial concern. I familiarized myself with business, became acquainted with all the intricacies of commerce. Then I went to Washington. Metropolitan influence secured me the position of private secretary to an official of high standing to whom perfect knowledge of the French language made me doubly serviceable. During the four years I remained in his employment, I lived under his roof, the social equal of his family and friends. This gave me an opportunity to mingle in the best society of the Capital. I did not care for it, but I knew that intercourse with men and women of the world gives polish to one's manners, and whatever added to civilization I was determined to secure. I had saved money and by using my commercial knowledge in the matter of its investment, I found myself at the close of the four years, the possessor of some wealth. Then I went to Cuba, where I again invested my money. Soon it had doubled itself. I took part of my wealth and went to South America. I wanted to see the world, study men. Of all the peoples I have met, I like best the character of the Spaniard."

He smiled as he said this, then paused, and let his eyes rest on the changing face across the table. George Martins thoroughly understood the meaning of the pause and smile. If he possessed any of that finesse, which he prided himself on as an inheritance from his far-off Spanish ancestor, he knew that he needed it in this hour when he had to deal with a man who admitted that he had studied the na-

tionalities of men for the sole purpose of transfusing into his own character those qualifications which are in the conflict of brains what a Damascus blade is in a conflict of arms.

"You are dealing with neither a Frenchman nor a Spaniard," said George Martins, with clear, cold, cutting emphasis, "but with an American. We come to our point of discussion like men." (The hearer here turned his eyes, with a swift glance, toward the chair so lately lifted against his head, but without appearing to notice the insinuation of the look, Mr. Martins continued): "and we never fail to defend ourselves from attack whether of the wordy adversary, or the insulting black-mailer."

His hearer smiled again, but remained silent, and George Martins added, "It is the last named foe I tonight am meeting."

Then the man lifted his head proudly and said:

"A black-mailer is one who prefers false charges. I am not such. My charges are true. I called you a bigamist. You are, or were, for at the time you married your present wife, your Indian wife, your first wife, your lawful wife—for you wedded with her of your free choice, according to the rites and laws of the Indian nation, and the laws and rites of the Indian are as binding and sacred as the laws and rites of the white man—this wife was living."

"Your proof of this marriage," sneered the father, "is your word. Against it stands my denial. Which will the world accept? Which will stand in any court of justice of civilized nations?"

"Yours," replied the son, without a moment's hesitation. "But in your heart lies the knowledge that when you deny my words, you lie. Your conscience is my proof against yourself."

Then George Martins laughed. The other looked upon him, his gray head, his life-lined face, as he heard that sound of mirth, with an expression half-contemptuous, half-pitiful. Then he went on:

"I called you a murderer, and you are. When you said to me, a half-wild youth who had gone to you, my lawful father, to claim my sonship, 'Give me wealth and I will give you the recognition you demand!' and I asked if I should bring to you my mother's gold bracelets and jewels, you mocked me and demanded of me what were such trinkets beside Gerald Martins' rich tract of land. Then I said, 'If Gerald Martins were dead, would this be yours?' You answered, that if Gerald Martins' wife and child were dead, it would be yours. I looked into your eyes and you looked into mine. Mine asked, 'If I kill them and give their wealth thus to you, will you recognize me as your son?' and your eyes said, 'I will!' But child of the barbarian as you thought me, your white blood or my natural instinct told me to obtain a verbal commission for my work. I asked if I should remove these human obstacles to your desire, and you bade me to do so, and gave me the pearl-ornamented purse, made for you by my mother, as a token of our compact. Afterwards, moved by what motive I know not, you told me not to kill them, but to carry them off to my people and commanded me to do this deed while you were absent from Lexington. I hung

around the cabin for those six weeks, waiting my opportunity to capture the woman and child, and when the time of your home-coming drew near, I began to grow desperate. That evening chance favored me when Gerald Martins quit his work to look for flowers for his wife. I saw her standing at the door and told her that her husband had been killed by a falling tree. She started to get the baby to take it with her into the wood, and I laughed for joy. But something must have warned her of her danger, for she turned back and fastened the door on the child. Then she came to me and we went together to the forest. As I was hurrying her away we heard the husband singing. She started to run, but I caught her. Then, she began to scream, and in her terror pulled the gold ring out of my nose. Fear and pain, and over all the certain knowledge that I could not expect you to redeem your promise, maddened me and I thrust my knife into her heart. I wasn't a savage when she was dead. I was a white man, and I hated you as one of your Christian souls must hate the devil that tempted it to its damnation; so, when I hid her in the tree, I placed my mother's purse in her dress, hoping that it might be found, and, recognized as yours, would be evidence against you as the author of the crime. I fled. I would not return to my mother's people, so I went to the fierce Indians of the north, and from them learned to become the bloodthirsty foe of the pale-face. When the war between the British and the Americans broke out, I joined with the Indians and British in our common cause of hatred—I have called you a murderer," he continued, turning from his subject, "and I here repeat that you are as guilty of the death of Gerald Martins' wife as I am."

"Where is your proof?" demanded George Martins, but the sneer was gone from his voice, and the tones seemed to shiver into each other.

"My words," he returned.

"What are your words against mine?"

"And your purse, that must have been found in the folds of her dress," added the Indian, not noting the interruption.

"Who could state that that purse was mine?"

"The wife of Halpin, the tavern-keeper. As I waited for you at the door of his hostelry one evening I heard her remark on its beauty and value, as you drew it out to pay her for a supper for yourself and a friend. You told her that you had bought it from an Indian woman."

A paleness crept over the face of the listener, but he instantly said, with his old effrontery,

"Where is that purse now? Who found it?"

"The finder will appear when he is called for," returned the other coolly, and as George Martins remembered who that finder was, he shivered.

"I have called you a thief," went on the young man, "and you are. Because you could not find the hiding-place of Gerald Martins' daughter, by your gold, you overruled the scruples of a poor mother, and bought her dead child's body to fill a grave for Amy Martins. Then you came into the full enjoyment of Gerald Martins' property, while his daughter was living upon the charity of strangers."

George Martins broke into a laugh, a harsh, brutal laugh.

"I amuse you?" said the other calmly.

"You do. Your inventive genius would do credit to a fictionist, my dear sir. But, as I asked about your other charges, where is your proof?"

"Here," replied the other, and he took a leathern case from his pocket and opening it, unfolded a sheet of paper, which he spread on the table. "Advance, Mr. Martins, and see my proof—Gerald Martins' will and testament! No, sir, I do not let it go out of my hands! It has never left my person since I took it from your dead cousin's breast the night of the Raisen Massacre."

Trembling, his face ghastly, George Martins leaned over the table, but as his eyes fell on the opening address, "To St. John Worthington, loyal gentleman and noble friend," he drew himself up and cried out,

"'Tis a forgery! St. John Worthington was Gerald Martins' rival and foe."

"Read on," commanded the son. "If it is a forgery, St. John Worthington will decide, not you." And George Martins' eyes fell again on the paper, and what he read made the ashen hue of fear whiten his face, the film of despair darken his eyes. The son watched him with the clear, penetrating gaze and the immovable calm of his mother's race. He had as much to gain as the other had to lose, but he betrayed none of the white man's emotions. Fear he had never known; despair could be no tenant in his breast; but the pale-face's blood in him made his heart tremblingly anxious where the red-man would have been stolidly indifferent. When the reader's eyes reached Gerald Martins' signature, the son's hands turned the long paper, and as the blood-scrawled letters blazed up from the cream-like surface, he said:

"Do you recognize here the handwriting of your young pupil? Not very creditable to my teacher, very unlike his delicate, fashionable penmanship which was my boyish delight and envy as I pored over it at the low tent door; still there are circumstances which excuse its badness. The ink was not good, the pen blunt, and death was staring me in the very face. At the battle of Raisen," he went on, folding up the paper, and carefully returning it to the leathern case, "Gerald Martins saw me. That he had a suspicion of you and the half-breed, whom he had seen several times together, as he states in this paper, is certain. The wound in my nose, made by his wife's tearing out the gold ring I wore there—Oh, yes! I had that damaging mark on my good looks remedied, when I found myself among the clever Canadians," he threw in, as Mr. Martins involuntarily turned his eyes on the speaker's face. "As I was saying, his recollection of me and my wounded nose were 'confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ' that I was the murderer of his wife. He came up to me and caught me—it is needless to say, unawares. I knew then that the game was up to me. The Kentuckians were defeated, so there was nothing left for him to do but to kill me outright. But he wanted my evidence, so he commanded me to set down on this document the name of the instigator of my crime and our motive for it. I knew that there was not a chance for me unless I could gain time. If all chance were lost to

me, I had the satisfaction of knowing that my white father would be made to pay a like penalty, and his wrong to my mother would be wiped out. So with the feather I wore after the Indian fashion, and the blood of the white men which was freezing on the frost-bound earth around us, I wrote out that confession of my sin and that denouncement of you. The impatience of your cousin was his ruin and my salvation. An Indian would have shot his man and then read the confession; he did the opposite and I shot him. He fell, wounded. As I was stooping to get possession of the paper, with its damning evidence against us, an English officer, coming up from behind, beat me to the ground, leaving me senseless. When I regained consciousness the Englishman was bearing Gerald Martins to the hut in the hamlet, where the wounded of the enemy were housed. But I determined to get that paper. I did. That night occurred the massacre. I saw Gerald Martins trying to escape from the cabin, with a companion. An Indian killed him, and I took the paper from his pocket. But the common blood in our veins made me humane enough to carry him away from the fury of those fiends. I hid him behind a tree. When I read the paper," he went on, "I realized that I had a game on hand which was well worth the playing, but I likewise knew that I was not the equal of my white opponent, in shrewdness. I saw that Gerald Martins' secret was safe. I inferred the same of his daughter. There was no need for bringing the game to an issue. Time strengthens what it does not destroy. I knew that it was necessary to be your intellectual equal and I set about to become such in a systematic way, as I have related to you. While I never returned to Kentucky I kept myself informed about you. I knew that you were rich, honored and happy, and I said it is well. Every day added to my power, and I waited until your son and heir had grown to manhood, to include him in your downfall. At the time appointed by myself I have come and I find you are entered upon the supreme effort of your life, and against you is the man whom your cousins will appoint your accuser and prosecutor. Fate! Fate!" he broke out. "She is the one supreme deity. She sits and weaves the destiny of men now as she has done from the beginning. Strive as we may, there is no escaping her hour. George Martins, her hour for you has dawned!"

He paused at the words, and lifting his hands, one of which was holding the leathern case, folded them on his breast. Standing thus, he gazed steadily at the man on the other side of the table, and for a moment that man quailed before the speaker's attitude and words. He appeared like the incarnation of the Fate both believed in and turn in which direction he might, George Martins saw no escape from her decree. In that moment he realized that as men sow so shall they reap. It seemed a trifling thing to win the love of an Indian woman, marry her according to ceremonial whose sacredness and right he neither admitted nor respected, and by her bring a man-child into the world. When he had grown weary of life among the gentle Natchez, without a pang of regret he had forsaken the mother and son, leaving her to

soothe her sorrow in a second affection; him, to grow up in the ignorance and paganism of his people. But there was no second love nor longer life for the too faithful Indian woman, and when she was no more, her son had come up to the Dark and Bloody Ground to find his white father. He had found him—the husband of another wife, the parent of another son; and his love had changed to savage hate. In memory of his wronged mother, for the repudiation of his shame, he had sworn revenge. The hour of its fulfilment had arrived and there was that in the son's face and manner which made the father realize that as he had shown no mercy, he need expect to receive none. In the pause that had followed the concluding words, the voices of Mrs. Martins and Preston came to the two men, in a soft murmurous flow; and as they listened to it, the last gleam of light died in the eyes of George Martins, and a smile of exultation illumined the dark face of his companion.

"Well?" Unable longer to endure the thoughts suggested by the echo of those voices on the piazza, George Martins spoke.

"I asked you to acknowledge me as your son, as a matter of justice. Now," and he held out his right hand, on whose open palm rested the leathern case, "with your knowledge of what this contains, when I ask you a second time to receive me as your son, will you refuse?"

As he ceased, Mrs. Martins' voice, with a happy laugh rippling it, came to them distinctly. It was like a lash to the soul of George Martins. Tell that woman that her place by his side had once been filled by another, and that other a low barbarian! Tell that mother that her son, the son she had given to him, had not the first claim on his fatherhood! Tell her these truths! He would rather face a prison cell or ignominious scaffold, than see the annihilation of his wife's love in the proud, unrelenting abhorrence of her eyes.

"I still refuse!" He lifted his head as he uttered the words, color came back to his face, and the Indian son saw that his opponent would not yield tamely. He smiled, withdrew his hand, opened his coat and dropped the case into his pocket. Then he refastened the buttons, and taking up his hat, said:

"Very well, sir. My business with you is concluded. I am sorry to have detained you so long and unnecessarily from the society of your family and guests."

But George Martins detained him by a sweeping motion of his hand.

"What are you going to do? At least, I have a right to a knowledge of your intentions."

"Certainly," he responded. "I am going to Lexington, where, in a quiet way, I shall find out all I want to know about the public's reception of the death of Mrs. Martins, and who secured the pearl-ornamented purse I left in her dress. If any suspicions were aroused by the circumstances of her death, men will hesitate less to refer to them now than they might have done after the commission of the deed. When I have learned all that is to be learned, I shall go down to this convent of Loretto, and secure information as to the whereabouts of Gerald Martins' daughter. When I meet her, I shall tell her all. She shall

go to St. John Worthington with her father's last testament and my confession, and—well, trust a woman and a political foe to secure your downfall, complete and irrevocable. And I shall so arrange my plans that I may return in safety to my Spanish friends and rich plantations, leaving you to bear my share of the crime with your own."

It was coolly and frankly said, but George Martins met it with even greater coolness and frankness. It was a desperate game; there was but the shadow of a chance for him to win, but he grasped at that shadow. This man prided himself on the bravery of his Indian mother, he should see that his father was no coward.

"I can tell you what you want to know. St. John Worthington found the purse. I saw him pick it up. Doubtless it is still in his possession. You may spare yourself the trouble of inquiring about the suspicions of the people. Kentuckians do not admit strangers into that confidence which the betrayal of never-uttered suspicious thoughts implies. You must further reflect that there were but two men upon whom such suspicions could fall —St. John Worthington, the woman's discarded lover, and myself, heir-at-law to Gerald Martins after his wife and child. That these suspicions were never held, at least had nothing to sustain them, is evident; else he and I would not be the people's gubernatorial choice. Whom Kentuckians call upon to be their ruler must be above suspicion. Nor need you journey to Loretto Convent to find Gerald Martins' daughter. She is here, in this house. She is the young lady you met on the lawn with my son. What my political foe may do when he gains possession of that paper, I do not know; but I do know that Gerald Martins' daughter will do nothing against the father of the man she loves, whom she is going to marry."

He folded his arms as he spoke the concluding words and looked steadily into the face of his enemy; and for a moment, what had been so coolly spoken, surprised his hearer into dumb silence. He had said that he knew men well, but this sudden shifting of George Martins' character surprised him. It reminded him more of the last refuge of Spanish ingeniousness than the far-sighted boldness of the Irish-American. But it was a daring move and he felt a degree of admiration for the adversary he hated.

"Thank you," he said. "It takes a dash of the highest courage to put a pursuer on our track. Even the braves cover their footprints with dead leaves. This may cause a complication—this attachment between your other son and Gerald Martins' daughter. Still I believe that you are too optimistic in your statement regarding the conduct of the lady. You must not forget that that father is the murderer of her mother and the robber of herself. Love is strong but it is not god-like."

"That shows that you know nothing of a woman's love," said George Martins.

"Pardon me, sir, but I do. My mother loved you better than herself: yet she cursed you in her dying hour."

"I am talking of Christians not pagans," said George Martins, in clear, cutting tones, for it made him angry with an anger that had in it an awful fear, that the dying Indian woman should have called upon her gods to wreak justice on him.

"And I am talking of women, Chris-

tian or pagan," he answered in his even voice. "I know that the love of the pagan woman stood every strain until she found that her human idol was unworthy her homage; then it failed her. Is the Christian wife's love stronger? Ah! is it as strong? She might bear your crime, your disgrace, would she bear the knowledge that the right to call you husband was not hers, before herself and her God, for nearly four years after her marriage? If she knew that you had wronged her as grievously as you wronged the other wife, would she not die cursing you as the Indian did? You would strike me, curse me, annihilate me if you could for thus daring to speak of the Christian wife," he added, before George Martins' fury permitted him to utter a word. "I ask you to remember this: my Indian mother's name is shrined as sacredly in my soul, and held by me to be as deserving of love and reverence as is the Christian wife's in yours. And by whatever gods there be! he who speaks of her in words other than respectful, need not expect me to honor the name of the woman he reveres!" and he folded his arms and gazed with proudly flashing eyes upon his father. There could be no mistaking the depth and sincerity of his filial devotion, and a long dead feeling began to stir in a secret recess of George Martins' heart—a spark from the ashes of reckless youth and boyish passion. It made him generous enough to say from manhood, sanctified by purest love,

"I recall and ask you to forget any word I said derogatory to her—your mother."

When he saw the rare, tender light that fell over the other face, he knew that with all his cunning and knowledge of humanity, he had acted the part of a fool. It was too late now to pick up this suddenly found key to the storehouse of this man's pity and he cursed himself for his want of insight; he could now only defend himself with what arms he possessed against a foe whom he had made relentless. That foe was saying now, after the proud bow with which he had acknowledged his father's apology,

"This lady, Gerald Martins' daughter, does not, I presume, know her true name and parentage?"

"She does not. Nor did I until I read that paper of yours."

"Of course not." The face was inscrutable and the tones were tantalizing in their uncertainty. He knew not whether they were ironical or sincere but in either case he saw, upon reflection, they were insulting.

"She is, I suppose," he continued, "dependent upon her own efforts for a livelihood?"

"Yes. She is a teacher of music."

"Ah! Still, this poor, unknown girl is welcomed as the betrothed wife of the rich, influential Mr. Martins' only son and heir!" There was a world of insinuation in the words and voice which uttered them, but the other man passed it unnoticed.

"It is painful for a proud man or woman to receive all and be able to give nothing in return. The young lady, if one of those highly strung spirits, must often have felt the bitterness of her position—think you that she will readily forgive the one who placed her in it?"

"You forget, sir," said Mr. Martins with well-veiled caution, "that I knew nothing of her whereabouts and could not discover her hiding place."

"And because you could not dis-

cover it, and destroy the only barrier between you and the wealth you craved you made that other woman give up her dead child, to fill Amy Martins' grave. It is no wonder that you are a favorite of fortune, my father, for you have played her with a boldness and impetuous hardihood. But it surprises you that that other secret of yours is also shared by me? Have you lived to your time of life and not discovered that he or she whom gold can buy once can be bought again, yes as often as there is a purchaser? When I heard the story of the finding of the dead child—I was then in New York —I communicated with the woman. I was a chivalrous impressionable young man who had been struck by a newspaper account of her honesty and loyalty. Would she come East and let me be her friend? She did come and has been my pensioner these many years. When I need her she will not fail me."

The clock on the mantel began to strike and George Martins waited until it had counted its six strokes before replying. Then he said:

"Well. I have heard you, and you have heard me. You have made your demand, and I have given you my answer. If you are willing to arrange this matter between us, each pledging secrecy, any demand you make upon me, except one, will be to me as a matter of personal concern. You have wealth, but if you desire more, I shall share mine with you. If you wish to enter upon a political career in this State, I shall serve you as a faithful friend and ally. I shall seek your success as I would my own, and whatever tends to your advancement in worldly interests and happiness, I shall bend every energy to secure for you. If none of these offers will tempt you to forego the effort to force a recognition, which I shall never give, not even though it were in your power to send me to the scaffold, then there is to be sworn enmity between us two. You have proof, absolute proof, of none of your charges, save the signed suspicions of a dead man, who, many believed, was crazed by grief; and it is St. John Worthington's word against mine that the purse did, or did not, drop from the folds of Amy Martins' dress. My word is as good, as worthy of credence, as his. The world knows that I sought for my cousin's daughter and there is only a dishonest and disreputable woman's word against mine that I deceived it in burying another child. Do you think that the presumption that she sought to make capital out of her scheme, and did, according to your own assistance of her, and her signed receipts to me for money, will not outweigh her story? Take this to the court now, and, in the eyes of half this commonwealth whose representative I am, it becomes a political plot to ruin me and defeat the party. Remember, in addition, that I am richer than St. John Worthington, and more powerful in friends than you. I will fight this out, if I have to carry it to the highest court of the land. While I have an acre or a slave to call my own, or my wife's relatives have a dollar, they will go to save me from disgrace. And furthermore, remember this, and believe that it is as true as the Scripture men reverence; in this conflict, in spite of all that may be said, brought forward, even proven, Gerald Martins' daughter will cling closer to me than

my own son. Make your choice, but take time for consideration. And permit me to offer you the hospitality of my house for the night, or as long as you may wish to partake of it."

The face had kept its calm, and what effect those coolly uttered statements had upon his enemy, George Martins could not divine. Without pausing for a moment, he said,

"I thank you for your invitation and will accept it for this night and to-morrow."

"The family and guests are assembling for supper," then said Mr. Martins. "We had better join them. Permit me to ask you your name?"

"The name by which my father was known in the Indian camp—Rodrigo Martinez," answered he, with a peculiar, subtle smile, and as he again heard it, the heart of George Martins grew faint. It was the name of the Spanish Captain that he had ever accepted as the founder of his family, and in a superstitious belief in the legend on the tombstone of the long-dead Teresa Martinez, he had assumed it on leaving Virginia for the frontier. Last New Year's eve, in Mrs. Barton's ball-room, the name had come to him as the sound of approaching doom; here again it pealed forth its direful meaning.

"It is a name which suits me in various ways," the man was saying. "My appearance is favorable to the impression of Spanish ancestry, and coupled with the name, my claim to that nationality has never been questioned. If other explanation to your family or friends is necessary, you may say that I am a Spanish-Cuban travelling through the United States on business and pleasure. Is this sufficient?"

"Quite. It is but right for me to tell you that Gerald Martins entered his daughter at Loretto Convent under the same name. She is known as Teresa Martinez. I hear the servant announcing supper," and he opened the door and escorted his guest to the parlor, where the family and other guests were assembled.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRESTON'S TRIUMPH.

During that short walk across the lawn to the house, with Teresa and the stranger, the emotions that surged over Preston Martins' heart were painful in their intensity. When his father turned away with the unknown man, he sank into his vacated chair, like a person overpowered by physical weakness. The chatter of the white-robed girls fell meaningless on his ears, for a mental unconsciousness had taken possession of his brain. When they left, his mother rose from her chair and took another by his side.

"Preston," she asked, in her soft Southern voice, "is there anything the matter? Has anything gone wrong with you?"

He turned his eyes on her, with an expression like the dumb appeal of a wounded dog. His mind caught and held two of her words—matter, wrong. Matter? Did it matter if he had failed in a punctilious sense of honor, since he had opened for himself the door of happiness? Wrong? Was it wrong? He raised his hand and pushed back the clustering locks from his low brow, and turned his eyes from his mother, as he answered, his voice creeping over the words,

"Mother, I do not know if it is

wrong with me or right with me. This has been," he finished lamely, to draw her attention from his words, "a day full of turmoil and worry. I fear I have not the staying power of the Prestons as I have not the calculating, resourceful nature of my father."

"You are young," she hastily interposed. "The ordeals of this day would try older nerves than yours." Then knowing that his thoughts should be distracted from their present trend, she began to talk of the little events of the day and the pleasures expected from the evening. It was a conversation that did not call for much exertion on his part and as her voice poured its music on his ears, the faculties of his mind began to shake off their lethargy and by the time the girl guests reappeared, he was himself again.

The hidden dramatic elements which the scene of that supper-room presented appealed to George Martins in all their strength and magnetism. Here were his wife's unconscious girl-guests, white-robed, smiling, blushing, looking impatiently from this sunlighted hour to the music-heralded pleasures which nightfall would bring; and among them and queen of them was the long-defrauded mistress of this house, unknowingly standing upon the threshold of great and wonderful discovery. Over there was his son, wearing, with the ease and grace of the young Kentuckian, his long-accepted right to an inheritance of wealth and honor; before him, his wife, filling her position, as the lady of a great establishment, with the graciousness and dignity distinguishing those to the manner born; and by her side, talking to her with the courtliness of a Spanish grandee was the Indian woman's son, whose blood-crimsoned hand had helped to lift her to her position. Fate stood over that scene, that hour, and her hand was ready to fall upon them. The future was waiting for them—and what a future! He was the magician whose fingers held down the veil of that unknown. Why not lift it now, give to the act all its dramatic beauty, and like Sampson, perish with the temple he had destroyed? A smile crossed his face with the thought. He met his wife's eyes and when she smiled back upon him, a coldness crept over his heart and the damp broke on his brow. He raised his cup and half-emptied its contents before replacing it on its saucer, and the hand that held it to his lips trembled like the hand of a palsied man. The dramatic was lost, swallowed up in poor, base fear. He was not a Mark Antony to cry out his defiance.

When the stranger, after his presentation to Mrs. Martins by her husband, had found himself bowing before Gerald Martins' daughter and meeting the full, soft, darkly mysterious eyes, he knew that his destiny was looking out upon him. He had traversed half the American continent, had met women of every class and nationality, had felt toward them according to the degree in which they affected his stern, self-centered nature; but love he had never known until Teresa's eyes met his. Then one of those strange character miracles was wrought, and as the evening progressed, George Martins saw this self-elected delegate of Fate become the interesting, if ordinary lover, and he felt a greater horror than when he had

seen him with the well-directed pistol in his hand.

A feeling she could not analyze, made Teresa shrink from Preston Martins. She knew that not only would he seek her that night, but that he must do so, or offer her an insult that no woman could forgive. She knew what he would say and that she must give him one of two answers. There was no middle course for her. She must either turn to the calling of St. John Worthington or to the appeal of Preston Martins. She did not hate him. She was not turning from him in the madness of unhappy love or the powerlessness of destiny, the latter she did not believe in, the former she would not acknowledge. She knew that she had herself to blame for hastening the hour. She had felt his fine reserve, had understood by her woman's intuition its significance, as perhaps she was dimly conscious of his struggle against his dearest hopes. She herself had precipitated this hour, had helped him to overthrow his reserve, scatter the conquering forces of his scruples, by her half admission of the truth, that his father's touching, dramatic recital of the afternoon's event had been so dextrously worded as to leave his son the hero, the one actor of the scene; that under that recital the other man was made to appear as an automaton, a figure only as necessary for the hero's action as the shadow is necessary sometimes to prove the shining of the sun. She had a strong, a subtle consciousness that the Preston Martins whom she had recognized fully and truly and for the first time as they had stood for that brief moment in the breakfast room was knowing poignant regret because of the situation, which, however, was past human remedying. So she experienced no sentiment of anger, nor ill-will. If there came to her at times a whisper that there is, after all, a destiny which brings us, willingly or unwillingly, joy or sorrow, she banished it, and turned instead to the old, sweet faith, which teaches that the Eye that marks the sparrow's fall and considers the lilies of the field, held her life in full, tender, fatherly view. Yet the heart would push its moment of supreme trial away, and as never in the memory of those who that night watched her, she permitted, as if they were pleasing to her, the marked attentions of the stranger. Nor was she entirely displeased. She perceived at the first glance that she was in the presence of a man of character and unusual intellectuality. This was written on his face. When he began to speak those impressions became fixed, while the unconscious hints his words threw out that a poet or an artist had been lost by Fortune's making a mere man of the world of Senor Martinez, made an unerring appeal to her impressionable nature. He spoke of Canada and she saw link after link of hills, white, clear, cold, dazzling; heard the long, lone cry of the gaunt wolf, looking from pitiless earth to pitiless sky, or the last, death-agonized yell of his victim, that left a red mark upon the white land. He referred to New York and there passed before her eyes a piteous procession of humanity. Little children lifted up their bony hands to her and women looked upon her from hollow eyes. All nations were there represented from ice-bound Russia to vine-covered Italy, but strangers in a strange land, the motley

crew was soul-wrenching instead of pleasingly picturesque. He spoke of Cuba, the land of the sun, the pearl of the western main, and her eyes grew softer and her heart was filled with longing. His voice took on its lowest, tenderest tones, and more frequently fell from the trenchant tongue of the north into the vowel spilling language of the south; and though their meaning missed her ears, her mind grasped their significance, and she moved with him through a never-ending scene of tropical beauty, luxury and bewilderment. When the others moved away to the dance, and the stranger found himself again alone with Teresa, met her glorious eyes, her entranced beautiful face, the dormant, strange, irresponsible nature which he had received from a rash white father and a too-fond Indian mother, leaped with mad new force and into vigorous life; and the cosmopolitan, the citizen of the world, whom motives of interest could not bind long to one place, nor pleasures and pursuits assimilate with any one people, had become the veriest slave to his newly welded chain.

"But I shall see my sun-bright land no more," he exclaimed, with a tremor in his voice.

"Ah! that must grieve you," said Teresa. "I can understand how you love your island home."

"You do! you do!" he half-cried, rapturously. "Never have I met a woman who understood me so perfectly. I could speak to you as to my own soul. Is it not strange that because I have met you, I can say, and know no great sorrow, 'I shall see you no more, my sun-kissed Cuba?'"

Teresa had grown accustomed to the extravagant compliments of young men; but this man was no longer youthful, she could see, and there was too much warmth in his tones, too much expression in his face for her to permit further expressions of admiration. But his words were not to be stopped by her maiden reserve. She knew there was no escaping from him now, for a new dance was beginning, in which her companions were engaged. At that moment she glanced toward the doorway and saw Preston Martins. He read in her beseeching eyes her wild desire to escape from the man at her side; so he went to her, and asked her to dance with him. Without a word she rose and laid a hand on his arm. It had come, the hour which she dreaded, and that it had come bringing her release from the man she was growing to regard with a deep, strange fear, seemed like an omen of ill. She felt her strength leaving her and leaned heavily on his arm. Her actual presence, the remembrance of his mother's veiled words, strengthened as they were by her own admission that afternoon were as human foes, assailing him mercilessly. He scarcely knew which way he was leading her, until he found himself on the lawn, with their faces turned toward the graveyard. The cool night air recalled him.

"Do you mind it—a little walk with me, before the dance?"

"No," she said, under her breath. Then she began to regain control over her scattered senses, she shook off her cowardice and walked by his side with firm step. The only light was the starlight, holy, tender and impressive. Thoughtful men do not speak rash words, do rash deeds, with those solemn witnesses looking calmly,

clearly down; and through all the half-delirious sweetness of the hour, Preston Martins never lost the consciousness that those everlasting worlds were there and his immortal soul was here. But presently his companion's step slackened, stopped.

"I am afraid, Preston," she said. His arm was around her to support her, for she was trembling. He bent over her face on which the beautiful starlight was falling.

"Afraid, with me!" he said, and the quiver that ran over its ivory-like fairness, sent a thrill to his soul.

"Yes, even with you," she answered. He bent lower over her.

"Teresa, Teresa," he cried, softly, "is it that you are afraid of me?"

She looked on the face bent over her, the strong, good, noble face, illumined by his mother's eyes.

"No! no. Not afraid of you, not you, but myself. I want to be good and strong, and I am not."

"In what are you not good and strong?" he was gazing down into her eyes as if to read below the truth of the soul. Perchance he did, for he lifted his glance to the stars; when next his eyes met hers, they were clear and steady and wondrously tender.

"Let us go on," he said, in his old sad voice. "It is stifling in the house. I wanted to have a talk with you all the evening. That fellow was monopolizing you like a bear—or a Spaniard." His hand had slipped away from her shoulder and was lightly clasping her fingers. They went on to the little graveyard and she sat on the steps, while he stood, leaning against the low wall.

"What do you consider good and brave?" he asked, after a pause. "Give me an illustration of your thought on these qualities which all men boast that they possess, and yet so few do." His tones were usual, save for a certain terseness which betrayed a desire to lead the mind away from a subject, or a fierce determination to hear all that may be said upon it.

(To be Continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF HENRY OF NAVARRE.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

The mooted question of the sincerity of the conversion of Henry IV of France to the Catholic Church is recalled by a recent novel incidentally bringing the fact before the public. He himself is said to have declared that credit would never be given him of having been sincere in taking that important step. It can hardly be matter for surprise that his motives should have been suspected. As his reconciliation to the Church would naturally tend to win for him the loyal love and firm allegiance of most of those who were his subjects in the mighty kingdom that he governed after long and bloody strife, men would be prone to accuse him of ulterior and mercenary motives in desiring it.

But a far worse factor in the case was this, that he was considered to be, in any event, already a relapsed heretic. Having been carefully imbued by his mother with the Calvinistic heresy, he had professed Catholicism at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in order to save his life; and then had recanted in 1576, when the Calvinists were filled with hope of success in their struggle for the mastery in France. Many minds were naturally filled with foreboding, when, at the violent death of Henry III, who left no son, the crown came, on account of the Salic law of succession in France, to a man who had already broken his sacred promises and princely word in regard to a matter that lay at the very heart's core of Catholic France, the eldest daughter of the Church. Discord and strife harassed the kingdom, and the questions raised were among the most important of the time.

There is a striking feature in this event in history, that is, perhaps, too little known by the general reader, and which throws on the whole case a light that is very helpful in the study of Henry's important action. This we now propose to set forth in detail, having for our guide the admirable life of St. Philip Neri, written by Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua and at one time superior of the Oratory of Naples; one, therefore, of St. Philip's spiritual sons, and thoroughly conversant with the history of his life and times. The work has been translated in two volumes by Father Thomas A. Pope of that Birmingham Oratory which was founded by Cardinal Newman.

The difficulties were still unsettled in regard to the questions concerning the French king, when, on January 30, 1592, Cardinal Ippolito Aldobrandini was elected Pope at the death of Sixtus V, and took the name of Clement VIII. He ruled the Church for thirteen years, and was confessedly one of the greatest Popes the Church has ever had, prudent, learned, wise, laborious, and holy. He became Pope when St. Philip Neri, the apostle of Rome, was a very old man,—in fact, only three years before his death; but he had been for many years his penitent and one of his most docile and proficient disciples. After Aldobrandini's election to the pontificate, St. Philip, in his deep humility, made his own old age and infirmities an excuse for giving up his office as his confessor,

whereupon Clement requested that it might be taken by the saint's renowned disciple, Baronio, the illustrious historian of the Annals of the Church. He was wont to be every evening with the pontiff, who used to make his confession daily, and would often keep Baronio for further conversation, thus continuing in constant communication with the Oratory and with St. Philip. Moreover, the great Pope and the great saint often met, and Philip was always received with marked veneration and peculiar love by the supreme head of the Church.

During the previous pontificate of Sixtus V, King Henry had let it be understood that he was by no means bitterly opposed to the Catholic Faith. Now he resumed his discussions and inquiries. The pacification of the great French kingdom was naturally one of the heaviest burdens resting on the new Pope's shoulders. Could he be sure that Henry was sincere? Was the king seeking a re-entrance into the Church, merely as he had done before, for his own advantage, to make sure now of his royal dignity and crown? His friends, ministers, alliances, were in many cases Calvinists. Would not Catholics seriously question the true motives of a man who had already gone back on his word when it became convenient for him to do so? Spain, moreover, bitterly opposed the reconciliation, having designs of its own upon the French throne; and even the Catholic party in France could not agree on the choice of a Catholic king. Were Henry of Navarre, the true heir to the crown by law, to become sincerely a Catholic in deed and truth, many things would be simplified; but how could so delicate a matter be arranged without either scandal or offense?

In 1593 Henry himself took a very important step. He publicly adjured the Calvinistic heresy at St. Denis before the Archbishop of Bourges, nine bishops, and many other clergy. The bishops of France had, however, been notified by the papal legate that to the Pope himself was reserved the absolution of a relapsed heretic; so the king received only conditional absolution from the archbishop, "saving the authority of the Holy See."

It was a case where cardinals and theologians of great name were much divided in opinion, one against another. Naturally Pope Clement turned to St. Philip and to Baronio for advice, for sympathy, and for prayers. St. Philip, who was born in 1515 and died in 1595, had spent most of his long and singularly holy life in Rome, and was the dear and venerated friend and counsellor of many of the cardinals and most noted men of the century. It was not for his supernational wisdom and prudence, or his great influence alone, that Pope Clement consulted him in this matter which one of the saint's biographers calls that "most important affair, on which depended the peace of all Christendom; one of the most serious questions that the Court of Rome had ever decided." St. Philip Neri was a man marvellously enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and that the spirit of God often spoke by him is an impression strongly forced on one who makes a study of his life.

In the biography of Cardinal Morosino by the Archbishop of Spoleto, mention is made that St. Philip often said: "Be sure of this, that God will make use of the King Henry as the instrument of the purpose of His Eternal Providence for the advantage

of France and of the Catholic Church." The same writer declares that among the principal motives that led the Pope to accept King Henry's abjuration as sincere was the great influence of St. Philip. He, with marked prudence and tact, treated of this urgent question with three very prominent persons who were striving to obtain Henry's absolution from Pope Clement,—Cardinal Gondi and the Duke of Nevers, who frequently discussed the matter with him in the pontiff's presence, and Cardinal Morosino, a Venetian, who had been legate in France in the pontificate of Sixtus V, and understood the character of the French court and nation.

Yet some of Philip's most intimate and devoted friends were opposed to the absolution; in fact, it is said that no question had ever more divided the Sacred College. So, at last, St. Philip began to ask himself if he had not better keep silence, and simply plead in prayer with Almighty God to order all things well. But, at this juncture, the great Oratorian fathers, Baronio and Bozio, both deeply versed in theology and in the history of the Church, earnestly besought him to heed the words of no man, but to speak out boldly what his conscience bade him speak in favor of Henry of Navarre.

Baronio had studied the entire case, and often had discussed it with St. Philip; like him, he had prayed with fervor for guidance and light; and he had redoubled his works of penance. Finally he had decided that only the prompt reconciliation of the king with the Church would raise religion from its fallen state in France and put an end to civil discord. It is useful to quote here in full a statement in Barnabei's life of Baronio, in order that we may be thoroughly conversant with the motives that swayed this illustrious Cardinal in his important decision.

Barnabei says that Baronio, "strengthened by the command of Philip, cast himself at the Pope's feet and pleaded the cause of Henry, simply and exclusively, as a case of conscience, to be decided by the unchanging principles of right and justice, without regard to any other interests than those of religion, the Church, and the salvation of souls." There were those among the partisans of Spain who so resented this action, that Baronio was warned that he risked even his life by his strong advocacy of Henry's cause. To this he replied that he hoped to give his life, not once only but a hundred times, for the peace of the Church, and for the salvation of souls; and it is now known that herein lay the reason why the Court of Spain interposed to prevent Baronio's subsequent election as Pope, when only one more vote was needed for it.

Undaunted by threats, Baronio drew up a statement of the king's case, with a grand array of historical and theological arguments, tending to show that Henry might be heard in confession and received into the Church's fold on his renewed repentance; and that though there were very many severe sentences uttered in regard to those who have relapsed into heresy, the restraining and limiting of those sentences lay within the power of the supreme pontiffs. As to the objection that Henry's conversion was not real but feigned, Baronio maintained that we must take our stand on the greater probability, because the reading of the inner secrets of man's heart is a thing above all human power, and is re-

served to divine wisdom. This memorial by Baronio, one of the most renowned scholars of his day, was read by others as well as by the Pope, and naturally had great weight.

At length St. Philip, in his marvellous and supernatural wisdom, took a very strong stand, and bade Baronio tell Pope Clement to absolve King Henry, and that he—Philip himself—would take it upon his own shoulders to answer to God for the act. Nay, he went so far as to bid him declare with all frankness to his illustrious penitent that he would never again hear him in confession, unless he would first promise to absolve the king. This promise was at last given by the pontiff, who had been greatly affected by Philip's willingness to take on himself the responsibility of deciding so complicated and serious a case of conscience. A short time after the Saint's wonderful death, the solemn absolution of King Henry from all excommunication and censure was pronounced, September 17, 1595; and he was restored by Pope Clement to the unity and peace of the Church. The supreme pontiff, only nine days before, had gone barefoot before daybreak, more than a mile, to the church of St. John Lateran, the Mother-Church of Christendom; had there prayed a long time, and then said Mass; and had himself given Holy Communion to all the members of his household, and exhorted them to pray for him to Almighty God that He would guide him by His holy inspiration in this important matter of the French king. He declared that his prolonged delay in regard to the absolution had been due simply to his anxiety for the good of religion and the salvation of souls, and that he had not been consciously influenced by any considerations of worldly policy.

When we reflect on these things, and remember that Henry IV of France was much beloved by St. Francis of Sales, and that he as well as St. Philip Neri favored the king's cause, we can afford to put aside any insinuations about Henry's sincerity. Certainly we can not discover in the Pope's treatment of the case either precipitation or a lack of counsel and prayer. We may safely conclude with Cardinal Capecelatro, whose narrative we have carefully followed in this synopsis, that St. Philip and St. Francis favored the cause of Henry of Navarre not only for the sake of France, but because they thought it a very fitting thing that the Pope should so vividly remind men of the Good Shepherd, and thus invite all heretics to repentance and reconciliation. And here it is fitting to recall that Henry "well remembered how mightily and efficaciously he had been aided by Philip in his efforts to recover the grace he had forfeited by heresy"; and that he "wrought much, by means of his ambassadors, and even in his own person, that Philip should be numbered among the saints." Surely from this striking narrative we must learn the lesson that Cardinal Capecelatro carefully puts before his readers: that there are minds whose happy tendency it is to measure events in the light of fixed and absolute principles; and that the truest policy is that which recognizes these principles frankly and grasps them firmly, while, in applying them, it has due regard to the actual state of men and things. This is a lesson not only very important for those who have to do with the settlement of momentous questions in Church or State, but applicable to the ordinary incidents of every day life.

THE SINGING WOMEN OF TOR-I.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

Tor-I lies out in the blue Atlantic where the tides are strong and the currachs go in danger. A long narrow island it is—on the ocean-side presenting a rocky wall which rises out of the waves like a line of towers, black and forbidding. On the land side the fertile patches slope to a stony beach, and here the fishermen's boats are gathered high up from the reach of the waters. Round the ruins of St. Colum's Tower, with its broken Cross, cluster the cabins that make the village, —poor storm-beaten homes wherein melancholy finds a steadier abiding place than mirth. Over on the mainland, separated from Tor-I by a stretch of turbulent billows, Horn Head looms black above tne dark surges, while further round the coast the shining sand-hills of Dunfanaghy and the strands of Falcarragh make a clear belt of whiteness like a strip of neutral ground between land and sea. On a day of mist, which is frequent, the pleasant green hills beyond there are hidden with the stately peak of Errigal, and then the dreary desolation of sky and ocean lays its clutch upon the hearts of those who dwell on that lonely island. Winter cuts them adrift from the rest of the world, and the slow days pass in a gloomy monotony until the gray heaven grows dappled again with the coming of spring.

A man's voice is never heard in song in Tor-I. It is only the women who sing there, by the firesides when the storms are abroad, or in the summer gloamings when the sea-haze creeps round crag and uplands, and the moon sails placidly through her realm of stars. Then one may hear a sweet faint chorus float on the wind as the colleens go arm in arm crooning the old Gælic airs with their haunting words that tell of love and hate and death. The men sit on the rocks listening silently as they flit by like shadows, but no strong, deep voice joins in the fine tremulous notes that die out as silvery as the soft piping of a bird.

In the old war times the men sang in Tor-I—rousing battle strains that echoed far across the waters and made the gulls pause in bewildered circles as they heard. And those brave chants were handed down the centuries from father to son, while the island had its king and its independent laws. In his little territory the king—like greater monarchs—had his harper and seanachie to fan the flame of courage with tale and ballad of the fierce past, or to soothe his weary senses with gentler dreams through which the fair faces of women wandered. Those were the prosperous days of Tor-I. With the going of its kings the old customs went, and its glory.

There was no King to rule wisely and well when the dread famine fell upon the people. It seemed as if God's hand was lifted against them, for the fish deserted their fishing-ground, and the edible birds avoided the cliffs where they had been wont to build. The green things growing in the fields died from the drouth that followed the heavy, cold rains, and

food grew scarcer until nothing remained save the sea-wrack and the limpets clinging to the rocks. Men and women went about listless and idle, the glare of fever in their hungry eyes; while the little children sickened and mercifully died. In those days the songs were hushed, and one heard only lamentations or the shrill keening for the dead.

It was the gauntness in Mary Roarty's face that hurt Eoin MacHugh more than any pangs of hunger. He saw her fading day by day, and his anguish at the sight was like a sword thrust through his heart. How could he save her, how could he spare her? This was his one cry. She, his own cailin deas*—the treasure of his soul. Was death, grim white Death, to prove the stronger lover and drag her from his arms?

Eoin was known far and near as the Singing Fisherman. Through his blood generations of bards made music, and the beauty of his voice played upon the senses of his listeners as the sweet south wind might play upon the strings of a harp. It evoked a silent echo which hovered between joy and sorrow, and no one knew which feeling was the most to be desired. How one who had toiled on the sea from childhood had escaped injury to that exquisite voice was a marvel, yet it was so, and when he sang the tender Gælic ballads of his own making no eye could keep the tears from falling. Many of his songs were made on Mary Roarty. "Mary of the Glinting Ringlets" he called her; or "Little Mary of the Lambs"—in memory of the days when they two herded together on the bare headlands where is the mound that is called the House of Balor. "Mary, my Swan of Slenderness" was another of the dear names he had for his love. When the famine had dealt its will on her there was scarce any beauty left either in her ringlets or in her young face, but to Eoin she was fairer than ever in her piteous dependence. The food that kept her alive was his giving, and his poor home awaited her coming—had awaited her for many a day. There, in his poet-fancies, he saw her, seated by the fireside, like a star shining through the smoke from the smouldering peat, and with the love in her face glorifying the bareness of her setting. Sometimes he dreamed of a child in her arms; a little child with the mother's bright hair, and a hint of the father's strength in the tiny symmetry of its limbs. He could never make up his mind as to whether he wished the dream-child a boy or a girl. In his pride he thought he would like the boy better; that he might train him up a fearless fisherman, with a steady nerve that could dare the highest and most dangerous crags in search of the eggs of the gannet and other wild fowl. But then, the girl—the gentle, clinging girl. She would have his dear Mary's ways, and would go about like a smaller star in her mother's orbit, adding new radiance to their home. He could picture her with her knitting in her hand, bending to count the stitches by the light of the fire, in all the sedate industriousness which foreshadowed the woman in the child. And he knew what he would call her. Her name should be Aislinn, which in the poetical Gælic means "a dream."

But Eoin's hopes were very far from realization. Mary would not

*Cailin deas, pretty girl.

leave her widowed father, nor would he share her devotedness with another. Now that, withered with the famine, burnt with the fever, he hovered on the verge of the grave, her tender services were more essential to him than ever. Worn to a shadow, she nursed him through his death-sickness uncomplainingly and, seeing the emaciation in every line of her face and figure, many there were to prophesy that never would Mary Roarty find a grey streak in her glinting hair.

When the sods had covered her father help came to Mary. A relative, living on the mainland had heard of her dire distress, and brought a kind heart to the desolate girl's relief. She offered her a home in the green, sunny country that lay beyond the guardian hills across the strait, and Mary, won by the motherly warmth of her embrace, accepted. It was the sad parting then between the young people.

"Mary, a muirnin," said Eoin, as they stood together on the uplands with the sea-wind blowing about them, "put your hand in mine and say the words after me."

"Neither life shall come between,
Nor death,
Nor silver's sheen,
Not bitter breath
Of evil tongues
Shall tear apart
My heart—your heart."

"Say it, my share of the world, say it." And she said it after him, slowly and tearfully.

"Oh, my God, Mary a-stoir,* the hunger was nothing to this, nor seeing the face of death. It is my heart you are rending from my bosom, and your little hands are round it clutching it, bruising it. They are such little hands,—they should be kind and soft."

She clung to him wildly. "I do not want to go, Eoin mo croidhe."* I want to stay with you always."

"And go barefooted over the rocks, a-stoir, when it is in the little warm shoes you should be walking. And living on the fish and coarse meal from year's end to year's end, when the good fresh meat is beyond there for your eating. Ah, no, no! 'Tis in Erin always my thoughts will be after you. They will be following you through the grand streets and the grand houses, and 'tis I will be proud to think my girl is seeing all the beautiful sights. Maybe then, when I gather the silver, it is after my thoughts I will be going. Never fear, Mary a ruin,* but my feet will find the way to you."

"There will be no one in Erin to make songs on me," said Mary wistfully.

Eoin smiled through his grief. "Better so, cailin deas, better so. It would not be right that there should be, for the new songs might put the old ones out of your memory."

She laid her head against his shoulder with a cry.

"There will be many a night here if God spares me," Eoin went on, "when I am out in my boat drifting over the dark water that I will be making new songs on you, Mary mo croidhe! Making them in my mind that they may be ready for the singing to you when I start for the big town. And they will be finer songs than any I made before because pain will be

*A stoir, my treasure.

*Mo croidhe, my heart.

*A ruin, my secret love.

in them as well as joy, and I have learned now that pain is stronger and —even though it stabs one's heart— more to be sought than any joy, for through it we can guess the depth of love. Love is like the great far-reaching sea there, and pain is like the lead that we send down, down to find how deep it is. I have thought of all this since you talked of going, Mary a dhilis,* and because of the pain I suffered I have learnt how much I love you. It is love in me that bids you go, that bids you take to the strange life in which I will not be. If I did not love you, I would keep you here in the poor island, where you would never have any comfort like what is in store for you in the rich town. That is the truth, God be my judge."

Mary had been gazing at him with a half-frightened look of wonder while he was speaking. This was surely a new Eoin, this man who talked unlike anything she had heard in her life before. And in his eyes there was a curious sad clearness, as if he saw beyond her sight, some vision that was not altogether a beatific one. She gave a little shudder.

"What is it, pulse of my heart?" he whispered in her ear. "Is it cold you are?" Then he drew her closer.

She clasped her arms about him and buried her face where the blue fishing jacket fell away from his tanned neck. He could feel her heart-beats upon his heart and the sobs that stirred her. Yet it was more emotion at the impending change in her fortunes that had unnerved her, rather than regret at leaving her lover and her home. Eoin did not guess this. In the simplicity of his own great passion he fancied she suffered as he himself was suffering. He bent his head until his cheek touched her's, tear-wet and deathly cold. They stood thus for a time in silence while the night-wind blew, chill—and salty, in from the ocean. It was a quiet night, a night of stars. The dirge of the sea was so faint that it scarcely reached their ears, and the cry of a gull, almost as faint, sounded like the beat of a far-off bell as it flapped its lonely way across the waves. Eoin felt the cool peace envelop him like a blessing. The fever left his veins, his wild sorrow became soothed. He gently raised Mary's fair head from its resting place and gazed long and earnestly into her eyes. Then he gave a sigh, and without a word their trembling lips clung together in the parting kiss.

With the spring the famine and sickness went from Tor-I. The fish came back in shoals, and the birds returned to their breeding places. It was as if a curse had been lifted. Eoin felt happier than he had been since Mary left, and his songs were heard again as he rowed home in the twilight or in the dawn trailing the full net behind his currach. He began to put by a bright bit of silver now and then. And it was noticed that he had the brisk expectant air of one with some great purpose in view.

Then the blow fell. One of the islanders, returning from Erin, had a wonderful tale to relate of a wedding he had seen—the wedding of Mary Roarty. Eoin's Mary of the Lambs, little Mary of the Ringlets, had married an elderly farmer—a fine match —so the man said, and had gone

*A dhilis, my dear.

South with him to his home. Eoin was mending his nets in the midst of a group of fishermen when the other told the story. He did not cry out, nor cease his work. Only his hands went numb as death so that he could not feel the cords, and his heart turned to a thing of stone within him.

That night he was out late in a biting gale of wind and heavy rain. His catch was small, for he handled his lines unskilfully, and it was a stupid face he turned to the talk of his comrades. They whispered a little among themselves when, ere half the night was through, he set his prow for the shore, and rowed off alone. There was no song with him; he leaned over the oars almost double, scarce heeding the way he went. So the others saw as they watched him out of sight.

The morning found him stretched on his straw bed raving in the fever. He had one name only on his parched lips. "Mary, Mary," he cried unceasingly, "I am coming—coming," and he would break into snatches of song, hoarse and untuned. During the weary days and nights of watching those who tended him sent many a bitter thought after the girl. His recovery was slow; slower than is usual in the case of youth. "Some memory is vexing him," the doctor from the mainland said. "There is a weight of sorrow on his heart and his brain is tortured with it. I fear he will never be the same man again."

While he was in his convalescence Eoin made a new song. He had a very sweet air for it. The words were sad as separation. He called it in the Gælic An Cailîn treigh me—The Girl who Forsook Me, and when he had grown well enough to move out of doors he would sit on the stone beneath the window, and go over the verses monotonously, half aloud and half to himself. He never mentioned Mary's name now, but sometimes they found him stretched upon the headlands, his face buried in the sea-salt grass, lamenting, like one possessed. Then they knew that his grief was ever as a gaping wound.

By degrees his mind seemed to grow more clouded, until he had no memory for anything save the words of his song. He wandered over the island in all weathers, from dawn to nightfall, singing, singing, and the men hearing that melancholy voice forever chanting the caoine of its buried hopes were forced to shudder at the sound. They might foregather to listen to the seanachies tell the old ranns their fathers had told before them of Tor-I in its ancient days; but the music that was wont to be a charm to their ears at such times fell strangely and suddenly out of repute with them. It grew to be almost a lost art. Perhaps the gloom born of the famine had scarcely left their souls; or the abrupt speech of Coll O'Heggarty might have been the cause. "Oh let those pipes cease," he cried out once in the midst of a gathering. "They remind me of Eoin MacHugh. He went past me tonight like a ghost, and the wind shrieking round him. He was singing loud to deaden the noise of the wind. There! listen, listen! It is surely enough music we are having when that wail of his is never silent on Tor-I."

. . . . .

It was seven years after Eoin's trouble fell upon him that one day a woman landed from a currach on the island. A slender fair woman she was:

too young for the sorrow on her face.

"Take me to Eoin MacHugh," she said to the man who was the first to speak to her. "Take me to him if he is alive. If he is dead, take me to his grave."

"He is alive," he said, "but his mind is gone."

She hushed him with uplifted hand. "I know, I have known for years. But I could not come. I was not free."

"Why are you here now, Mary Roarty?"

"Because I am free. My man is dead."

"Christ's pity on you, woman dear."

"No, no," she almost cried. "Do not say it. I want no pity. I deserve no pity. I am free. Do you hear?" she shook the man's arm roughly, "I am free."

He looked at her wonderingly. "You will find him up yonder at the House of Balor," he said, and pointed towards the cliffs.

She walked away quickly. When she came near the rath she heard the faint voice intoning its sad song of her own perfidy. The plaintive words came very clear on the keen sea-air.

"O my sorrow, my bitter sorrow, that I am without her,
That was more to me than the sun in a speckled sky,
Than the safe white sands to a storm-tossed boat,
Or the cool grasses to feet grown weary."

Mary caught her breath. He did not perceive her, so she stood listening, gazing at the forlorn figure with a world of compassionate love in her eyes. His were staring straight out towards the blue rim of the ocean where the sky came down to meet the waves.

"Eoin," Mary's voice was sharp with suppressed anguish, "Eoin a gradh."*

He turned mechanically at the sound of his name. His unseeing eyes roved over her.

"Eoin." She came nearer and sat beside him on the rock. "Do you not know me?"

He continued his interrupted song.

" 'Tis she was fairer than wheat in the ripe sheaf,
The little ringlets of her fine and flowing."

"Oh Eoin mo chroidhe," the woman cried passionately, throwing her arms about him and drawing the weather-blanched head to her bosom. "Have I brought you to this? Have I brought you to this?"

He drew himself away hastily, looking at her with a sudden frown.

"My God, to think that you would be shrinking from me," she wailed, taking his emaciated hand in hers. "Eoin, 'tis little Mary of the Lambs that is speaking—your own little Mary."

"Dead, dead," he muttered hoarsely.

"No, not dead, heart's dearest. She only went astray, foolish and weak and easily flattered that she was. She has come back to you."

"Dead," he repeated again, his vague gaze wandering from her face to the bunch of white moor grass he toyed with.

"Poor soul, no. Here is Mary beside you, loving you above all the world. And she never ceased to love you, for all that she took the other man."

He pushed her from him petulantly, and resumed his song.

---

*A gradh, my love.

"If I were a shepherd on the brown mountain,
'Tis I would be seeking her in the sheltered places."

Mary wrung her hands, tears streaming down her cheeks. Eoin was smiling as he sang. She followed his look out to where the sun was sinking, a globe of fire, into the sea. The line of glory its radiance made across the water seemed a pathway between heaven and earth for the brown currachs dancing there.

"If I were a boat on the green billows,
'Tis I would rise higher than the foam to greet her."

went on the plaintive strain. The shadow of the rath the islanders know as the House of Balor, fell upon them now—a dark shadow, heralding the coming twilight. Then a cold wind crept inward from the ocean and the thin gray grass of the upland stirred and murmured restlessly. Eoin shivered as the damp mist gathered around them. Seeing this Mary rose and wrapped the black cloak she was wearing about his shoulders. She noticed then how his figure had shrunken in the fisherman's suit of rough blue homespun.

Slipping her arm through his she raised him from his seat. "Eoin, come home with me," she said gently. "You are my only care now. Come, dear love, come."

He suffered her to lead him down the hill to the cottage where he dwelt. Here Mary found the old woman who tended him. Her name was Aoife (Eefa) Ni Broin, and she was reputed to be very wise. She was cowering over the smouldering peats when they entered. The smoke hung thick about the rafters as she turned at the sound of their footsteps, so that her dim eyes peering through it did not at first recognise the new-comer.

"I am Mary Roarty." The diffident accents smote familiarly upon old Aoife's ear. "I am come back to Tor-I."

Aoife drew nearer until she came close to the pair, still standing arm in arm.

"Is it really you, Mary Roarty?" There was menace in the question. "Have you come back to end the work you began?"

"Oh Aoife," Mary cried tremulously. "I have come back to undo the harm, with the help of God." She dropped Eoin's arm and caught that of the old woman.

"How can you undo it girl? Look at him, look at him well. The wreck of the young strong man he was, poor, grief-crazed, the pity of the island—and all through you. Can you bring peace to him who has so long known unrest, or light to his clouded mind? The task will be hard; for heart-break and cold and hunger have done their share. Ay 'tis often he and I have had little to keep us alive, though all were kind and spared what they could. No, you have come to see him die. I had a vision of your coming night after night—just as you are standing there, and in the vision he lay at your feet. The blight of death is on him even now. I see it. Do you not see it too, girl? What have you done to him?"

The outburst of her anger ended in a shrill wail as she ran towards Eoin where he leant against the wall, trembling and very white.

"Come to the fire a leanabh mo chroidhe—"* her shrill voice had be-

*O child of my heart!

come soft as a mother's whispering over her child. "Come and get warm, a dhilis." He would not stir. Mary knelt down suddenly on the uneven floor and lifted her hands to heaven.

"Give him back his mind, O God, dear God," she supplicated wildly; "give him back what I helped to take away. And, if I may, let me suffer in his stead."

Then as she knelt, a strange thing happened. She glanced towards Eoin to find his eyes fixed upon her. The intelligence had returned to them, and there was a puzzled frown between his brows.

"Who is it?" he asked, passing his hand across his eyes in a dazed fashion.

"It is Mary Roarty—the woman who betrayed you," cried old Aoife bitterly.

"Mary—Roarty." He seemed unable to comprehend.

"Yes, Mary Roarty, who left you for the rich widow-man."

He looked down at Mary's bent head, where she still knelt on the floor.

"Little Mary," he said slowly, like one feeling his way, "Little Mary of the Ringlets?"

Mary rose to her feet and would have rushed to his arms.

"Little Mary, who left and betrayed you," cried Aoife again.

His face changed and grew strained with anger. "I remember, I remember now," he spoke in a hushed, horror-stricken tone. "She broke my heart."

"Oh Eoin, forgive me, forgive," wailed Mary. "I am free now. I have come back to you. Let me make amends."

"You broke my heart."

"Do not say it, Eoin; my sorrow is heavy enough without hearing that from your lips."

"What is it to my sorrow, Roarty? You broke my heart."

"I have repented," she wept, "repented with bitter tears. God has forgiveness for even the worst of us, and you—you who used to be so gentle, Eoin, are you going to let me go forth without comfort and pardon?"

"I cannot forgive you," he answered drearily, "it is too much to ask."

"As you hope for mercy, Eoin, be kind to me. I have repented sorely, God knows. My life beyond there was the hard life; full of memories of other times that made the days a weariness and the nights an agony. Oh! Eoin mo chroidhe, open your heart to mine again, for it was the pain-racked lonely heart I carried in Erin."

He turned abruptly from her clinging hands, and crossing quickly by her, entered his bedroom, bolting the door behind him.

"That is your answer," Mary Roarty," Aoife said, pointing to the closed door. "Now you may go."

Mary crouched outside the door and beat her hands upon the callous wood. "Oh," she cried, "only speak one word of forgiveness and I shall go out of your sight forever. Just one word, Eoin. I cannot go until you say it. Just one word."

But no answer came. "He never loved me," she moaned, rocking to and fro. "He never loved me." Then she remembered remorsefully their sad parting on the uplands. "Oh he did love me, poor Eoin, he must have loved me. If he had loved me less he never would have suffered so."

She rose stiffly to her feet and sat

in his chair by the dying fire. The night came down and its dark hours glided over her bowed head, but she did not heed their passing. A stupor of misery was on her, through which the heavy breathing of old Aoife, asleep in her corner, seemed like the loud sough of wind on a night of storm. Its monotonous rise and fall lulled Mary to sleep likewise. At length a chill touch upon her hand aroused her from her uneasy slumbers. She started and stared with wide-open eyes into the dark.

"Mary," came to her ears in a faint whisper.

The fear sprang from her heart to her throat and strangled her voice.

"Mary mo chroidhe."

At that the spell upon her senses relaxed and she leaned towards him. She could not see him, she only knew he was there by her side in the darkness holding her hand in his.

"Is it you, Eoin?"

"Yes, pulse of my heart, it is I. Put your arms around me, Mary, and love me. Oh love me, Mary, love me. I have been so long without your love."

"A gradh mo chroidhe, a gradh, a gradh!" she crooned the sweet words over him piteously. He stroked her face with his thin fingers; then he laid his cold cheek upon hers with a sob.

"They were the cruel, cruel years, Mary a-stoir, that kept you from me. Where were you, Mary, and where was I?" I do not understand. I feel as if I have wakened from a long forgetfulness. Was it all a dream, Mary, your going, and my loneliness,—a bad deceitful dream?"

"Oh my grief, it was no dream, Eoin dear. I was a wicked girl who foolishly thought riches were happiness and suffered sore for the thought. But now that you have forgiven me, I will be putting all memory of those black days away."

"I spoke bitter words, Mary, when you knelt on the floor there, and held out your little hands to me. There was a strange hate in my heart, but it is gone now, my Mary of the Ringlets. It must have been a part of the bad dream. How could I hate you at all? If there was any reason I have forgotten why."

"Do not try to remember it, Eoin. Let us think of the new happy life we shall spend together."

"Yes, that will be better," he said contentedly, "that will be better." He pondered a while, "There is a song running through my head, Mary; a song I must have heard somewhere. Listen, a-stoir*—

"Where did I hear that song, Mary?"

Mary's whole body tingled with anguish as she listened. He was as one groping for the light in darkness. She saw that his brain was wrestling with recollections too complex for its weakness, and she tried to change the current of his thoughts.

"Oh," she said gaily, "'tis I will be expecting great songs from you now. And all about myself, mind, or it is growing jealous I will be."

A pale cold gleam came creeping through the little window. She looked down at his face upon her bosom, and saw that he lay with closed eyes. Suddenly he started up, and held his hand against his ear, listening.

"That is God's voice," he said joyfully, turning to her with a smile.

She only heard a cock crowing faintly in the distance.

"I am cold," he whispered, "and tired, Mary."

She folded her heavy cloak close

around him as he laid his head back again on her breast. After a time she felt that he slept, and then the balm of sleep descended too upon herself.

. . . . .

A scream wild, piercing, horror-stricken recalled her to waking life. She opened her eyes to behold the face of Aoife peering into hers. The old woman was striving to draw Eoin from her arms.

"Let him be," cried Mary, "he is mine now. Let him be."

"Nay, but he is God's," said Aoife solemnly. "God gave him peace while you slept, and heeded not."

. . . . .

All through the two days and nights of Eoin's wake when Mary kept her place beside his body and would not stir, she fancied she heard a voice singing the song the dead man sang on the uplands, on the day of her home-coming. The words and air were very distinct. They beat on her brain while she said her rosary over and over for his soul until she sometimes lost the trend of her prayers listening. And even when he was laid to rest with his kinsfolk on the wind-blown slope, the spirit-song did not cease. It followed her everywhere she went, until at length she found herself repeating it aloud.

"God has sent it for my Purgatory," she said. She sang it very faintly, so that deaf old Aoife could not hear, but the girl-children passing by, who came in to look with curious eyes upon beautiful Mary Roarty, whose cruelty had driven Eoin MacHugh astray, listened and loved the song and the singer. The only ease of heart that Mary knew was when she hearkened the doleful chant in the sweet young lisping voices; for they took pleasure in singing with her. So it happened in time that these children crooned it over their infants at the breast, and that a later generation of babies were hushed to the same lullaby; though long before then Mary of the Ringlets had joined Eoin beyond the gates of death.

And this is why the women only, raise their voices in song on Tor-I.

ON THE EDGE OF THE SEA.

BY EDWARD J. MCLAUGHLIN.

About seventeen miles from Los Angeles in Southern California is situated the beautiful watering place called Santa Monica. This name in itself is not the least pleasing feature of the town. As it is pronounced by the Spaniards it sounds sweet and melodious, and it is hard for the Americans to twist it into something else as they do with the names of some other Californian towns, such as Santa Ana, which they call Santee Ana; and San Bernardino, which is Americanized into San Barndino.

If you wish to form an idea of the natural location of Santa Monica, imagine a half-circle of mountains commencing away out in the sea and extending in and around a portion of the land and then out to sea again, forming a bay and valley of surpassing scenic grandeur. In the centre of this valley and on the edge of the sea lies the village of Santa Monica. It is on the edge of the sea, but above the sea, for along the beach about fifty feet back from the breakers, runs an even cliff about a hundred feet high. Along this cliff there is an elegant boulevard two hundred feet wide, lined with cottages and handsome residences, with gardens containing all sorts of semi-tropical plants and trees. Here, the "flowers that bloom in the spring," bloom in the summer, autumn and winter also; and "roses blossom for a day," and keep it up for three hundred and sixty-five days, and then start over again. In front of one of the hotels on the boulevard can be seen a hedge of lilies blooming in thousands in December.

When we leave the boulevard, and descend the winding stairway to the beach below, we find the waves breaking on the shore much the same as they do anywhere else; there is the same fascination in their ceaseless swish here; they have the same grand "music in their roar"; but when we turn from them and contemplate the high wall with its different colors and many strange carvings, we behold a magnificent picture. We can see the homes of the cliff-dwellers—not men, but birds—up half way between the beach and the roadway, and as we look above it all, our eyes rest on the blue sky; the exquisite Californian sky. We stand lost in contemplation of the sea-carved bank, and the sky above, and one wave larger than the rest comes in and wets our feet, and for several moments we don't care a rap whether the sky is blue or gray, but possibly express inwardly many a wish towards sky and water, which would be easier to carry out in respect to the water than the sky.

It is a grand sight to view the sunset on the Pacific. The color of the sky is sometimes reflected in the water; the breakers become tinted with a red glow. You can watch the sun go down, and you know it is the last glance it gives your country and your people, before it greets with equal warmth another clime and another race. New Yorkers have seen the last of it hours ago, and they are in dark-

ness while its light still shines for you; you have come, as it were, to the very edge of your side of the world to bid adieu to a friend, and as the red glow on the surrounding hills dies into a gray, and you watch the last rays disappear, seeming to be as reluctant to go as you to have them go, the sweet sadness of your thoughts changes and you feel, indeed, alone.

ENTER, GOD!

(R. L. Stevenson.)

BY CAROLINE C. SHEA.

Enter, O God! I cannot keep You out;
Where e'er I will, You press against my soul.
The silver song that steals along the stream,
The lightning flash which bids the thunders roll,
The notes that drop from throat of happy bird,
The waves of living light the morning sends—
Wherein are wrapt the colors of the bow
That o'er the dying storm-cloud hopeful bends,
Are but the wondrous visitations of
A presence which shall bid me sing Thy praise:
And when the hand of blessèd solitude
Shall scatter blissful balm of peace, o'er ways
That weary eyes, with longing, hope to see,—
My only thought shall be, O God, of Thee!

Not skylark in the blue at morn,
  Nor blackbird in the grove,
Nor throstle from the dew-wet thorn
  Can match the voice I love;

And love, with trust that will not fail
  Through time or sorrow, lies
Beneath the blue-veined lids that veil
  My Irish sweetheart's eyes.

(Courtesy New York Tribune.)

CARDINAL RICHARD. ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Cardinal Richard of Paris, whose outspoken opposition to the big French exposition caused such a stir recently, has again attracted public attention. This time His Eminence and the French government are differing upon the vital question of the relationship of Church and State, the Cardinal Archbishop openly condemning the intolerant policy of the republican radicals. This eminent French prelate has always been noted for his anti-republican sentiments, as his attitude of frank sympathy for the Assumptionist Fathers may tend to prove.

Mgr. Richard was born at Nantes in 1819. He comes of a noble family, and was educated at the Seminary of St. Sulpice. He was successively made Bishop of Belley, Archbishop of Larissa, then of Paris, the red hat being conferred upon him in 1886. The Cardinal is fully capable of coping with the difficult problems which confront him during the present political crisis in France.

RT. REV. JOHN S. FOLEY, D.D.

The Catholics of the Northwest celebrated with impressive ceremonial the 200th anniversary of the establishment of the Church in that section. Bishop Foley of Detroit ordered a solemn triduum during July, and at the various other exercises many prominent churchmen took part, among them Cardinal Martinelli. On July 26 a solemn pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Excellency, Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, Archbishop of Garisse, Apostolic Delegate to the Dominion of Canada. The sermon on this occasion was preached by His

Grace, Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, D. D., Archbishop of Montreal.

In his circular letter regarding the triduum, Bishop Foley calls attention to the spiritual advancement in Michigan during the last two hundred years, from the Catholic standpoint. "On July 26, 1701," he says, "we find the humble log church of Ste. Anne frequented by the followers of Cadillac and the Indians who had been converted to the knowledge of the true God and the truths announced by His only begotten Son, made man for us and our salvation. Today in the state of Michigan there are three dioceses, containing three hundred and ninety-two churches, three hundred and seventy priests, and nearly 400,000 Catholics. In the colleges, academies

REV. JAMES P. SINNOTT.

and parochial schools under Catholic care are 37,000 pupils. Hospitals, asylums and homes for aged poor number twenty-three."

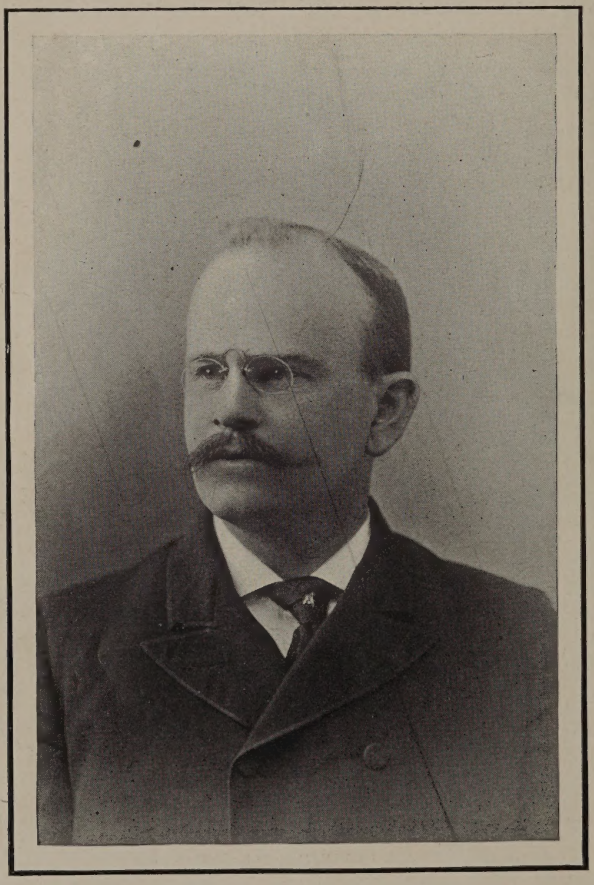
The double jubilee at St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the rector, Rev. James P. Sinnott, and the silver celebration of the dedication of the beautiful edifice was participated in by several thousand men and women of the parish and many visitors from other cities.

The services began with solemn High Mass at 10.30 o'clock, with Rev. Father Sinnott as celebrant. Monsignor James F. Loughlin, rector of the Church of the Nativity, Port Richmond, preached the anniversary sermon. Rev. Francis P. Fitzmaurice, rector of St. Joachim's, was deacon; Rev. Joseph F. O'Keefe, rector of the Cathedral, sub-deacon; Rev. James McGeveran of Easton and Rev. John B. McGinley, D.D., of the Seminary, and nephew of Father Sinnott, masters of ceremonies, all former students of the American College, Rome, where Father Sinnott was a theological student eight years.

REV. FELIX MARIAN LEPORE.

His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, and more than one hundred visiting priests had seats of honor within the sanctuary. One man among the visiting priests received the heartiest of welcomes from the older men and women of the parish. He is the venerable Father O'Reilly, now of Dowington, Pa., but who organized St. Charles' congregation in 1868. Father O'Reilly was pastor of the parish nine years. After the Mass a solemn Te Deum was intoned.

A choir of forty voices, with orchestral accompaniment, and all under the direction of Professor A. H. Rosewig, furnished the musical portion at both morning and evening services.



M. J. O'BRIEN.

Father Sinnott was celebrant of Solemn Vespers in the evening. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Cornelius Gillespie, S. J., rector of the Gesu.

After benediction of the Most

Blessed Sacrament selections from noted composers were given by the choir and orchestra.

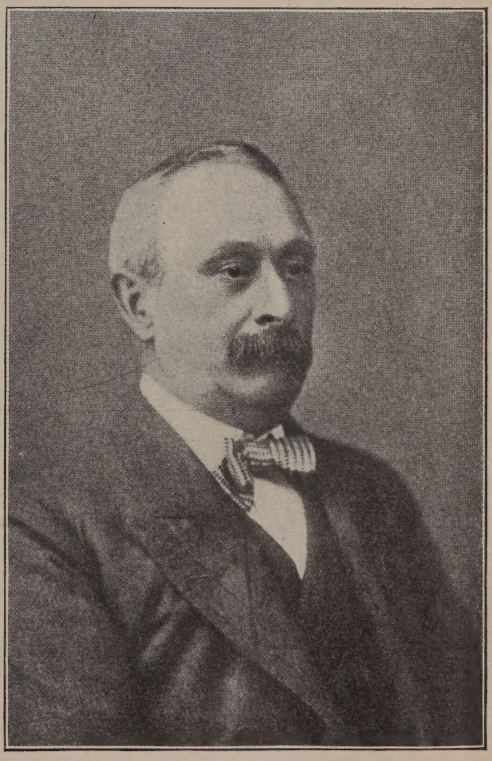
The parochial societies presented a purse of gold to Father Sinnott at the jubilee meeting of the congregation the following night, the presentation address being made by Joseph L. Galen.

Rev. Felix Marian Lepore of Denver is not only a busy priest, but he is also a busy inventor. He not only spends his time in saving souls, but uses his wonderful talents in devising apparatus for the saving of lives as well, and has taken out several patents covering his inventions. Father Lepore is an Italian by birth. He located in Denver in 1894 and assumed charge of a parish of 6,000 persons.

He built them a new church, organized a school for Italian children, and introduced many valuable reforms. In spite of his activity he found time to indulge his mechanical bent and invented several useful devices, including a fire escape, an automatic switch for tramway cars, and an apparatus to prevent collisions. His latest and most novel invention is a life-saving suit to be used in case of disaster at sea, and in which, it is claimed, a person can exist in the water for several days without sinking.

Father Lepore is only thirty-three years of age. He came to America in 1892, and went to Denver in 1894. He was ordained in Italy, September 19, 1890.

Mr. M. J. O'Brien was born in Rockland, Mass., January 3, 1863. He comes from one of the old Irish families that settled in the northern part of Plymouth more than sixty years ago. His father, John L. O'Brien, was one of the pioneers in the county. Long before there were any Catholic churches, the faithful from all over the northern section of the county would gather on Sunday



W. S. LILLY.

at the O'Brien house, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass would be offered up by some priest who cheerfully travelled from Boston to bring the Word of God to the few faithful children.

Mr. O'Brien has devoted his life to educational work. After complet-

ing his education he was elected principal of a grammar school in Rockland; after four years' service he resigned, to accept the principalship of the High School in Abington. From Abington he went to Norwood, Mass., as superintendent of schools, which place he resigned in 1894 to accept a position in the Chicago office of a publishing house. After some years spent with this firm, and in the Cincinnati office of another important publishing company, Mr. O'Brien was called to Boston as general manager for the publishing house of Thos. R. Shewell & Co.

Mr. O'Brien was the first Catholic principal of a public school in the Old Colony, and the second Catholic to be elected superintendent of a public school system in New England.

For years Mr. O'Brien has been active in Catholic organizations. While in Ohio he was secretary of the Young Men's Institute, Ohio Jurisdiction; is a member of Rockland Council, K. of C., and is also well known in Massachusetts in connection with the Catholic total abstinence work.

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.
Author of "A Daughter of New France."

William Samuel Lilly is a man of varied abilities, and just at the present

moment he is arousing the London literary world by the wide scope of his pen. He has been secretary to the Catholic Union of Great Britain since 1874.

Mr. Lilly was born in 1840, and before he was thirty years of age he became Under Secretary to the Government of Madras. His political career has been one of credit to himself and to the religion he represents. But it is as a literary worker that Mr Lilly is chiefly famous. His most notable publications are "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought," "European History," "A Century of Revolution," "The Claims of Christianity," "Essays and Speeches," "First Principles in Politics." The last-named is conclusive proof of Mr. Lilly's all-round ability as a writer. It is a timely and well-reasoned work on questions of supreme interest at the present day, written in clear, incisive English, and revealing an admirable grasp of the principles which form the only solid ground work of the whole political structure. The author possesses in a remarkable degree the faculty of stating philosophical truths with force and precision and of deducing therefrom the legitimate consequences, while his versatile mind, well stored with the literature of his subject, enables him to use the comparative method with singular success, and to separate the wheat from the chaff. No English writer has a firmer grasp of the principles of the schoolman or more skill in translating them from the formal Latin to which they have been wedded, into idiomatic English, while stating them with such lucidity and power.

"A Daughter of New France" is one of the greatest literary successes of the year. The author, Miss Mary Catherine Crowley, has drawn her material from the archives of Canadian history and with artistic skill evolved from it a book that must endure by right of its own merit.

The writer sketches the society of the city of Champlain at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Cadillac, the brilliant Gascon chevalier, who laid the foundations of Detroit; the loyal Therese; Normand, the dreamer; Barbe, the beautiful maiden; the brave Frontenac, the devoted Recollects, and the host of minor characters,—voyageurs, coureurs de bois, soldiers and seigneurs, and the women who loved them and shared their fortunes —afford rare studies for a clever pen, and the present writer has proved herself equal to the task of worthily depicting them. The scenes are well planned, the grouping admirable, and the action sufficiently rapid to carry the reader on with pleasurable anticipation of what the next chapter will disclose.

Miss Crowley was born in Boston, but is now a resident of Detroit, Michigan. At an early age she manifested literary ability, and has contributed to many publications. Besides the reputation she has achieved in general literature she has won eminent success where so few writers attain it—in the field of juvenile literature. "Merry Hearts and True," "Happy Go Lucky," and "Apples Ripe and Rosy" are some of her most popular books for young readers. She writes graceful poems as well as interesting prose, and is an accom plished musician and linguist.

AN EPISODE.

(Continued from page 30.)

So we're going down to the store to get a doll. I promised her one for the first pair of stockings she could knit."

"Are all your workers that size?" enquired Sirletti dryly.

"No, I wish they were. They go as high as eighteen and twenty. She is one of the youngest. Don't you want to come and see the place?"

"Thank you, no! We've come to see you, but we'll go for a turn till you get through with your kindergarten business."

"There!" exclaimed Sirletti vindictively when we were out of ear-shot. "That is the man: hauling babies round the street! He's grey at eight-and-thirty, has only one lung left; you'll hear him joke about it, and works for six. Beautiful life, isn't it? No companionship that you can call cultured, no privacy, no time to read, and having on his hands that precious Laboratory, a Circulating Library, a Boys' Dramatic Society, a volunteer brass-band that's never in tune—oh! Lord! Lord! Lord"—And they say he has Christianized the community."

"He looks," I ventured, "as if he might have done that."

"Yes; wonderful expression he has, hasn't he? Did you notice? I believe there isn't a tough in town who wouldn't cheerfully lay down his life for him. But that's owing to the cholera in '79." Sirletti had sunk into a brown-study as he always did when the cholera of '79 came up in the conversation. The heathen with him, a bungler from an art-school, was thinking what an exquisite thing it would make in color. The little sturdy Bouguereau-like figure, the other figure, tall, stooping to the child's hand; a face, in beauty like a saint's face; the old grey street and the morning's blue.

A BURST OF GLORY.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

Day struck the shattered shadows,
And large the sun uprose,—
To rills of rippling music
Are changed the winter snows.

A sudden thrill of wonder,
A sudden burst of light,—
The world has leaped in glory
From out the frozen night.

So out of death and darkness
The living soul upsprings,—
There comes a burst of radiance,
A rush of angel wings.

A CONDITIONAL CATHOLIC.

A FRESH AIR IDYLL.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

Louis Cohen, aged nine, pale and slight, was of the tribe of Aaron, but the seal of his heritage was not stamped too heavily on his features. In the block they sometimes called him "sheeny" and sometimes "guinea." He took either without agitation. One name was not much worse than another, as long as you were likely to be called something anyway. And then he went and sat on the curbing and talked to Loretta Conners, aged seven, paler and slighter even than he.

In the chilly spring days it was Loretta's delight to have him make a fire of paper and chips in an old frying pan, and let her go near enough to feel the glow on her blue cheeks. Louis did not throw the sparks nor frighten her as the other boys did. When it got warmer he played ball with her, and threw the ball so easy that it did not hurt her thin little fingers to catch. Sometimes he let her go with him to deliver things, for his father and mother kept a cleaning and dyeing shop.

Loretta had blue eyes and very light hair, and Louis, with his mop of black curls, thought her the nicest little girl in the block when she went to church on Sunday with her brother Jamesie. It was about the only time that Loretta did look nice, but Louis knew that was not her fault. There were five other children in the three rooms where Loretta lived, and her mother was nearly always at the neighbors, while her father worked sometimes and more times he did not.

Loretta, being the puniest, was quieter than the rest. So she ate her bit of dry bread, and gnawed her soup bone, when she had one, and then slipped down to the street and waited for Louis.

One Sunday, when Loretta and her brother were going to church, Louis walked along with them.

"Ah, gwan," said Jamesie. "She's me sister."

Louis fell back a little, pondering upon this evidently superior claim. Then a light dawned on him and he said—"Well, when I'm big I'm goin' to marry her."

"Ah gwan," said Jamesie, scornfully. "You'se is all sheenies. Loretta's a Cat'lic. Ye can't."

Loretta walked on silently beside her brother, and said nothing. She was only seven, and in the meantime no one threatened her for playing with Louis.

Louis fell back again. When he got to the church he was so curious as to the mysterious thing which gave Jamesie such right to scorn his devotion to Loretta, that he went timidly inside to see what could be seen. He watched the people a few moments and then, bending his knee, as he saw the others do, he went into a seat. It was the children's Mass and what with their voices singing, the lights, and the

pictures Louis was well enough pleased, and he tried his best to do as he saw the others doing. Truly it did not seem so strange and unattainable to be a Catholic.

Meanwhile Loretta seemed to get punier every day, as the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the pavements felt more and more like the tops of bake ovens. Some nights she slept out on the fire-escape, but even that did not help. And then her mother said, "I guess I'll have to try to get Loretta in that Fresh Air place. I'll go and see Father Tierney."

Loretta did not mind all this talk very much, for her mother often said she was going to do things, but rarely did them. But this time she really went. When she came back, she told Loretta that she would have to make her ready to go in two days. Then Loretta set up a sobbing, and her mother told her to get out, that she couldn't be bothered with the likes of her "blathering around when you were trying to do the best you could for them." Loretta crept down stairs and told Louis. She did not want to go at all, away into the country, all by herself.

"But wouldn't it be good for you, Loretta?" asked Louis, remembering various references to the country and its benefits.

Loretta, however, had not risen to doing things she did not like to do, because they were good for her.

All at once he had an idea—

"Would you go, Loretta, if I could go?"

"You'se are all sheenies," said Loretta, hopelessly.

"I go to church," said Louis, "most every Sunday. I can make de cross, see." But he made it with his left hand.

With the help of his own questionings and what Loretta could tell him Louis managed to learn that you had to have a doctor look at your head, and had to have your name put in a book that Father Tierney had. And then somebody would meet the children and take them all together.

Fear and trepidation were in Louis' heart when he went to Father Tierney's to be listed. But there was a crowd of other children, and the young curate who was taking down names was new in the parish and at the work.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Louis Conners."

"Louis Conners," repeated the curate as he wrote. "And where do you live?"

"403 12th street."

"Do you go to Sunday school?"

Louis shook his head ruefully.

"To Mass?"

Louis nodded, "Sometimes."

And the young curate made a memorandum that there was a family at 403 that needed looking after.

Next day, when the children got out of the stages that had carried them the last distance to the mission, the girls in one, the boys in the other, Louis was quick to find Loretta in the crowd of a hundred, or more. She clung to him so persistently that the young woman who was taking a list of the girls asked, "Is she your little sister?"

"I live in de block," said Louis. And the young woman, knowing how these children clung to anything or anyone, familiar in the city, in this vast strangeness of the country, left them together, for the time.

The children were soon rounded up,

however, in their respective dormitories, to be changed to the mission clothes and then given their noon-day meal. When Louis appeared in the regulation blue overalls, and Loretta in the print apron, they mustered each other's appearance for a few minutes critically, then Loretta laughed, "Pooh," she said, "you look like a big man." Whereupon Louis turned up the overalls at the bottom to give them the semblance of shortness that belongs to a boy's breeches. They were both in their bare feet and they sat down on the grass caressing its cool smoothness with their naked soles, for the first time in their lives.

Suddenly Loretta jumped up towards something like a bright yellow flower on the grass, but then it rose and flew away. Just as she was about to exclaim over the strangeness of this, the young priest in charge, "de Fader," as the children called him, came out and began to explain the conditions of the place to the children. He pointed out that the boys were to play on the west side, the girls on the east, and the graveled path that led to the beach was the dividing line. Louis got up and crossed over to the boy's side. Cycles of obedience to the law, native and alien, had left their trace in his blood. He followed the letter, at least, unquestioningly, but on the other side of the path he stopped. Loretta had gone after him to the path, and there she stopped. And then they sat down, one on each side.

"I wonder," said Loretta, "if de baby's cryin' now?"

"Annie can take care of it," said Louis consolingly. "See 'f I can hit dat leaf," and he flicked a bit of gravel towards the tree. Presently they saw a "scup" that hung at the apex of the path, empty. It seemed on neutral ground and Loretta ran down and got in, and Louis began to swing her. Then one of the "teachers" came to explain that the swing belonged to the girls, and Louis must go back to his own side. So they went back to the opposite sides of the path again.

When the time came for the rosary and the angelus at six o'clock, the children were gathered together under one of the trees. In the niche formed by the division of its trunk, stood a blue and white statue of the Blessed Virgin. Here the children knelt in a semi-circle facing the statue, the boys still keeping to their side. Louis managed to get on the eastern edge of the boys and Loretta crept in next to him on the edge of the girls. In doing so she jostled a little girl already there out of place and the little girl had a big sister who immediately rose in defense. But Miss McCabe hastened to the disturbed centre and the big sister subsided, though she watched Louis vindictively during the prayers and, behold! he did the unparalleled thing, he blessed himself with his left hand!

Later, when Loretta was in her little bed and the utter dark of the country was outside underneath the great trees, and worse yet its awful void of any sound she knew, of children laughing, or neighbors talking, or the clang of the street car, she began to cry with fear and the loss of Louis' protecting presence. She, being among the littlest girls, had been put into a small dormitory across the hall from the boys' and her bed happened to stand near the door. And presently a small figure in white pajamas stood at the dormitory entrance and whispered,

"What's the matter, Loretta?"

"I'm 'fraid."

"Of what?"

"De thing."

"What?"

"Makin' de noises?" Out in the trees a katy-did chirped and a locust rasped. "May be it ud cum in an' catch me."

"Can't get in," said Louis, although his own heart thumped at the strange sounds, and the fantastic things he saw in the faint light from the hall.

The monitor for the room was an older girl, the very one with the little sister whom Loretta had jostled out of the way. The little sister, half asleep now, hearing Loretta's frightened whimper and the strange sounds began to wail out loud herself. Then some one said, "I want to go home," and the whole room was in a wailing chorus. The monitor, feeling her authority and her sisterly feelings appealed to at the same time, was roused into wrath at the disturbance. "Aw, shut up," she said to Loretta. "You'se always doin' somethin'. I'll tell Miss McCabe on you, boy, makin' everybody cry, and comin' over here wid de goils."

Louis turned his face towards the darkness from which her voice came and she caught the side light on his face. "You look like a Sheeny, anyhow," she went on, maliciously.

At this Loretta sobbed distressfully with the terror of discovery. But Louis, gentle and mild as he was, broke out into an oath of helpless anger. There was no escape left now, for in the time he wasted swearing, somebody had come up. There was a fresh light and footsteps behind him, and the voice of doom seemed to speak up and ask the monitor, "What's the matter, Lizzie?"

"He cum over here—" and she pointed at Louis and stopped, trying to formulate the charge further.

"Loretta was crying," filled in Louis, eagerly apologetic and feeling as if that were amply justifying.

"An' he swared," said Lizzie again.

"An' she called him a Sheeny," piped an eager and fray-loving voice out of the dark.

"Huh," said Lizzie, "he blesses himself wid de lef' hand, so he does."

Miss McCabe looked sharply at the boy at this. Then she, too, caught his profile and the long slant of his velvety eyes. So she decided to postpone a lecture, glib from many deliveries, on the evil of calling names. She said, instead:

"Go to sleep now, children, or you wont be ready for all the fun we're going to have tomorrow. Come along," to Louis, who was in a sea of astonishment at the mildness of the outcome.

"What's your name?" she asked when they were in the middle of the hall and she had turned up the light. "Oh yes," she went on, "I remember," for it was she who had asked him in the morning when he first came whether Loretta was his sister.

"Do you speak English at home?" she added after a little.

"No, German."

"All right, Louis," she said, "you go to bed. Loretta will be quiet now, I think."

. . . . . .

The next day passed and the next, and Louis and Loretta were waxing happy in the baths and the games for which they were gradually learning to leave the path at times. Then Louis

was sent for to come into the forbidden territory, where was the parlor, and the visitors and teachers alone walked unbidden.

Father Tierney himself was there, and Louis' quick wit needed not much telling that the Father was "onto" him.

He had seen Louis' parents and they had explained that they did not understand that the boy was going to a Catholic Fresh Air Mission, nor could they think why he wanted to go there when there were others to which he could go.

"Loretta wouldn't come without me," whispered the boy, "and I tried to be Cat'lic."

"Where's Loretta?" asked Father Tierney.

Louis darted to the side porch and came back with a little sobbing figure, with pale, tear-besmeared face, one hand holding to Louis' overall strap, and he himself gently shoving her forward with his arm around her shoulder.

Both stood still in front of Father Tierney, looking up helplessly and hopelessly, utter culprits awaiting their doom, too despairing to plead, to used to misfortune even to protest.

Father Tierney took off his glasses and wiped them, then he coughed several times. "I think," he said, turning to the President of the Society, who was with him, "since he can't be here on account of the parish, and since the society can't take him on its own account, he might stay on mine," and he patted Louis on the head.

The boy realizing with a sudden revulsion what the gesture and the tone meant, followed some ancient instinct of expression, and kissed Father Tierney's hand, and then Loretta, from habit of doing as Louis did, kissed it also, and the two trundled off together, happier thus than any gift in the land could make them.

THE FIRM OF HAMPTON & MAYHO.

BY ELLEN CAWTHON.

I have always held that I had the strongest will power of any man alive —to prove which statement I have always worked, and that under the most trying and discouraging circumstances. It is true, the firm of Hampton & Mayho is a very creditable and reputable concern at present—at least that is what the world would say of us, and I am beginning to realize the fact myself. As far as the world was concerned, I think we were always looked upon and were, for that matter, bright and intelligent men, but somehow our intellect and brilliancy did not answer our physical needs. I can laugh now when I glance back at our hopeful beginnings. I don't think there was a brighter and more lighthearted man in all Jackson, I might add in all Tennessee, than I when the firm first established its quarters in the southern part of the town. I simply have to close my eyes now to see that

dingy old room with its two desks, a few chairs, and a law book or two. That was the stock of the firm, together with what knowledge we were possessed of, and the firm consisted of Mayho and myself. Mayho was some ten years younger than I.

Each morning we sauntered down to our office leisurely, sitting there and reading law until we almost became a fixture, and living on hopes in the meantime until we grew hungrier and hungrier, and our reputation soon lost some of its importance. We could not eat that. Even our sign, that had been such a source of satisfaction to us at the beginning, after a month or two had rolled by and still no case came, took on a mean appearance.

One day, just such another day as this, when the snow was falling heavily, blinding as it fell, and I was sitting in the office all alone, having too much time to dwell on our prospects and not enough prospects to dwell upon, in came a sweet girl who looked to me then not a day older than seventeen. She was not what one would call a pretty girl, but had eyes and dimples that made you feel at home at once and were possessed of a tenderness that savored of the South.

Down went my feet from their accustomed place of elevation, out went the ashes of my pipe, and up I got in the most becoming way imaginable, and all in less time than it takes to tell of it. Indeed, I almost fell over myself at the thought of a client, and at the brilliant idea that I, not Mayho, had been the one to play in luck. With hopes greater than Napoleon must have had at his most successful encounter, I said graciously:

"Madam, will you be seated?"

Whereupon she smiled that smile that was the undoing of me and answered in those low, dulcet tones of the South:

"I shall not detain you a moment —it is a small matter of business."

To which I replied in all haste: "No matter about time." Indeed, I was hoping she would keep me working a year with not even so much as an intermission for breath.

"I heard you were in need of a stenographer, and I am alone and friendless and must earn my livelihood. I thought possibly you could be of some assistance to me. I have my own machine. It belonged to my brother, and since my mother died—a short time since—I have been working at it daily and I believe I have mastered it at last. Of course, I am willing to work for a small salary."

Well, were ever man's hopes blasted so unceremoniously as mine! I was absolutely speechless for some moments, but seeing it was expected of me to reply, I finally mustered up courage enough to mumble:

"So your mother died, did she?"

"Yes, about a month ago."

"And your brother—where is he?"

"He"—(at which the color rose to her face and she grew wondrously embarrassed, making me feel like kicking myself) "he went away—I don't know where he is. He does not work very much, I fear."

That settled it. When a man gives pain to an innocent, helpless creature, and when that creature is pretty and alone in the world, he is just bound to make amends, so I engaged her on the spot. Whereupon she thanked me simply and sweetly with a promise to return in the morning.

After she had gone, I had time to think of the foolhardy thing I had done. It was so downright silly that I had a good laugh at my own expense. The simple idea of a man who had never had even so much as a case, and did not feel sure that he would be able to meet his board bill the ensuing week, thinking about, much less hiring, a stenographer. Where in the world was I to get her wages? After you have done something that can't well be altered, there is nothing like taking the matter philosophically, so I bethought me of a few trinkets I might pawn for the first week's service, and I hoped the Lord might remember I was striving to live before the next fell due.

But I began to feel rather uneasy when I thought of breaking the news to Mayho; he was a little bit more practical than I, and not near so chicken-hearted. I was just pondering as to the best way to tell him, when he came blustering in, shaking the snow off his feet, and in fairly good spirits. I thought "now's my chance," so I made a brave attack.

"Well, we had a visitor while you were gone."

"By Jove! you don't mean a client?"

"No, not exactly—but a—a—serviceable individual."

"What the devil do you mean—explain yourself—I am beside myself with curiosity. I am beginning to believe, from your air of mystery, that the gods are going to smile upon us at last. What's that Milton said about all things coming to those who wait?"

"Well, I was just thinking—"

"The deuce you were—what right had you to think? But let's have your thoughts."

"Well, I was thinking it might be a good plan—it might help appearances you know—to—to have a stenographer. What do you think?"

"Think! Why I think you're stark crazy! I have just spent the last hour running through the snow trying to tramp down the thought of my creditors."

"Well, sane or insane, the act is done; and I shall be responsible for the consequences."

If I live to be a hundred, I think I can still see Mayho gasping for breath as I made this startling announcement. It took him fully ten minutes to regain his senses, and then he said in thorough disgust: "Well, you are a bigger fool than I took you to be! But what under the sun possessed you to do such an idiotic thing?"

Then I proceeded to tell him of the circumstances, and tried to prove to him how impossible it was to do otherwise; but he did not seem to be able to see it my way.

Miss Hall came, and the firm did almost as flourishing a business that first week as it does now, and that is speaking very well for it. There was no end of petitions, answers, motions, affidavits and demurrers under the name of Brown, Smith, Jones and every conceivable name that our imagination could sum up. The first week passed and I parted with some of my jewelry, sending Miss Hall home happy, and we were well into the middle of the next week when the event of events happened, and the client came at last.

She was only a poor, ignorant woman whom some wealthy man of Jackson had beaten out of an old house.

It seems she had bought from him this little home, paying for it in instalments with the money she earned while washing, ironing and scrubbing, etc., for his family, and for each payment he had given her a slip of paper with something written on it, and she believed the writing to be a receipt, whereas it was worthless. After a time when she had paid off the whole debt, he gave her a bogus deed. After she had held possession of the land for a number of years he died, and the money descended to his son, who laid claim to the land. I would not take that case again for three such homesteads as a gift, so intricate were the questions of law; but I took it then for virtually nothing, so glad was I to get a case, and in the end it had its reward. Mrs. Burke brought to us several neighbor friends who had matters for litigation, and they in turn sent their friends, so with this case our prosperity really began. We tugged along at that case for nearly a year, when at last a day was set for trial. Mr. Bell, the man who had done Mrs. Burke this grievous injury, had been a prominent citizen, and hence the Court House was well filled. The case aroused much interest aside from the fact that it possessed many delicate points of law.

I must admit that I felt a little nervous and when, after pleading that case for three hours, the Judge decided in our favor, I think Mayho and I beamed with self-satisfaction. I have scarcely been so happy since, because on that day future success was assured to us. It was almost amusing to note how many lawyers and judges, who had passed us by unnoticed while we were undergoing the starving period, now that we had achieved one success, had an indistinct recollection of having seen us in some out of the way place before, some of them absolutely went so far as to get us to look after some minor matters for them.

Yes, I can smile at all of that now. It is singular how unpleasant and disagreeable things lose strength as time wanes. It is certainly a blessing so. But I cannot even now smile when I recall the day, several years later, when Miss Agnes was home from the office sick, and a telegram came from that cursed brother of hers. I, thinking it was mine, opened it hastily, only to find that her good-for-nothing brother wanted a hundred dollars. A hundred dollars from that poor girl who was earning her livelihood; and a hard struggle she had of it, too! When I think of it, I can grow indignant this very day! It seemed from the telegram that he had stolen the money, and was about to be prosecuted, unless the money was refunded at once. My first thought was to let him go to the devil and have a good, hot time of it; but the sad, pale face of Miss Agnes seemed to come between him and me, so I paid the hundred dollars, and tore the telegram into atoms. It is a strange fact how we men do so many things under the garb of charity and sympathy that really give us so much inward satisfaction.

"Hello, dad!" said Mayho some months later, rushing into my office in that boyish way of his that is most captivating. He has always humorously called me "dad."

"Well, Mayho, what good news have you now, or what sort of a scrape have you gotten into—for I declare you look real serious, and the air of

seriousness does not somehow sit very gracefully on your shoulders?"

"Oh, I'm in a pickle and I want you to help me out, dad, won't you?"

"Of course I will; but I do not fancy you will need much assistance. There, now, I'm all attention, tell your story!"

"I knew you would help me out. Well, the truth of the matter is I'm in —in—in—"

"Is 'love' the word you're looking for?"

"Yes."

"Old boy, I am glad of it! You are able to support a wife; are a pretty nice sort of a fellow generally, and there is no real objection to you that I can see, so where does the trouble come in?"

"I haven't proposed."

"Well, you are a goose! No trouble about that at all. Tell the girl you love her, and after you have been accepted or rejected, take it very philosophically and come and tell me the result. But hold on a minute—who is this girl?"

"Why she's Miss—Miss Hall."

"The devil you do! You infamous cur! You're not worthy to think of her. Marry her! Have you gone stark mad?"

"I know I am not good enough for her, but I didn't come here to hear you say so, and I expected it least of all from you! She would have a good home, and I love her dearly, and it seems to me that that would be better than plodding on here for a living."

"Forgive me, Mayho; you are right! There is no reason why she shouldn't love you, and I hope she will. I want to see both of you happy; so old boy go ahead, and I'll do the best I can for you."

"I knew you would—you've been mighty good to me and, if she will have me, you can bet you'll have the best room in the house!"

I nodded my head in the affirmative and smiled, a very lame smile, I fear, but he was so happy in what he hoped the future would bring that he never thought of poor old me. Dear boy, he could not realize how he was almost breaking my old heart by telling me he would fix me up a nice room. How could he know that for the last eight years scarcely a day passed that I did not picture myself on some future winter night beside a great, big, open fireside of my own, and Agnes with her darning and mending very near me, while I read some story to her; and how, by and by, she would drop her work, and her little hand steal into mine, and her head rest on my great coat sleeve, with that contentment and confidence which love alone can bring. My God! To see this dream shattered was awful, and my heart refused to give my Agnes up—even though a dozen others laid claim to her. Yet this dreaming on of mine would be mighty poor solace when she became a living reality to Mayho.

How I passed through that night, I don't know, and I don't want to know, but somehow morning came at last and with it light. Indeed, I had scarcely gotten out of bed when in bobbed Mayho, looking so funereal that I guessed the whole story without even hearing so much as the prologue.

"Well, dad, I'm done for. She won't have me, that's certain."

"Don't despond so soon," I found myself replying, although I could not help feeling a little inward satisfaction.

"She's just trying to prove your loyalty—to prove you as the gallant knights of old were proven!"

"No, she said she was sorry and all that kind of stuff that you read about in novels, and somehow makes you feel mighty uncomfortable in reality, but her answer was final—no doubt about that!"

"Didn't she give any reasons?"

"Reasons! Oh, yes. She told me she was in love with another man—a man older than I, who had been very kind to her when she was destitute and most in need of a friend, and who, once when her brother seems to have been in disgrace, paid him out to save her pain and—"

"Stop, Mayho!—you don't—you can't mean that she loves me!"

And then both of us, who had been so blind a day since,—as I believe it is the portion of all men to be—saw.

Several years have passed since then, and my dream has been more than realized, for now as we sit by our happy fireside together, the junior member of the firm, little Mayho (Agnes, out of the sweetness of her heart, insisting that the baby should be called Mayho to give, out of our plenty, at least a little joy to Mayho's bachelor heart), climbs his uncle Mayho's knees and, with his mother's eyes, begs for a story. Did I say beg? He never asks but once.

It is such an hour as this that renews and strengthens our love and more than compensates for our long, long, weary years of struggle.

THE TINKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

They passed my window a little while ago, he with his Irish pipes tucked under his arm, and she with an azure green violin. A pretty pair they were, too, although I well remember the time when her black eyes had more of the lustre of the dew-drop, and the cheeks a wee bit more of the rowan's red. Tears slowly filled my eyes and a mist slowly unfolded itself before my gaze, for a while I was young again, and back in Parkbaun, with its tall, grey hills and gently sloping valleys, and slyly peering from behind a hawker's rickety van stood the proud, wayward cailin, Murneen-ni-Callaghan. For the world is ever young and moreover very old.

She was only a gauchee wee thing when wrapped up in a hideous mass of multi-colored rags, and strapped on the back of one of the seven donkeys forming her father's caravan, she triumphantly made her entry into the village. Who the drink-besodden, wicked-looking tramp and the dark-eyed girleen were nobody could tell. After a time the gossips noised it abroad that the man was rough-spoken and cruel to the young one, and moreover, that he was a real heretic, fearing neither God, man, nor the devil. The bolder amongst them averred that he had a conscience as elastic as the rubber band enclosing a lawyer's brief bag.

As if to confirm the worst said about him, he soon began to evince a seemingly uncontrollable desire for stealing the farmers' hay and oats for the wee asses, and when now and again the feathers of a turkey were found scattered by the wayside of a summer's morning, the owner would shake his head, maybe mutter a curse, and leave the blame at the tinker's door. In this way they sometimes wronged him, for if an egg were missing or a man's head broken from Malin Head in Donegal to the cross roads at the World's End, one neighbor would look at the other, and the query would pass whether it were possible for the tinker to have been there.

They never dared reproach him with his misdeeds, for he was a man of sturdy, athletic frame and passionate temper, but when the younger ones of us innocently told him of the evils and the crimes laid to his charge he would laugh heartily, clap the palms of his hands together, and give us a penny if he had one, or a bright brass button if his finances happened to be at a low ebb.

But with all his faults and vices the girleen looked up to him as a protector, and with the blindness born of love regarded him as a model of every virtue. When the rains fell in torrents in the winter season she always insisted on his having the best covering in the caravan, and when the roads were hilly and uneven and the asses tired, it was she who trudged alongside and gaily hummed as a marching song the battle cry of the '98 rebels, or whistled the opening bars of Padheen MacFadd. Strange it was that she who never knew the love of a true parent could exhibit such traits of unselfish affection and fine womanly feeling. She told us that, like her father, she was a cosmopolitan in matters of religion, but the simple-minded Parkbaun folk just called the two of them by the plain, homely title of unbelievers.

Left to herself by times she grew very lonely and superstitious until in the end the spiritual became to her the real world, and the outward form of things the unreal. If a leaf fell and fluttered in the breeze, she would affirm that it heralded the passing away of the good people, and many a time she told me of the wonderful lights to be seen and the music to be heard at nightfall in the sloe grove adjacent to the fairy rath.

One evening in ware time I saw her pass down the winding bôhreen, a bunch of bread-griddles strung over her arms, and a sheaf of tin-ware thrown across her shoulders. She was going across the moor to Steeplehill, a village some seven miles off, to meet her father. I asked her whether she was not afraid to trudge across the moor at that hour, remarking that it would be near daylight ere she reached her destination. She only shook her head and laughed at my fears. "Shure I'll sleep on th' hills th' night," she said. "Th' smuggler's cave is empty this many a day, an' with th' heather for a pillow, an' th' stars for a light, I'll be as happy as a king in his palace." And saying this she passed out of my sight, whistling as she went one of the liveliest marching airs of the Irish Rapparees.

Maybe Conor Blake, the sennachie, was not so far off the mark when he said that she had as little conscience as her father. If he stole the coat from off a neighbor's back, the sheet from his bed, and the bit of food from his

table it all seemed right to Murneen. The pure, unquestioning love she bore him perverted her reason, and raised the man with all his sins and blackness to the degree of a heathen deity, which the white, untainted soul of the maiden worshipped first, last, and always.

There never was another woman so detested by the pious, Catholic matrons, and so loved by the boys as pretty, dark-skinned Murneen. She always had the kindly word and the pleasant smile for all, until—until, the inevitable happened, and then the words and the smiles were reserved for the one man. Brian O'Leary of O'Learystown, was a handsome young farmer in good circumstances, and whilst the devout mothers of Parkbaun wondered what had come over the boy to stoop to woo the heretic daughter of a common tinker of ill-repute, the boys, one and all, in their impetuous jealousy, wished Brian at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean with a millstone to his heels.

In the evenings when the day's work was finished he was wont to stroll into the village to see Murneen. On such occasions she used to comb and plait her raven tresses into the shape that he most admired, and she always wore the color and things that pleased him best. Then, standing by the door of the rickety van, she would gaze down the white winding road with a look of eager expectation. Looking at the inexpressible, semi-classical features you could tell little of the tumult going on within. It was only the restless, rolling eyes that revealed the hidden longing, the gladness, or the pain. As he came into view with his long, swinging strides, the two hands would meet and the fingers tighten in a kind of net-work, the bare feet would move uneasily on the green sward, and the black eyes glisten and dance, for love had come with hope and dream, and the world seemed fair and young on that long passed eve to Murneen-ni-Callaghan.

One day she pictured to me her ideal future when she should become mistress of the Kilnavadoo homestead of the O'Learys. What the details were need not now be mentioned; it is sufficient to say that the spiritual rather than the material occupied the greater part of that beautiful day dream.

All went happy as an Irish wedding till he—the "Rake"—came upon the scene. He came to Parkbaun as a strolling piper and a good hand he was at the playing, too, even so accomplished a musician as Charley Dhoul, the fiddler, solemnly averring that he could coax the birds from off the bushes with his wonderful jigs and airs. He had an unenviable reputation as a poacher, and to the warders of the county gaol he was as familiar as their shadow. Maybe it was his evil repute and the injuries inflicted upon him by society in the form of punishment that first awakened her compassion, and maybe again, it was the musician's subtle art that won her affection. Anyhow she came to love him deeply, madly, perhaps as no other woman ever since loved a man.

It was the parting of the ways for Brian O'Leary! The face of the country never looked darker and gloomier when the sleet storms roar and moan amid the forest oaks at Christmas time; the bright, boyish countenance became clouded, the figure ungainly, and a mute, terrible sorrow was pictured in the blue eyes, the like of which no painter has ever yet succeeded in transferring to his canvas.

One day I gently upbraided her for

her inconstancy. But she only shook her head and commenced to whistle a lively tune. "Isn't it all God's will?" she said pleadingly. "You leave th' blame of all your faults an' failings on God, an' maybe He has something to do with me, too, after bidding me marry the man of my choice," and with a loud, ringing laugh she left me.

A couple of days later she disappeared from the village with the "Rake," and that was the last we saw or heard of her for years.

. . . . . .

This evening, however, they passed my window, he with his Irish pipes tucked under his arms and she with an azure green violin. They played the rebel airs that were so familiar and pleasing to me of old, and as I listened a mist of tears slowly unfolded itself before my eyes, and in fancy I was back again in Parkbaun.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

BY ROMILLY WHITE.

The climbing roses, pale and cold,
In crowns of moonlight and of gold,
A young moon I shall not forget,
Far up a sky of violet.

Roses sweet as a lifted face,
Wrapped in its morning dreams and grace,
I kiss you softly—(when you kiss
A mouth of sweetness, whisper this.)

Words full of love and pain repeat,
(Say, will you turn a moment, Sweet?)—
Tell what my heart has told to you,
For Love lies bleeding in the dew.

Speed far away through dusk and cold,
Leaf upon leaf, and fold on fold,
In misty dawnlight from your wings
Shake out the softly hidden things.

A dream of dark remembered eyes,
A pale rose-leaf kissed sweet and wise,
A young moon I shall not forget
Far up a sky of violet.

COLONIAL OR PURITAN LAW IN TEXAS.

BY JOHN T. NICHOLSON.

One would conclude from the reputation Texas has acquired in the outside world, that it would be the last place to tolerate a sample of the Colonial Laws referred to in DONAHOE'S for May.

In Texas there is a little town called Alvin, the home of flowers and strawberries. It has a population of nearly one thousand souls, and is seemingly the refuge of the lingering shadows or resuscitated ghosts of Puritanism.

In Alvin the restaurants are not allowed to keep open on Sunday, to the great chagrin of the weary traveller, who comes a long distance, lured with the rumors of oil, and gets neither oil nor dinner. In Alvin the harmless vendors of ice-cream are not allowed to ply their craft on Sunday, to the great annoyance of impatient children, whose restless nickels are almost as liquified as the ice-cream itself before Monday morning.

Some time ago a lineman on the railroad in poor circumstances, with a large family, having no time during the week, went out one Sunday morning to split some wood, probably to get his breakfast; he was arrested and given accommodation in the penitentiary for three months. After the Galveston disaster, last September, all the available mechanics of the adjoining territory flocked to Galveston, where they worked day and night almost; consequently the outlying towns and country were left with scarcely anyone to carry on the work of repairs. By persistent begging a citizen of Alvin persuaded one of the contractors in Galveston to do some repairs for him on Sunday, to keep out the wind and the weather for a time. The work went on every Sunday in Galveston without let or hindrance. In Alvin the mechanic was arrested and fined, the whole transaction costing his employer about seventy-five dollars. There are about half a dozen churches in Alvin, but amongst them no Catholic church. Like the Colonial Laws, the laws in Alvin are operated to a great extent by the influence of the churches.

On investigation it would, no doubt, be discovered that the conscientious people of Alvin are enthusiastic about enlightening the benighted Cubans and Filipinos.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Mr. Charles S. Devas has just issued a second edition of his Political Economy. The work deserves unqualified commendation for several reasons. In the first place, it is the only important Catholic work in English on that subject. Secondly, it deserves to be commended for its thorough treatment of the various questions belonging to the domain of Political Economy; and that, too, in spite of the fact that it does not claim to be anything more than a text-book. In the third place, the author has removed all the blemishes which discerning critics pointed out in his first edition. The book in its original form was censured for poor paper and flimsy binding; the present edition has a good quality of paper with handsome and durable binding. In the first edition some topics were thought to be treated too fully and others too briefly; in the second edition the different subjects are treated more according to their relative importance, and this relativity is further emphasized by a difference of type. Purely technical or theoretical questions of little practical importance are condensed or thrown into small print, and may be passed over altogether by the general run of readers without interfering in any way with their understanding of the work as a whole. Furthermore, the headings are marked by heavy type and aid the memory by speaking to the eye. In a word there are improvements on almost every page. Whole chapters have been rewritten and a hundred new pages added. What with the fine print and the new matter, the second edition must contain about twice as much as the first. And yet the price has remained the same. We think, however, one improvement might still be made and is very desirable; for the various questions a list of reliable authorities might be given for the special benefit of the special student. The author does this in some cases, but his practice is not uniform nor his lists sufficiently complete.

The leading spirit of the work is that man is not to be treated as an irresponsible being; that, in economics as in every department of human action, man is subject to the Moral Law. Hence Mr. Devas maintains throughout his work an august conception of the Moral Law, upon which all healthy life, both civil and economic, must depend. Non-Catholic critics have blamed Mr. Devas for associating Political Economy with Ethics. But in this, as in many other questions, the tide seems to be setting in his favor, and distinguished authorities are coming to adopt his opinions. He is a man who has devoted a life-time to the study of his favorite subject; besides, he is an original thinker, and can afford to maintain original views. He has produced a volume which is worthy to belong to the Stonyhurst series of English Philosophy.

Political Economy. By Charles S. Devas, M. A. Oxon, sometime Examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. Longman's, Green and Co.: London, New York, Bombay. Price, 7s. 6d.

Though "The Crisis," Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, purports to be the love story of a beautiful Southern girl, Virginia Carvel, the great figure giving action and interest to the pages is Abraham Lincoln. Absent or present, silent or speaking, his is the dominating personality, his is the hand which guides the destiny of the characters, directly and with a personal touch, just as it guided the nation itself.

Virginia Carvel has an embarrassment of wealth in the way of suitors, her cousin, Clarence Colfax; Captain 'Lige Brent; and the Harvard law student, Stephen Brice, being of the number. The last named is unfortunate enough to earn her displeasure on the occasion of their first meeting by purchasing and giving freedom to the slave girl, Hester, on whom Virginia had set her mind. Later on Mr. Brice's warm espousal of Lincoln's cause rouses her deep resentment, and in no measured terms she reprimands Clarence for insinuating that she could "marry a Yankee!" Though scorned by this haughty maiden the young New Englander wins the appreciation and confidence of men high in the affairs of the nation, and becomes as a son to stern old Judge Whipple, who adroitly brings the student under the influence of Lincoln.

Just before the famous Freeport debate, Stephen is sent to find Lincoln by Judge Whipple, that the young man may feel the influence of the rail-splitter's ideas. He finds him in a small town in

northern Illinois, "swapping" stories with his intimates! Lincoln's fondness for telling stories is fully illustrated in "The Crisis." At the moment Stephen meets him he is telling a rat story, pointed by profanity, to an assembly of coatless, collarless, tieless and vestless followers. Gnats, June bugs and mosquitoes, are minor accessories of a scene that is far from inviting. No wonder that Stephen Brice at first resents such a candidate being put forward for the United States Senate. The future president plays the part of a buffoon and the vulgarity of his role disgusts more than the New Englander. But the Freeport Debate shows him as another man, earnest and reverent, a tower of morality and truth. Stephen succumbs to his magnetic influence, and the change of feeling begun by Carl Richter reaches the point of enthusiastic adoption of Union principles after the Freeport assembly.

The author delights in unusual introductions. Ulysses Grant comes in with a load of wood, and as a bit of by-play drags Eliphalet Hooper from the area where he is crouched watching the Carvel mansion; William T. Sherman makes a most democratic appearance with his family in a street car; and the Prince of Wales, now King of England, is introduced to the American public as he listens to Virginia Carvel's lively sallies, at a church fair, while her father, an American gentleman, looks on "with pride and joy," "his hat off for once," and his mind throbbing with the thought, "Oh, that his dear wife had lived to see this!"

"Dear Colonel Carvel," exclaims the author in an ecstasy at the scene he has created, "What a true American of the old type you were!"

Fortunately Mr. Churchill gives us better opportunities of learning what the "old" type was, for on all other occasions he shows the Colonel to such advantage that in mentality, principles, manner and appearances, we recognize in him much that marked the character of that prince of kindly gentlemen, Colonel Newcome.

The gay doings in St. Louis, the coming of the cloud of war, the disintegration of state and family as parties and individuals take sides with the blue or the gray, and through all the thread of the love story with its meetings, misunderstandings, deeds of sacrifice and devotion, and the final surrender, not only of the Confederate army, but of Virginia Carvel's heart, to the Northern power, make up a romance of singular charm.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

The story of "Mononia" opens on a fine sunny morning in February, 1848, that year of moment in the revolutionary history of Europe, and that made such a deep impression on the life of Ireland. The author of "Mononia," Mr. Justin McCarthy, disclaims all intention of making his story a political narrative, and concerns himself chiefly with the lives and fortunes, the loves and hates of men and women whose names are not recorded in political history. Still, events influencing the public of that time give coloring to the novel, and occasionally the reader suspects that the author is unconsciously giving glimpses into the history of his own early life.

Mononia Desmond and her brother Maurice are two interesting characters to meet, and to meet at the same moment, for our attention is directed to them as they earnestly discuss a matter of grave importance, the folly of their father, The Desmond, whom Mr. McCarthy aptly characterizes as a "lazy sensualist." His wife idolized and idealized him and carefully hid from her children the paltry and pitiful shifts and struggles for the means of keeping the house together. The very bailiffs so often in possession of the kitchen were used as a means to increase the children's respect and admiration for their father, being represented to them as humble friends and relatives of the servants, partaking of the master's hospitality. But with the death of the devoted mother a truer knowledge came to the girl and boy, and when the reader makes their acquaintance they are fully alive to the defects of their father's character, but so loyal to their mother's teachings that not even to each other do they utter a word of reproach. They feel nothing but pity for him who "was of the noble race of the dispossessed, and so entitled to universal sympathy."

"We must work for him, dear boy," says Mononia, "and try to make the remainder of his life as smooth as it can be made." And Maurice readily assents. With this end in view the young people succeed in persuading their father to leave Desmond Lodge, and give up the expensive ways of living associated with their former home.

Of course such captivating young people must love and be loved, and the moment good Mrs. Ryan announces

"Masther Phil Colston is at the door, and will Miss Mononia be kind enough to see him," we know what to expect, and are not at all surprised at the scene that follows. Phil is a fine fellow, a stanch patriot, and wholly deserving of Mononia's reply to his declaration of love for her, "I was proud and glad of it, for I love you, Phil."

Less fortunate in his affairs of love and state is Maurice, who succumbs to the charms of Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, a fickle young lady in search of a hero, a successful hero, or one so pursued by baneful fortune as to attract the eye of the world.

"I can wait for the vague distant possible or impossible future," she assures Maurice, and he, poor boy! declares stormily, "I have sometimes wanted to save you from the wreck which may be my destiny." But Kathleen refuses to be saved, she is determined on sacrifice, sacrifice that the world must applaud as it learns of her wild and rapturous plans for concealing her lover from arrest, visiting him in stolen hours, and supplying him with food and news. These young people are very young, and Mr. McCarthy, looking back a half century, seems to take them far from seriously. In fact he compels his readers to smile many a time when they should be mopping away tears over the noble and passionate sentiments the lovers utter.

The story progresses leisurely to the close. A notable feature of Mr. McCarthy's plot is that it develops without the aid of any very iniquitous characters, O'Rourke being the only really objectionable one. This gentleman is a political informer who wins the confidence of the elder Desmond. Speaking of his kind, Mr. McCarthy says "he has his place in history, like the rack and thumb screw, and it will be well for the world when his place knows him no more."

Mononia is distrustful of her father's bowing, smirking, new-found friend, and events justify her dislike. The spy brings trouble to her home, and the elder Desmond to his death-bed, where, it must be confessed, he appears to best advantage, even though the smile that wreathes his lips in death is due to the fact that the banshee, that follower of all truly great Irish families, recognized the ancestral claims of the house of Desmond.

There are many other characters that play an interesting part. The chapter, "Our Set," introduces a brilliant coterie of splendid young fellows, and their debates, and plans for circulating literature, and the class of literature they admired, make pleasant and most profitable reading. The audacious youth who wrote to Dickens for his autograph may possibly have been the author.

But the best way to meet this set and their friends is to buy a copy of "Mononia" and enjoy the calm, wholesome pleasure of reading it oneself. Whether writing or speaking, Mr. McCarthy is always delightfully entertaining.

Small, Maynard & Company, Boston. $1.50.

The adventures of Francesco Vasquez de Coronado from the time of his appearance at the University of Salamanca in 1521 to his final return from his quest of the Seven Cities of Gold, broken in mind and body, are related in "The Quest of Coronado," by Rev. Denis Gerald Fitzgerald. The manners of the Court of Spain are described brilliantly, from which the scene changes to Mexico, where Hernando Cortez holds sway, and Coronado is made Governor of Culiacan. Being possessed of an adventurous spirit, Coronado undertakes the search for the golden cities, and finally meets defeat in where is now the State of Nebraska. Iaramillo, one of Coronado's lieutenants, describes Nebraska as he saw it in 1541, the life and habits of the Indians, and the animal life of the country.

John Murphy Company, Baltimore. $1.00.

One of the most pleasing stories published in recent years for young readers is "An Original Girl," by Christine Faber, the author of that popular novel, "Carroll O'Donoghue." Rachel, the little heroine of the tale, is very original, quiet and self-possessed, with a reserve of spirit that is refreshing, though not always edifying in its manifestations. A mysterious letter precedes her arrival, and compels the wealthy Miss Burram to receive the little stranger. Her welcome is a most grudging one, and her tactless, heartless questioning rouses Rachel to quick resentment, particularly when her hero, Tom, is spoken of with contempt. "Tom said you was a lady, but I guess he didn't know you," says outspoken Rachel. And Miss Burram records her impression when she replies to the letter, and characterizes the child as "a little virago, with the self-possession of a low, illiterate woman." Nearly seven hundred pages are needed to record

the events that led to a change of spirit in those two, so antagonistic in character and yet drawn to each other by a hidden tie that the reader is not permitted to discover until the end is almost reached.

Rachel makes her first friend in her new home when she meets Jim, the serving man, who becomes her adviser and devoted admirer. It is difficult to forget those pictures of the quaint little creature sitting in Jim's sitting room, which was partitioned off from the carriage house, and pouring into the ears of her host her dreams for the future, or gravely consulting him about the problems that perplex her childish reasoning.

Despite her lonely life and lack of companionship, Rachel has numerous adventures, and her experiences are varied enough to suit the most ardent seeker after novelty She has many faults, but she is very honorable, very loyal, and finally so devoted to Miss Burram, and forgives her so lovingly for the years of neglect and loneliness, that on the whole she is rather a model girl, and knowing her even in a book will be good for the young people fortunate enough to get a copy of this pretty story. We predict that even grown up readers will be curious about the mystery shrouding Rachel's parentage.

P. J. Kenedy, New York. $1.25.

From the same publisher comes a new edition of "Fabiola, or The Church of the Catacombs." Interest in this great work should never be allowed to flag, and it is to be hoped that this Jubilee edition will be widely circulated. The book is printed in good, clear type, is tastefully bound, and has many page illustrations, a feature that might have been omitted without detriment to the appearance of the volume. $1.00.

Dr. O'Hagan of Toronto, Can., has brought out a book of "Canadian Essays" that were published first in various magazines. In the preface the author acknowledges the courtesy of "The American Quarterly Review," "The Catholic World," and "Canada, An Encyclopedia," in allowing him to reprint the four essays, "The Catholic Church in Toronto," "Canadian Poets and Poetry," "French Canadian Life and Literature," and "Canadian Women Writers," which were specially prepared for these publications. We were under the impression that "Canadian Poets and Poetry" (including a good portion of the essay, "Canadian Women Writers") was "specially prepared" for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in which it appeared in February, 1901, as an illustrated article. In the reprint in book form there are various additions and modifications, transposition and paraphrasing further altering the effect, but the subject matter is in greater part the same, whole paragraphs being given word for word as in our original copy. Occasionally in estimating the character of a poet's work, Dr. O'Hagan institutes a new comparison, thus in speaking of Father Arthur Barry O'Neill's poetry he claims for it much of the "simplicity and purity of the poetic genius of Father Faber." This in the "Essays." But in DONAHOE'S, the same poet was credited with "much of the simplicity, peace, purity and hallowed atmosphere of Adelaide Proctor."

Dr. O'Hagan is perfectly at liberty to change his mind in such matters, nor do we ask to have our courtesy acknowledged since he has elected to forget it, but even at the risk of being deemed captious and unreasonable in calling to account a man who is a poet as well as an essayist, we feel that the author of "Canadian Essays" should show cause for appropriating "On the Head of Old Kenmare," which he used to illustrate Father Dollard's exquisite style, without mentioning that it first appeared in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, April, 1900. The selection does credit to Dr. O'Hagan's good taste.

Briggs & Co., Toronto. $1.00.

Although a "Reading Book in Irish History," by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., was prepared chiefly for children, older writers will find it interesting and instructive, and will derive from it much information on the customs and usages of the ancient Irish.

The book contains a mixture of Irish history, biography and romance; and most of the pieces appear in their present form now for the first time. A knowledge of the history of the country is conveyed, partly in special historical sketches, partly in the notes under the illustrations, and partly through the biography of important personages, who flourished at various periods from St. Brigit down to the great Earl of Kildare. And besides this, the stories, like those of all other ancient nations, teach

history of another kind, very important in its own way.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 50 cents.

"Books Triumphant, Essays on Literature," by Carina Campbell Eaglesfield, is a collection of seven essays originally published in the Catholic World and Self Culture. The author thus explains the title of the initial paper—Books Triumphant and Books Militant—"A triumphant book is a book of power—an immortal book; and a book militant, which word seems not so plain, is one of knowledge, of use, a provisional work, a book on trial and sufferance. It may be compared to a soldier, for it marches in and takes its place upon the stage of life, like a soldier on duty." Then follows a review of books that come near to being immortal, among them "The Imitation." Much serious thought has been embodied in these essays, which include "A World Literature;" "A Plea For Autobiography;" "A National American Literature;" "The Beneficence of Limitation;" "The Influence of War on Literature;" and "German Humor." F. Tennyson Neely Co., New York.

A Life of Pope Leo XIII, by A. D. Hall, has been brought out by Street & Smith, New York. It is tastefully bound in white and gold and bears on the cover a portrait of the Holy Father.

Readers familiar with the sources from which the contents of this volume have been drawn will not be satisfied with its incompleteness and fragmentary character, but, as even occasional glimpses at the history of such a career as that of the Sovereign Pontiff must be beneficial, this new "Life" will aid in spreading knowledge of his noble personality and the great part he has taken in the achievements of the past century.

The man who in this busy age takes time to think wise, helpful thoughts and to give them expression is a public benefactor. An unpretentious little book, "Webs," by Mr. Bert Finck, holds within its covers many clever, epigrammatic sayings and thought-provoking observations on men and things. Its sad-colored cover in no way reflects the author's state of mind. He is evidently a cheery philosopher, an optimist who sees the bright side without any straining of vision. Thus he says, "Our defeat always means triumph for another; may he be worthy of our sacrifice." And again, "It is a sure sign that we have lost all faith in our own success when we begin to envy another's." The following exemplifies the gentle impatience with which pessimism is rebuked, "Not a few travel through their existence in search of things with which to find fault."

John P. Morton & Company, Louisville.

The editor of "The Guidon," that bright and enterprising Catholic monthly, asked His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli, "What he deems the dearest wish of the Supreme Pontiff in regard to the Church in America, and how we Catholics can best contribute to its realization?"

The answer is as beautiful as it is graceful, and such a one, we feel, as the Holy Father himself might give in reply. The encyclical mentioned is the outpouring of a father's most earnest desire, and the particular application that his representative makes to us and to our country will doubly endear his words to all who read them.

Apostolic delegation, United States of America.

Washington, D. C., May 17, 1901.

Rev. Dear Sir:—

In reply to your letter of May 14th I would say that the pressure of many occupations prevents me from giving any lengthy or detailed answer to the questions you put to me. I think, though, that nothing could possibly be added, as an expression of the Holy Father's most earnest desire, to what he himself has so beautifully said in his late encyclical on Jesus Christ, the Redeemer. In that letter is embodied his ardent wish for Catholic unity throughout the Christian world and for the return of mankind to God by the only way which has been given for that return. The love of men for Christ the Redeemer may be largely promoted by the aid of a good Catholic press, and I am pleased to know that your little periodical is working hard to that end.

Most faithfully yours in Xt.,

SEBASTIAN CARDINAL MARTINELLI,
Pro-Delegate Apostolic.

Rev. J. B. Delany,
Editor of the Guidon.

A useful reference book to have on the desk is "The Catholic Year Book of New England," compiled by John Francis Marrin. The publishers propose to issue quarterly supplements, noting the latest changes. A large amount of new matter

has been aded to the present edition, and the list of societies, leagues, confraternities and associations, with the officers' names, will be appreciated. The order of the Forty Hours Devotion for the year is also included.

J. K. Waters Company, Boston. 25 cents.

HOMES WANTED.

The Catholic Home Bureau wishes to find homes in good Catholic families where orphan children may be adopted and brought up under the influence of a happy, moral home. Families wishing to adopt or receive a child of any age, under 12 years, are invited to correspond with the Catholic Home Bureau, 105 East 22d street, New York City.

Mr. H. W. Stevens of Arizona, a well known mining expert and dealer in mining properties, is now in New York City, stopping at the Catholic Club, W. 59th street. With Mr. Willis B. Troy of New York, and an association of capitalists, the old "Vulture Mine" in Arizona has been purchased, and is to be re-worked and re-mined with all the best and most improved modern machinery. New lodes have been uncovered and an abundance of ore is in sight for continuous work ing. New works and new pipe lines are to be built.

The old "Vulture" has a history. It was discovered in 1863, and if indications mean anything it has a new lease of life.

"Summer Tours by Sea," issued by the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Company, Baltimore, Md., is a useful book for intending tourists. It is replete with information as to routes, rates, stopping places, hotels, points of interest, etc., carefully indexed and arranged for ready reference. The book is artistic in finish, and has many fine illustrations, interior and coast scenes that invite the attention of the traveler.

MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS, taken after smoking, act as a thorough disinfectant to the mouth, and render the breath sweet and fragrant.

THE PRUDENTIAL AND THE INDUSTRIAL PLAN.

On policies issued by The Prudential on the Industrial plan, the premiums are collected weekly at the homes of the policy-holders, in sums of five, ten or fifteen cents, and upwards, per week. The Prudential has liberalized its policies very materially since the organization of the company twenty-five years ago, and in addition has established for itself a very enviable position in the world of life insurance by arranging for the payment of all just claims immediately upon receipt of proofs of death. Not only is this true, but it has even arranged to pay certain claims by telegraph, and others directly through its field representatives; so that, while every precaution is taken by the Company to protect the interests of existing policy-holders, the money is placed in the hands of the beneficiary at the earliest possible moment. This practically doubles the value of life insurance, particularly among those holding Industrial policies, where there is frequently no other ready money at hand.

TO CALIFORNIA THROUGH COLORADO.

By all means the most interesting way to reach California is via Denver and Salt Lake City. We have selected that route for our Personally Conducted twice-a-week excursions, planning the train schedule so that all the magnificent Colorado mountain scenery is passed by daylight. These excursion parties travel in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, which are thoroughly comfortable, contain every convenience and cost much less than the ordinary Pullman sleeper. The rate for a berth holding two, from either Chicago or St. Louis, to California is only $6.00. Kindly write for particulars. Enclose six cents in postage for our beautiful seventy-two page book on California, full of illustrations. Address P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. A friend of mine in a certain way gave an answer to the scriptural quotation, "The gates of hell shall shall not prevail against her." He says that the gates of hell have prevailed against the Church from the fact that the laws of England do not allow Catholics to sit on the throne, thereby decreasing the power of the Church in that country, and also some of the American laws which affect the extension of the power of the Church. He claims that if the Catholic Church was such a divine institution as her followers say, and had the promise that the "gates of hell" would not prevail against her, such laws as exist in England and the United States would really not affect her progress. For the above mentioned reasons, my friend claims that the gates of hell have prevailed against the Church.

A. Christ did not say that His Church would not be persecuted. Rather, He promised persecution. The Apostles were warned that the disciple is not above the Master, that as men persecuted and calumniated the Master, so would they too His followers. And when persecution came, the Apostles rejoiced that they were found worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus. How often have the disciples been obliged to heed the advice of Christ: when they persecute you in one city, flee to another. There is no promise of the world's favor, but of the enmity for the Church. But there is the promise that despite all the power of evil used against the Church, the Church will never fail, because Christ will be with her all days to the consummation of the world, and will see that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. The Apostles, like all the Jews of the time, were wrong in expecting an earthly kingdom, a Messiah who should be a great conqueror, who should expel the foreign rulers, and who, establishing himself upon an earthly throne, should surpass in glory David and Solomon. Jesus only with repeated teachings, only by His death in fact, convinced the very Apostles that they had the wrong idea of Him, that His Kingdom is not of this world, that He who was born in a manger at Bethlehem should draw all to Himself only when exalted on the throne of the Cross, the throne of shame and suffering. If today there are some who are scandalized that the Catholic Church meets with rebuffs, with ostracism, and with persecution, open or concealed, this is not to be wondered at. They simply have failed to understand the spirit and mission of Christ and of His Church, they probably have never realized the word of Jesus to be the word of truth: "Blessed are you when men shall persecute and calumniate you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." Goodness and works for goodness have always excited the world's and the devil's anger. The prophets of Israel had no better reception than the proclaimers of holy tidings since the advent of Christ. The Church has flourished on persecution. Notice her strength, courage and influence as after 300 years of Roman tyranny she emerged from the Catacombs. Notice where she stands today in that England which still maintains against her an oath, great lie and all blasphemy. After centuries of apparent death she is in all the vigor and growth of youthful health. Here in the United States there are no laws against the Catholic Church. Theoretically, all religious bodies have the same opportunity, but practically much is done by the Protestant sectarians against the true Church of Christ. But we are not complaining. We are doing very well, and if any blame were to be expressed we should probably blame ourselves the most for not making all use we might of our opportunities, and for not making other opportunities. With over ten millions and more, of Catholics, we do not feel that the gates of hell have prevailed against us. When the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles there were 120 persons present. That was the size of the Church at its beginning. Protestant statisticians tell us that today there are three hundred and fifteen millions of Catholics in the world. The promise of Christ is of daily fulfillment. Amid all persecutions and disasters, He protects and saves His Church, and she will go on, despite all opposition, until the close of time, guided and governed by Christ and living by His presence and by His Holy Spirit.

Q. Who is the first Pope mentioned in history?

A. St. Peter.

Q. What is the relation of the Catholic Church to the Greek Church?

A. The Catholic Church holds towards the Greek Church the attitude of a kind and loving mother to a wayward and petulant child. The Catholic Church recognizes the will of Christ in placing Peter at the head of the Church, and recognizes Peter's successor in the Bishop of Rome. The Greek Church wishes to hold others as equal to the Bishop of Rome. So it is in disobedience to lawful authority, and this is called schism. Leo XIII. has sought to bring about unity, hoping that the Greeks would yield obedience to him as Peter's successor. The Greeks are too much bound up in temporal sovereignty to see the way of a true and childlike submission to the spiritual mother, Rome. Still Rome prays and works for unity, "that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

ADVANCE OF MODERN SCIENCE.

The advance of modern science in the direction of improved public sanitation has created a requirement for an article which will be equally as beneficial for every day use in the ordinary household.

This requirement is calling the attention of the housekeeper who keeps up with the times to an article which has been on the market for the last ten years, but which has not until recent years attracted widespread attention—Cabot's Sulpho-Napthol.

To the housekeeper, Sulpho-Napthol appeals on account of its splendid detergent or cleaning qualities. It is surprising what an amount of cleaning a tablespoonful in a pail of water will accomplish. Used to clean the kitchen sink, pipes, closets, bureau drawers and floors, it will rid the house of waterbugs, cockroaches, buffalo bugs and moths. This same solution poured down the pipes into the traps will cut the grease and thoroughly disinfect and deodorize the whole sewerage system. The fact of its being such a good cleaner and not injurious to anything to which water may be applied makes it doubly adaptable for many purposes about the house, as it both cleans and disinfects at one and the same time.

Its powerful germicidal properties, however, are what meet the modern demands for improved sanitation. A solution sprinkled about the cellar floor, swill-tubs, or used wherever its application is desired, will keep the same sweet and thoroughly disinfected.

These are but a few of its many uses, space forbidding further details.

A word of warning. The success of any good thing invites imitation, and while it may be the sincerest form of flattery, there is great danger in using the cheap disinfectants which are sold for Sulpho-Napthol by unscrupulous dealers, from the fact that one is lulled into a feeling of security that they will do what they cannot accomplish. Owing to the fact that they look like Sulpho-Napthol and act similarly in solution, it is best to be guided by the company's label and package in procuring the genuine.

For nine weeks, beginning July 8, the Champlain Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., will be the centre of interest to a considerable number of people. Some that attended in former years have retained a pleasant memory, and read with avidity the accounts of the lectures and social events happening day by day, while regretting their inability to be present.

An honorary life membership has many privileges.

For the sum of $100 an Honorary-Life Membership in the Champlain School may be secured.

An Honorary-Life Member is entitled to the privilege of attending all the lectures of the General Courses of the School, free during his life. He is also entitled to nominate a member of his family, each year for ten years, who shall have the privilege of attending all the lectures of the General Course free. Should a member be unable to attend the sessions of the School at any time he may transfer his membership privilege during his life to another member of his family. Thus two members of the same family may participate in the benefits of a membership.

Mr. David N. Burke, Port Henry, N. Y., represents the interests of the Summer School in New England, and his enthusiasm will, no doubt, attract to Cliff Haven many new friends for the Champlain Assembly.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

AUGUST.

BY ELIZABETH KELLY.

Sunbeams chase the fleeting shadows o'er the waving grasses sweet;
On the swaying poppy petals butterflies each other greet;
Breezes trifle with the daisies, and, by sunny, flower-fringed streams,
Reeds and lilies bend to listen to the brooklet's murmured dreams.

Summer seas croon lang'rous dreamings to the stern old cliffs above,
While their crested waves gleam softly in the starshine that they love;
And the fair month's subtle sweetness forms a grand symphonic chord
In the chant of nature's worship ever sung to nature's God.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVI. AUGUST, 1901. No. 2

BELVEDERE COLLEGE, DUBLIN, JUDGE O'HAGAN'S SCHOOL.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

II.

JOHN O'HAGAN: LYRICS AND UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Denis Florence MacCarthy, whom I have placed first amongst the poets I have known, was a poet and nothing but a poet; his friend, John O'Hagan, was an eminent lawyer, and a poet only by stealth. Yet in the height of his success his literary impulse never abandoned him, and he looked wistfully at those whom fortune had left free to devote themselves to his favorite studies. At one time he had serious thoughts of giving up the Bar and joining Frederick Lucas as a militant Catholic journalist. As late as July

23rd, 1870, he says in a letter to D. F. MacCarthy: "I have been on circuit for the last ten days and have been very busy on the whole. Oh! what a difference between a literary chat with you and this law-work which (to say the truth) never went quite with my grain, though it has ended in giving me a fair livelihood." It would be curious to imagine what the result might have been if the best years of O'Hagan's life had been given to Catholic literature and to poetry. For he was a poet. The fervid lyrics of his youth, and the "Song of Roland" of his maturity, enable us to conjecture what he might have been as a poet and man of letters if fate had not made him a lawyer and a great lawyer.

JUDGE O'HAGAN.

He was the son of John Arthur O'Hagan, a merchant of Newry, where he was born on the 19th of March, 1822. On that day there was in a nursery in Kilworth, County Cork, a baby boy nineteen days old, the eldest son of a barrister, who was to

become Chief Baron Pigot. This John Edward Pigot was to be in after years the closest friend of his Northern Junior. As his birthday was the feast of St. Joseph, I once asked the Judge (to give him from the first his last title) why he had not received in baptism the name of that amiable patriarch. "Oh, St. Joseph," he replied, "had not travelled so far north in my time." Certainly the devotion to the Foster-father of our Divine Redeemer has developed greatly in its outward manifestations since the birth of him whose very last poetical composition was to be "The Children's Ballad Rosary," beginning with the purposely simple words:

"Our holy mother, Mary, a virgin pure was she,
Espoused unto Saint Joseph in the land of Galilee."

His father was a clever man, well-educated and fond of reading. I have seen able letters of his on the local politics of the time, and he was a leader of the Catholic party among his fellow-citizens before Emancipation. When town commissioners were first appointed for Newry, he was one of the first selected. He kept up his knowledge of Latin so far as to help his little boy through Cæsar's Commentaries—a feat to which few of a similar rank in life would now be equal, as the Judge remarked when mentioning the circumstance to me.

It is characteristic of Judge O'Hagan that he preserved carefully to the last letters of his father written not to himself but long before he was of an age to read or write. One of these is dated 3rd November, 1822, when the subject of the present paper had not yet completed his eighth month. Mr. John Arthur O'Hagan tells his wife who was on a visit with her relatives in Armagh: "We are all well; the young fellow gets on charmingly, and his vaccination looks healthy and right." To jump from his eighth month to his eighth year, his education outside his home began in a day-school kept by Dr. Henderson, who was succeeded by Dr. Lyons. Two or three of his schoolfellows distinguished themselves afterwards—Denis Caulfield Heron and Frederick McBlain (clever barristers who would probably have reached the judicial bench if they had lived a little longer) and especially John Kells Ingram, whose chief claim to be remembered is the famous poem, "Who fears to

LORD O'HAGAN (THOMAS), FATHER-IN-LAW OF JUDGE O'HAGAN (JOHN).

speak of Ninety-eight?" written in his twentieth year and acknowledged sixty years afterwards in his sole and slender volume of poems, in the preface to which he refers to Judge O'Hagan as the dear friend of a lifetime.

He lost his excellent father in his eleventh year; and his mother, a few years later, brought her children to Dublin, the beautiful capital to which Irish families gravitate from north and south and west. John had already been placed with relatives residing in Dublin, in order to attend the school of the Jesuit Fathers in Hardwick street, transferred soon after to Belvidere House, 6 Great Denmark street, where it flourishes at present, at the top of North Great George's street. He completed his education in Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of Master of Arts with great distinction. But, though he prized the friendships he formed during his University course, he all through his after life was an ardent champion of the strictest orthodox views concerning the higher education of Catholics. As early as the year 1847 he contributed to "The Dublin Review" (Vol. 23, p. 245) a masterly article on the subject, denouncing the spirit and atmosphere of Trinity College as unfit for a Catholic student and urging the claims of Irish Catholics to a University of their own. Nothing but a conscientious regard

SUMMERFIELD, DALKEY. "CAMPO DE ESTIO."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY, HIS WIFE, AND HIS ELDEST BOY AND GIRL.
(*Picture taken about* 1865.)

for the truth could make so generous and warm-hearted a man as O'Hagan speak thus harshly of his Alma Mater. This article (with some other interesting documents of a like purport) I lately edited as a penny tract for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland with the title of "Trinity College no Place for Catholics, by Judge O'Hagan and others."

Three years earlier, when he was only twenty-two years old, he had received from Frederick Lucas, the brilliant founder of "The Tablet," the following letter which partly turns upon this subject:—

25 Pembroke Square, Kensington,
27 Nov., 1844.

My dear Sir,

I snatch a moment's leisure just to refer you to an article I wrote in *The Tablet* the week after we parted, entitled "The Crime of Apostasy"; and to express a hope that, you being especially alluded to in the article, nothing was said in it in any way to offend or annoy you. Of course nothing could be further from my intention.

I recollect Duffy asking me whether Dr. Miley was the Reviewer in *The Dublin Review* of "Ireland and its Rulers." I did not know then; but something has since come to my knowledge which makes me infer and believe—I still have no direct knowledge—that Dr. Miley was *not* the author of the Review in question and that he has had no connection, direct or indirect, with the recent discussions about the *Nation*. I attach more value to this latter part of the story because it has come to me in a way above suspicion as to the motive for communicating it to me. I mean it was not told me with any notion that I would repeat it to Duffy, but in the most natural and accidental way in the world. I thought Duffy, having some knowledge of Dr. Miley, would be glad to hear this, and this is part of my motive for writing now.

Have you called yet on Dr. Miley? I am afraid "Young Ireland" (if they honour me with thinking about my lucubrations) set me down as dreadfully bigoted for what I have written about Wyse. One of these days I suspect many of them

THE FOUR COURTS.

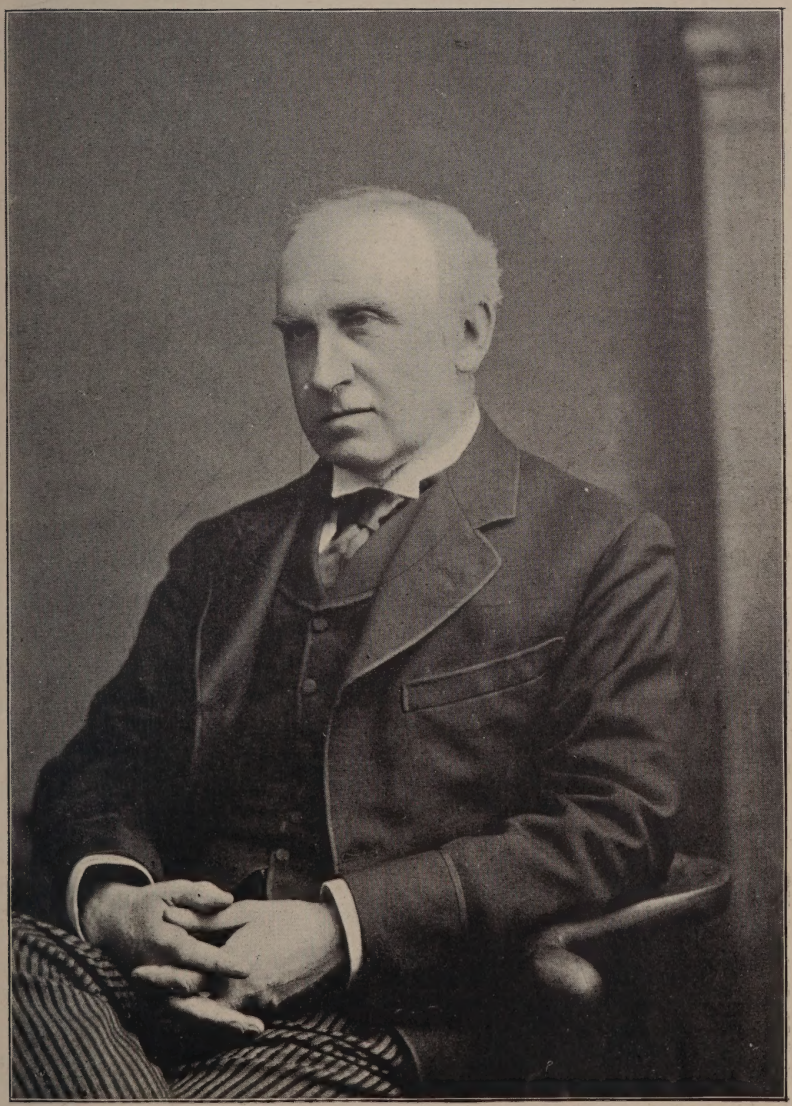
will know I have spoken the truth, and to the purpose. That measure—except by a miracle—will divide clergy and laity, and (with other things) in all human probability will break up the present union of liberal Irishmen.' I begin to despair of Repeal, and I know rather more than I choose (or indeed am at liberty) to write. Recent ecclesiastical events present some most fatal and deadly symptoms. If I could, I would go down on my knees to beseech Duffy not to persist in considering such questions as the education of the middle and upper classes wholly apart from the Church and the priesthood. As a religious matter, this mode can never be right; as a political matter, nothing can be more certain than this to excite divisions in the Repeal camp. It is impossible that the clergy should surrender their interest in these questions without a struggle, and then everything thrown into this struggle will be so much strength taken from Repeal. I *know* from several quarters that the clergy are bent against Wyse's scheme, but wait for a convenient time to declare themselves; and some of them expect the press to veer round whenever they pronounce. Never was there a more short-sighted policy than this, but the imprudence of it does not make it less real. One day or other a large portion of the clergy will declare against Wyse, and then, if *The Nation* should happen to be deeply committed to him, the result must be serious. Surely there can be no harm (no degradation) in Duffy calling on Dr. Miley and talking over this question with him. What liberality or toleration is there in refusing to the Church the guardianship of her own subjects in the way her most enlightened ministers think essential to *their* safety? I had no intention of writing on this last subject when I began, but my mind, heart, and soul are full of it, and I can neither write nor think on any other.

I shall be glad to hear from you, and in the meantime believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

F. Lucas.

Kind regards to Duffy, to whom great



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

LORD O'HAGAN. IN HIS ROBES AS LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

part of this ought to have been written. How do you like Lemaistre?*

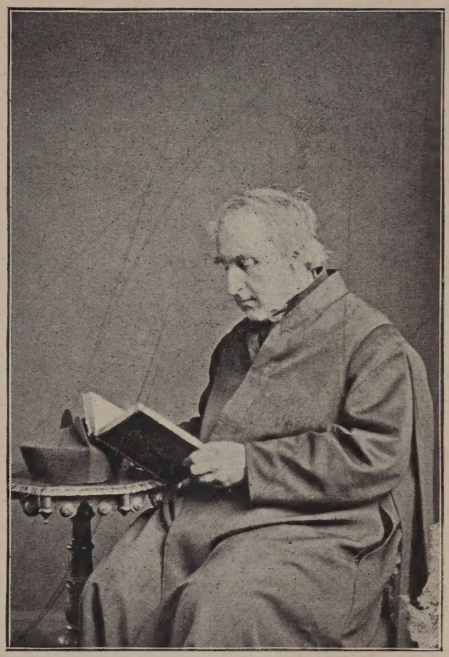
In the next letter they have got beyond the "Dear Sir" stage of their acquaintance, and Lucas, writing from 25 Pembroke square, Kensington, at three o'clock on some Friday morning—no doubt before going to bed after seeing the week's "Tablet" through the press—says to "my dear O'Hagan:"

*The name is written thus. Was it meant for Count Joseph de Maistre?

"Your letter gave me a real pleasure and your speaking of October as the month which is to bring you to Saxon land a pleasure still more real if possible. I anticipate your visit with more delight than I can easily express; and, so far as my occupations and very limited means permit, I hope you will allow me the honour—for it is an honour to serve those we love—to be of use to you in every way in my power. My *all* lies in a very narrow compass, but for your sake I will magnify it as much as I can, and I shall be grievously disappointed if you do not meet me with as little ceremony as if we had an acquaintance of twenty years to look back upon."

We are able to quote another very interesting reference to this same visit to London, a memorandum of John Edward Pigot's, which, like our other extracts, has never before been in print.

"In October, 1845, I returned to London. John O'Hagan also went there in the winter to study conveyancing in the same chambers where I was and which I did not leave till Christmas. He and I lodged together for six months—the only time during which I ever felt comfortable in any degree in London. But who could spend so many evenings with such a friend without being the better morally and intellectually? He is but just my own age, yet there are few men to whom I feel myself more entirely inferior. His turn of mind is more contemplative than mine. He has perhaps (though I am not at all sure of it) read less books than I, but he has *thought* more, and there is nothing upon which I have but superficial notions that he cannot extricate from my shallow logic by his deeper and clearer reason. He did me a great deal of good by his victories over me, though I dare say he would smile at this acknowledgment of them! But how much more good by the example of his religion! More than I can ever sufficiently thank him for. Many and many a time has he confirmed my wavering,—shattered the creeping excuses and sophisms of my vanity and worldly pride—and taught me so sweetly the lessons of obedience to God and His holy Church that, frequently when I left him to go up to bed, it was with tears in my eyes, and my first prayer on kneeling down was for grace to profit by his teaching and

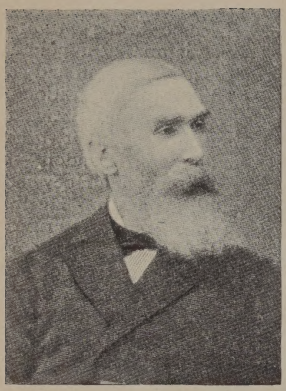


FATHER EDMUND O'REILLY, S. J.

copy his example as nearly as I could. His fault may be over-scrupulousness at times—but that is unlikely to be ever *my* fault. I had been better and happier could I have taught myself John's quiet, earnest solemnity of contemplation, and busied myself more, as he does, with the great question of our salvation. But this can only come of God's grace, and John would tell me it were wrong to despair of it."

It was at this time, no doubt, while settling his books and papers in preparation for this prolonged visit to London, that John O'Hagan wrote the following memorandum on a blank page of a letter written to him by Thomas Davis:

"Of many trifling notes which I received from time to time from my ever-lamented friend Davis, whose death is such a terrible loss to this country, these two are the only ones I have happened to



JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

Composer of "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

keep. Good God! how little did I dream that they were so soon to become memorials!

J. O'H.
October, 1845."

The letter to which this note is attached is directed to "John O'Hagan, Esq.,- Heath field, Upper Leeson St."; it bears a scissors-cut, ante-perforation Queen's head, and is stamped by the post-office "August 30, 1844." The other letter carries its own date.

Dear O'Hagan,

Can you write out for me the *whole* of "Aid Yourselves"? "Let them mock at our hopes" is very good; I had confused it with something else. I wish you would write words to some popular airs. Your "Paddies Evermore" shows you could do anything you tried in that way. Pray think of this; 'tis well worth doing.

Ever yours,
THOMAS DAVIS.

The conclusion of the second letter (if there were any more of it) and the signature have been cut off, probably by or for some autograph-hunter.

67 Baggot St.,
19th November, 1844.

My dear O'Hagan,

Pray send me without delay the sixth verse of "Aid Yourselves" and any alterations you desire in the other verses. The sixth number of *The Spirit* [of the *Nation*] will be out on the 1st, the seventh on the 12th, and the eighth and last on the 24th of December. I wish you had something of a ballad going into it. Write on the Volunteers. My "Dungannon" is unanimously put aside and you could not have a better subject. Your "Munster" begins number seven. Duffy has your "Expostulation" to suggest some changes.

[Signature cut off.]

So far in our account of a poet, and no sample yet of his poetry! Our first sample shall not be the one that Thomas Davis has just commended—

"The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might.
Let them who scorned the mountain-rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still:
'We're Paddies evermore!'"

Nor yet—

"The work that should today be wrought,
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do
And trust *Ourselves Alone*."

Not these well-known lyrics—with their manliness and strength and maturity wonderful for a youth "with (as Gavan Duffy describes him) a boyish face, a frank smile, and a readiness to engage in badinage"—but his less familiar "Musings at Sea," which begins:

"Alone and pacing to and fro,
Or peering on the wave below,
Rise fast within me, as I muse,
Regrets, resolves, and sad adieus."

These adieus might very naturally have been spoken when O'Hagan was going over to London to join Pigot in learning conveyancing under Brodie, just a month after Davis had died of scarlet-fever on the 16th September, 1845; but the lines are said to have been "written to commemorate the first anniversary of Thomas Davis's death." That early and sud-

den death, so happy for Davis' fame, inspired Sir Samuel Ferguson's splendid elegy, and John Fisher Murray's stately verses; but John O'Hagan had been dissatisfied with the tribute paid by Denis Florence MacCarthy. In a torn letter which lies before us, he asks MacCarthy:

to revise—indeed to re-write, your lines on poor Davis's death. Of your ability to write well on such a subject no one for a moment could doubt, but in the verses you wrote you did not do yourself justice. The whole reason appears to me to be [*a gap, in which the writer evidently advises his friend to make another attempt in a different measure*] solemn metre, I cannot conceive that you will fail.

You see I am acting as a volunteer Gil Blas, but you, I apprehend, are a very different man from the Archbishop of Grenada, and to very little purpose have we travelled together in the South, O Desmond, if we may not give and take such things from one another.

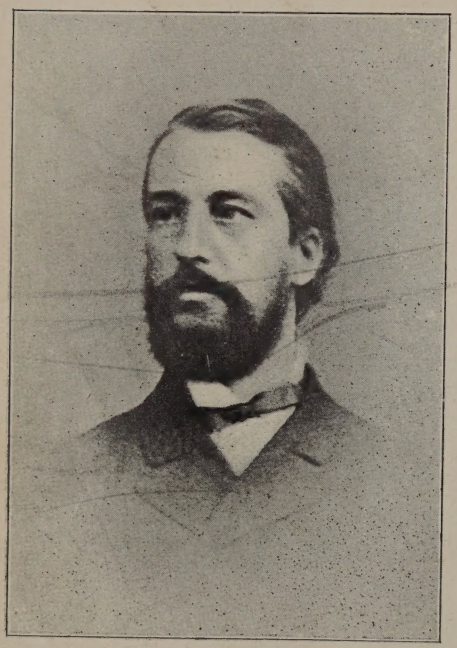
I think it likely I may be in Dalkey on Sunday; if so, I hope to see you. Duffy is going to Wicklow for a few days with Miss McLoughlin.

Yours ever faithfully,
THE SLIABH.

The signature to this letter is the first part of "Slieve Gullion" or in Celtic spelling "Sliabh Cuilin"—the nom de guerre chosen for O'Hagan by Thomas Davis, as O'Hagan himself told me once. His first poems appeared in "The Nation" without any signature; when reprinting them in "The Spirit of the Nation," Davis, without consulting the person most concerned, affixed "Slieve Gullion."

TRINITY COLLEGE. STATUES OF BURKE AND GOLDSMITH AT COLLEGE ENTRANCE.

When the young Newryman remonstrated good-humoredly at the choice made for him, Davis said, "Why not? A fine big mountain in the North." In repeating the words, Judge O'Hagan imitated what he calls in the following verses Davis' "deep impressive tone." Strange that in the newest "Treasury of Irish Poetry" (edited by Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston) this mountain is said



JOHN EDWARD PIGOT.

to be the great Sugar Loaf in County Wicklow, whereas it is of course Slieve Gullion in County Armagh, near O'Hagan's birthplace, Newry.

But we promised to give his tribute to the memory of Davis. It is a long poem of some thirty stanzas. After describing the feelings that animated the ardent youths who became known as "Young Ireland," he comes to the change that was wrought by the death of Davis:—

Oh, many a vaunt since then is stilled,
And many a dear dream unfulfilled;
And one best hope of coming years
Lies quenched in grief and bitter tears.

Death's awful shadow passed between,
To teach what mortal visions mean—
Our noblest friend, our truest aid,
Cold in his vault we saw him laid.

Quenched is that glorious beacon—snapped
The bond so close around us wrapped;
Yet now before my dreaming eye
His image stands—how vividly!

I see that start of glad surprise—
The lip compressed, the moistened eyes;
I hear his deep impressive tone,
And feel his clasp, a brother's own.

Affections like a girl's were there,
With strength for all the strong could dare,
And fire whence flagging spirits drew
Fresh heat to rise and strive anew.

One aim was his that never stooped,
One idol-hope that never drooped;
One task to shatter Ireland's thrall,—
'Twas love, devotion—all-in-all.

Its greatness o'er his soul took hold,
And formed and fired to hero-mould—
Its beauty sank his bosom through,
Until impassioned Song it grew!

Beloved and honoured!—with a sphere of proud exertion widening near,
In manhood's power and might arrayed—
Cold in the grave we saw him laid.

Not dying as he yearned to die,
Keened by his Country's victor-cry—
But struck by swift and stern disease:—
How strange to man are God's decrees!

Well, each, like him, must tread his way,
And hope and labour as he may;
And each at last must meet his fate,
Too soon—or haply, far too late.

For me, thrice welcome Schiller's friend—
"Calm occupation:"—let me bend
To do the work that nearest lies,
And watch for other tasks to rise.

GLENAVEENA, WHERE JUDGE O'HAGAN DIED IN NOVEMBER, 1890

Glenaveena is beautifully situated on the Hill of Howth, commanding an exquisite view of Dublin Bay and the opposite shore with the Sugar Loaf and the Dublin mountains rising in the distance.

In the torn letter to MacCarthy, the last that we printed, O'Hagan promises to visit his friend at his Dalkey home, namely the beautiful Summerfield which figures under the disguise of its Spanish equivalent, Campo de Estio, in his playfully pathetic lines, "Not Known."

A beauteous summer-home had I
As e'er a bard set eyes on—
A glorious sweep of sea and sky,
Near hills and far horizon.
Like Naples was the lovely bay,
The lovely hill like Rio—
And there I lived for many a day
In Campo de Estio.

But this is MacCarthy's poem, not O'Hagan's. There is one poem in which each of the two friends had a share—MacCarthy as author, and O'Hagan as subject. The poet's gentle and holy wife told me that "The Lay Missioner" was a picture of John O'Hagan; and long afterwards I saw a letter of the poet's son, Dr. Brendan MacCarthy, in which he told the Judge:

"By making me your secretary you made happy my father's last year of life. It was a great source of comfort to him to think that I was under the guidance of you, his oldest friend, for whom he entertained so deep an esteem. During the year that I had the pleasure of working for you (if I may call it work) I have had an opportunity of getting to know you very well, and I will always remember you as my father described you in 'The Lay Missioner'."

Ten Spenserian stanzas, even when the subject of this paper is the subject of them, are too much to quote. The poet tells us a good deal about his own nature and dispositions, and then undertakes to describe for us "his

brother and his friend." In order to do so, he gives a fine picture of a Christian priest, and then adds:

All are not priests, yet priestly duties may
And should be all men's: as a common sight
We view the brightness of a summer's day,
And think 'tis but its duty to be bright;
But should a genial beam of warming light
Suddenly break from out a wintry sky,
With gratitude we own a new delight,
Quick beats the heart and brighter beams the eye,
And as a boon we hail the splendour from on high.

'Tis so with men, with those of them at least
Whose hearts by icy doubts are chill'd and torn;
They think the virtues of a Christian Priest
Something professional, put on and worn
Even as the vestments of a Sabbath morn:
But should a friend or act or teach as he,
Then is the mind of all its doubting shorn
The unexpected goodness that they see
Takes root, and bears its fruit, as uncoerced and free!

One I have known, and haply yet I know,

JUDGE O'HAGAN'S GRAVE, GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

A youth by baser passions undefiled,
Lit by the light of genius and the glow
Which real feeling leaves where once it smiled;
Firm as a man, yet tender as a child;
Armed at all points by fantasy and thought,
To face the true or soar amid the wild;
By love and labour as a good man ought,
Ready to pay the price by which dear truth is bought.

'Tis not with cold advice or stern rebuke,
With formal precept or with face demure,
But with the unconscious eloquence of look
Where shines the heart so loving and so pure:
'Tis these with constant goodness that allure
All hearts to love and imitate his worth.
Beside him weaker natures feel secure,
Even as the flower beside the oak peeps forth,
Safe, though the rain descends, and blows the biting North!

Such is my friend, and such I fain would be,
Mild, thoughtful, modest, faithful, loving, gay,
Correct, not cold, nor uncontroll'd though free,
But proof to all the lures that round us play,
Even as the sun, that on his azure way
Moveth with steady pace and lofty mien,
Though blushing clouds, like syrens, woo his stay,
Higher and higher through the pure serene,
Till comes the calm of eve and wraps him from the scene.

John O'Hagan realised to the end his friend's ideal of "A Lay Missioner," a holy layman, a nineteenth century edition of Blessed Thomas More. He was all through a man of intense faith and earnest piety, and especially of fervent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. But these are details too sacred for a sketch like the present; and I will go back to unpublished letters which I owe to two or three sources, independently of the intimacy that was my own privilege. Many of these were preserved by Denis Florence MacCarthy, who did not even destroy trifling notes like the following. It refers to some incident which occurred when O'Hagan was presiding as County Court Judge. His mythical explanation at the end recalls the story about Father Healy and Lord Morris. This ex-Lord Justice of Appeal has always gloried in the richness of his Connaught accent which even the atmosphere of the House of Lords did not mitigate in the least. He once described to Father Healy a wedding party at which he had just been assisting and expressed his regret that at the critical moment there was no old slipper forthcoming to be thrown after the happy pair as they drove away. "Why did you not fling your brogue after them?" asked the amiable P. P. of Little Bray.

20 Kildare St.,
1st July, 1866.

My dear MacCarthy,

You may relieve your mind. The paragraph in question totally misconceives the facts. It was not I, I assure you, who flung the old shoe, but a young gentleman named M—, a charming specimen of the advantages of Education in our public institutions. I thought of writing a letter to the *Evening Post:* "Dear Sir, Will you permit me in the columns of your esteemed and widely-circulated journal to state that I am not the 'young ruffian,' who &c., &c."

Thank Mrs. MacCarthy in my name and Mrs. O'H.'s for her kind anxiety, and tell her she must go farther and say a prayer for my preservation from the young ruffian aforesaid who has sworn the most awful oaths to have my life the very first thing when he gets out of gaol.

Mem. Some people regard the whole thing as mythical and think it was only one of my practitioners with a strong Connaught accent who flung his *brogue* at my head.

Ever yours faithfully,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

Later in the same year, on two consecutive days, the busy lawyer finds time to criticize carefully his poet-friend's Ode on the installation of the first Irish Cardinal, Paul Cullen. This ode is not reprinted in the popular selection of the poems of Denis Florence MacCarthy, which in this genre gives only the centenary odes on O'Connell (August 6, 1875) and Moore (May 28, 1879). The second of these letters ends with a petition which MacCarthy complied with by composing a fine elegy on John B. Dillon, father of Mr. John Dillon, M. P., of Mr. William Dillon, editor of "The New World," Chicago, and of Father Henry Dillon, O. M.

20 Kildare St.,
21st September, 1866.

My dear MacCarthy,

I like, on re-perusal, your ode even better than at first. I think it excellent. I have noted one or two errors or what seem to me such. *Music* is too long, and flat besides. Surely you wrote *Muse*. Is not the accent on the penultimate of "Elegiac"? The "Drums and Guns" savour too much (for my taste) of "blunderbuss and thunder" in so very mellifluous a stanza, and "have sang" is villainous.

It reads extremely sweetly.

Ever yours most faithfully,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

20 Kildare St.,
22 September, 1866.

My dear MacCarthy,

Many thanks for the copy of your ode which I had not seen in that form before, and which is very prettily brought out. As to the criticisms:—

1. "Choir" I admit is quite a matter of fancy. I somehow prefer "quire" myself; I suppose from Milton and Moore spelling it so.

2. I have familiarized myself with "drums and guns" and withdraw my objection.

3. The observations on the fifth part merely referred to the change from "thee and thy" to "Your Eminence." I struck it out as hypercritical.

4. "Blest by saints, by minstrels sang" does not (*pace tua*) mend the matter in point of grammar. The past participle of sing is *sung*. Could you not throw it into the imperfect tense as "Saints desired and minstrels sang." "Desired" is a bad word for the sense, I merely use it to indicate the form.

5. You say nothing of "sad elegiac strain."

All these, however, are but small blemishes in a very fine performance. Still you should, if possible, suffer no blemish.

I have been thinking a good deal about J. B. D. Ought you not to write something on him—as only you could do—a tender and lofty tribute to a man so made to be loved? I am very anxious about this.

With kind regards to Mrs. MacCarthy,
Ever faithfully,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

Some of these letters show the minute and painstaking criticism that Judge O'Hagan bestowed on his friend's poetry. I chance to have several letters that show on the other hand how patiently he studied the suggestions of others with regard to his own compositions. As County Court Judge in Clare, Ennis was his headquarters; and from it he writes to Denis Florence MacCarthy:—

Ennis, Sunday Evening,
28th December, 1873.

My dear MacCarthy,

I was very anxious before I left town to go out to see you, but I absolutely had not time.

I was very sorry, for I wished to say a word to you—a word of sympathy at least in the midst of all the sorrows that are weighing upon you and which form a burthen almost too great for you to bear. I can only send you the voice of my sincere sympathy and friendship. I wish from my heart you were living somewhere near me, that we might see each other oftener.

I venture to send for your criticism what I mentioned to you—a version of the *Dies Irae* in the metre of the original. I am by no means satisfied with it. The first verse is a frightful nut to crack. I showed it to Dr. Russell, who likes it all *except* the first verse as it is

in the first version. He much prefers the second version: "Day of wrath at whose dread knelling," &c. He particularly objected to "*wedded.*"

I am still doubtful and do not like, if it could be helped, two stanzas in succession, both ending in the present participle. To you something better than either may occur. Will you (if you think it worth printing at all) give me the aid of your genius both in choosing between my variations and in striking out something better of your own?

I am likely to be down here till term time, if even I get up then. If you write before Friday (2d January), direct to Kilrush; then to Ennistymon till Monday, 5th, afterwards here to Ennis.

Wishing you with all my heart a happy New Year—happier than the past—and with kindest regards to all yours.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN O'HAGAN.

Professor George Saintsbury, in one of his latest books, "The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory" calls the Dies Irae "the greatest of all hymns and one of the greatest of all poems," and he joins with those who "hold these wonderful triplets to be nearly or quite the most perfect wedding of sense to sound that they know."

As we claim for John O'Hagan the distinction of being the best translator or at least one of the two best translators of the Dies Irae, we shall crave space for a longer extract from Professor Saintsbury, who has only a literary admiration for "the grace and the grandeur, the passion and the art of this wonderful composition." This minute technical criticism will interest some of our readers. The Edinburgh Professor explains in a note that, where he speaks of "trochee," he means trochaic rhythm. The triplet that he quotes is the one that Dr. Johnson once repeated with such feeling that he burst into tears.

"Rhyme, alliteration, cadence, and adjustment of vowel and consonant values, —all these things receive perfect expression in it, or, at least, in the first thirteen stanzas, for the last four are a little inferior. It is quite astonishing to reflect upon the careful art or the felicitous accident of such a line as

'Tuba mirum spargens sonum,'

with the thud of the trochee falling in each instance in a different vowel; and still more on the continuous sequence of five stanzas, from *Judex ergo* to *non sit cassus*, in which not a word could be displaced or replaced by another without loss. The climax of verbal harmony, corresponding to and expressing religious passion and religious awe, is reached in the last—

'Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!'—

where the sudden change from the dominant *e* sounds (except in the rhyme foot) of the first two lines to the *a*'s of the last is simply miraculous, and miraculously assisted by what may be called the internal sub-rhyme of *sedisti* and *redemisti*. This latter effect can rarely be attempted without a jingle: there is no jingle here, only an ineffable melody. After the *Dies Irae*, no poet could say that any effect of poetry was, as far as sound goes, unattainable, though few could have hoped to equal it, and perhaps no one except Dante and Shakespeare has fully done so."

It was very characteristic of Mr. O'Hagan that, when his version of the Dies Irae was finished, he resisted the pressure put upon him to publish it in "Kottabos"—a literary miscellany which emanated from Trinity College —and preferred to give it to a modest Catholic Magazine then only a few months old.

22 Upper Fitzwilliam St.,
23d January, 1874.

My dear Father Russell,

Many thanks for your very kind letter and the far too generous praise which you give my translation of the *Dies Irae*. I was a good deal put out by hearing

from Dr. Russell of Mr. Worsley's version, and much more so when, on reading the copy you so kindly sent me, I find so great a similarity in three or four of the stanzas as almost to amount to positive identity.

If I had previously known of it, I should either have never made the attempt at all, or else would have taken pains to steer clear of the appearance of imitation. I shrink, however, at present from the thought of remodelling those stanzas, and I return you my translation to do what you please with. I added a little note to save myself from the charge of barefaced plagiary. But I leave it to your discretion whether * * * [Two lines are cut out here, on the back of the signature given to some autograph hunter.] I quite feel the weakness of the phrase "find confession"—but I am disposed to stick to it on the whole. I do not like to have too many rhymes in forms of verbs, participles, etc.

"Astonied" is old English for "astonished." It is used in what is called the Protestant version of the old Testament, which, I believe, is substantially a Catholic version far older than the Reformation.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

"Mary of Inisard," to which he alludes in his next letter, was an exquisite little story by Richard Dowling, the very genial and gifted author of "The Mystery of Veillard" and very many novels and romances. The necessity of living by his pen did not let him do his best. He died in his prime. May he rest in peace.

22 Upper Fitzwilliam St.,
4 February, 1874.

My dear Father Russell,

Many thanks for the proof which I return. It was Dr. Russell who objected to "melts in flame" as he said it seemed as if the "knelling" were an agent in the "melting"—I yielded to this and it still seems to me so forcible as to make me give up "melts" which is in itself I quite agree with you a stronger as well as a more faithful phrase. You will see that I have made a slight alteration in the rendering of the "Judex ergo." I think "sitting in session" has been made so familiar to our ears as to have a prosaic sound, so I have altered it to "is throned," which I think gives some dignity to the verse.

I have read "Mary of Inisard," which promises to be very interesting, and the little lyric is very pretty. I make one criticism that I think there is a slight anachronism in conceiving strangers many centuries ago to have ascended a hill to enjoy the enlarged prospect. The passion for the picturesque is little more than a century old.

With renewed wishes for the success of your periodical,

I am,
Yours ever faithfully,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

The version on which so much pious care was expended appeared in "The Irish Monthly," March 1874. It has been reprinted in Mr. Orby Shipley's "Annus Sanctus" and in other collections: but our readers will like to have it under their eyes here.

Day of wrath, that day whose knelling
Gives to flame this earthly dwelling;
Psalm and Sybil thus foretelling.

Oh! what agony of trembling,
When the Judge, mankind assembling,
Probeth all beyond dissembling.

Pealing wondrous through the regions,
Shall the trumpet force obedience,
And the graves yield up their legions.

Startled Death and Nature sicken,
Thus to see the creature quicken,
Waiting judgment terror-stricken.

Open, then, with all recorded
Stands the Book from whence awarded
Doom shall pass with Deed accorded.

When the Judge is throned in session,
All things hid shall find confession,
Unavenged be no transgression.

Wretch! what then shall be my pleading?
Who my patron interceding?
Scarce the just securely speeding!

Thou, O King of awful splendour!
Saving grace doth freely render;
Save me, fount of pity tender!

Think, 'twas I, my lost condition,
Caused, dear Lord, Thy mortal mission—
Spare my soul that day's perdition.

Seeking me, Thy footstep hasted;
Me to save, the Cross was tasted—
Be not toil so mighty wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution!
Grant the gift of absolution
Ere the day of restitution.

Me my culprit heart accuses,
Inmost guilt my face suffuses—
Turn, O Lord, and heal my bruises.

Thou who Mary's sin hast shriven,
Thou who brought'st the Thief to Heaven,
Hope to me hast also given.

Nothing worth is mine endeavour,
Yet, in ruth, my soul deliver
From the flame that burns for ever.

With Thy sheep, Thy chosen, place me,
Severed from the goats embrace me;
On Thy right hand, ransom'd, grace me.

When the reprobate confounded
Lie with wrathful fire surrounded,
May my call to bliss be sounded!

Crushed to dust and prostrate bending,
All my heart contrition rending—
I implore Thee, guard my ending!

Oh! that awful day of mourning,
When from earthly dust returning,
Guilty man shall bide his sentence—
Spare him, God, for his repentance.

Jesus, Lord, Thy mercy lending,
Grant them rest, Thy rest unending!

This and many other proofs of Judge O'Hagan's skill as a translator —his "Adoro te devote," his "Jesu, dulcis memoria," and the marvellously difficult and faithful translation which he sent me with the following letter—make me bitterly regret that Denis Florence MacCarthy did not enter into the partnership that his friend had proposed, as he tells us here:—

22 Upper Fitzwilliam st.,
14 March, 1874.

My dear Father Russell,

Forgive me for having so long delayed to answer your very kind letter. I read the translation of the *Dies Irae* in the American periodical with much interest. The translator has adopted a somewhat singular method, and his rhymes are often merely assonant. Still there is great sweetness of rhythm.

By the way, there is in my translation as printed, a little typographical error which it must have been my own fault not to see and correct in proof; "place me" is printed instead of "grace me," thus having "place me" occur twice in the same stanza.

As to what you say of collecting my "remains," they are alas quite too scanty. I once proposed to D. F. MacCarthy to republish whatever we had done in the way of translation of hymns and possibly that idea might be carried out.

I send you a translation of a French poem or hymn (if it may be called so) which I found in More's Medieval Hymns and which struck me from its subjective turn. I fear you will dislike the constant jingle of the rhymes, but it is so in the original, and fidelity to form is one of my chief canons of translation. You will tell me candidly whether it will suit you.

Believe me,
Dear Father Russell,
Very faithfully yours,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

We fear we have given too much of our space to the wonderful lyric of Thomas of Celano. We turn, therefore, abruptly to another exercise of John O'Hagan's intellectual activity. He was one of those whom John Henry Newman gathered round him when, obeying the call of the Irish bishops, he became the first Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. In the enumeration of "The First Staff of Professors and Lecturers of the University" in "The Catholic University Gazette," 19th October, 1854, Mr. John O'Hagan is named with Father Edmund O'Reilly, S. J., the well remembered theologian; Eugene O'Curry, Denis Florence MacCarthy and many others. He was assigned the chair of Political Economy, and some very

learned papers in "The Atlantis" are relics of his professorship. The great Oratorian was not slow to perceive the solid merit of the young Irish lawyer; and he honored him with an intimate friendship which survived separation and lasted till death. The Judge paid frequent visits to the Oratory, and among the letters that he preserved were many from the Cardinal, marked by a very affectionate tone and each beginning with "My dear John O'Hagan." We shall only give at present one sample from a letter dated "The Oratory, March 3, 1874."

"I have been exceedingly gratified, or rather have been much surprised and deeply touched by your letter which has just come. I know I do not deserve it at all—but still I accept it with all my heart as if I were worthy of it, and do not mean to part with it. I know you will be led by what you say to remember me sometimes in your prayers, the benefit of which, as of those of all friends, I need so much now that I am so old. And I can say on my part that your name has all along been on my list of Irish friends, who were so kind and indulgent to me when I was with them, and claim my remembrance."

I am not at all sanguine that I am making the most judicious selection out of the mass of correspondence at my disposal. The "unpublished letters" that are now losing their right to that epithet have been chosen chiefly to illustrate the selections from the second element of these papers—that which entitles the subject of them to a place among the "Poets I Have Known." Many readers would take more interest in an account of Judge O'Hagan's public life. We have not even mentioned the scene of his professional labours, the famous Four Courts on the bank of the Liffey round which cling so many historic associations and memories. John O'Hagan's work here as a leader of the Equity Bar was of that solid and lucrative kind that does not make much noise in the newspapers. He was recognized almost from the first as a great lawyer by those who have the distribution of briefs with heavy fees upon them, though he did not fill so large a space in the public view as Butt or Whiteside, or the other O'Hagan—namely, his father-in-law, Thomas O'Hagan, afterwards Lord O'Hagan and the first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland. There has been some confusion between these two eminent lawyers of the same name, especially as the Lord Chancellor was previously Judge O'Hagan—the rank which his son-in-law attained subsequently. They were only connected thus by marriage, Thomas O'Hagan being a native of Belfast, and John O'Hagan, as we have seen, a Newry man.

Gladstone's Land Act of 1881 was the beginning of a bloodless Revolution in Ireland which has not yet reached its last development. The author of "Ourselves Alone" and "Paddies Evermore" was the first to be appointed legal Head of the Land Commission and, as such, a member of the Supreme Judicature of Ireland. The only illustration of this phase of his career that I will furnish here is a letter I received at the time from my brother, whom I had suspected of having had some hand in the appointment. He had entered Parliament as member for Dundalk the preceding year, but Mr. Gladstone had not yet appointed him Solicitor-General for England.

On Circuit Liverpool,
2d August, 1881.

My dear Matthew,

Your surmise is quite right about the Chief Commissioner. The now Governor of Madras (Mr. Grant Duff) kindly asked me to stay from Saturday to Monday at his country house a few weeks ago and the Gladstones were also staying there. I had on the Saturday a long talk with the Prime Minister *solus cum solo*, which lasted full three hours, and in which, strange to say, I had the greater part of the talk to myself, and was listened to apparently with an appreciative interest which certainly astonished me. We renewed our talk the next day (Sunday). His power of receiving new views was indeed remarkable. I did not lose the opportunity of expressing roundly the strong opinions I entertain as regards many things in Ireland, particularly its executive and Government Board system of management.

I also in particular ventilated my ideas about the Land Bill, to many of which ideas effect has since been given. Indeed I think I am entitled to say that in this matter I have rendered real and substantial service—far more than has met or ever will meet the public eye.

As to the Commission, I spoke very openly, but at that time Law was undoubtedly intended to be the judicial chief.

Of my amendments to the Land Bill many have been substantially adopted by the Government; and with one exception the rest have been partially adopted. The one exception relates to the amount of the advances, and the time for their repayment under the Bright Clauses.

I feel that this letter is rather a puff of myself, but I also feel that you will like to have it.

My dear Mattnew,
Yours affectionately,
C. Russell.

In a letter which I received a few months later, and which I have put into print elsewhere, Cardinal Newman thus refers to the same subject:—

"Of course the Judge is much in my thoughts just now. I hope his health will stand what must be a trial, soul and body. But he is in a position as singular and rare as it is high. All judges are, to use St. Paul's word, 'ministers of God'; but he, as being brought forward on so great and critical an occasion, is especially and emphatically the dispenser of at once justice and mercy. I pray God that the measure, of which he is the representative, may issue in a large blessing to Ireland."

I of course showed Judge O'Hagan this letter of his illustrious friend; and in sending it back he wrote:—"I return the Cardinal's letter. As you may well believe, I could not fail to be deeply touched by it and by the interest in me which he manifests. God bless him."

I am not certain at what moment the editorial closure may be moved; perhaps the reasonable limit has already been overpassed. But the two last literary tasks of Judge O'Hagan must be referred to; and, before doing so, I will copy two letters. The following note is of no interest, yet I crave for it the immortality of print because it links together the three gifted men whose friendship I count among the greatest honors and graces of my life—John O'Hagan, Sir John Gilbert, and Denis Florence MacCarthy.

22 Upper Fitzwilliam St.,
10th November, 1878.

My dear MacCarthy,

We shall be delighted if you will come and dine with us to-morrow at half past six; and it would have been a great mortification to both of us if you had left Ireland without our seeing you.

Give Gilbert my kind regards, and, if he be disengaged to-morrow, say how glad we shall be if he will accompany you.

Believe me,
Ever most faithfully yours,
John O'Hagan.

The following letter would be obscure without some annotation. It refers to a very sweet poem contributed to "The Nation" in 1845, then called

"The Old Story," and in one at least of its reprints, "An Ancient Rhyme." The young poet on this occasion alone used the mock-sentimental signature, "Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia." In 1869 MacCarthy proposed to include this poem in a new edition of "The Book of Irish Ballads" which he had edited for James Duffy's "Library of Ireland" a quarter of a century before.

20 Kildare St.,
26 May, 1869.

My dear MacCarthy,

I did not know this was your birthday. I send you congratulation, not condolence. *The elder saying is the better.* I now understand what a charm the month of May has always had for you, though such a May as this "Sweet May" would go far to destroy it.

As to poor Carolina Wilhelmina, it is true that age with stealing steps has clawed her in his clutch,—and yet, if it were offered to her to go back three and twenty golden years, I think she would say with Cicero, "Valde recusem."

"Could I remount the river of my years
To the first fountain of their smiles and tears,
I would not trace anew the stream of hours
Amid its outworn banks of withered flowers,
But bid it flow, as now, until it glides
Into the ocean of the nameless tides."

En attendant she has no objection to see the effusions "of her hot youth when our great Dan was King" reproduced, and she will gladly call upon you, she says, to consider the corrections, which to say sooth she forgets with the reasons of them at this awful distance.

I am very sorry you have been laid up. I will call at Gardiner St., I hope, to-morrow or next day after Court.

With kindest regards to Mrs. MacCarthy,

Believe me ever,
Your affectionate friend,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

20 Kildare St.,
31st May, '69.

My dear Desmond,

Poor Carolina Wilhelmina thanks you and returns you the enclosed. She has read it over and fears grievously that it smacks too much of Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L.* for these stern days of Browning and Swinburne. She signs herself modestly "ᴗ", by which she has subscribed those blessed "Acrostics" and which may do as an expression of wonder and depreciation. Poor thing, she fears to look back at the writing of this "Old Story"—it is so truly old by this time—written an age ago—written yesterday, with all the intervening time cut clean out.

All affectionate thoughts to you and Mrs. McCarthy.

Ever sincerely,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

This poem and "Ourselves Alone," along with a fine political poem, "Protestant Ascendancy"—which displays conspicuously O'Hagan's mastery of rhyme—represent our poet in the latest "Treasury of Irish poetry" (Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston) which winds up its biographical note by naming only two of the Judge's separate publications: "The Song of Roland," translated from the French, 1880, and "The Children's Ballad Rosary," 1890. Indeed these, with two prose volumes, slender but full of thoughtful grace, "Joan of Arc" and "The Poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson," are all that we have of Judge O'Hagan, except the political verse of his youth and the translated hymns of his maturity, both uncollected. Yet in this enumeration we were omitting a brilliant feat of his literary skill, his contributions to that wonderful little quarto, "Dublin Acrostics," the cleverest specimens of double acrostics ever

*Note.—In the preceding letter some of our younger readers will not recognize Daniel O'Connell as "our great Dan," and here some will not know Letitia Elizabeth Landon by her initials, which were once so well known that a relative of mine called three race-horses "The Bard," "The Minstrel," and "L. E. L."

written, though written by a batch of Irish barristers, of whom Mr. Justice Gerald Fitzgibbon seems to be the only survivor. Strange to say, the Protestant Bishop of Killaloe (Fitzgerald) and the President of Maynooth, with Dr. C. W. Russell, were accomplices in this delightful freak of literature, of which the chief merit belongs to Judge O'Hagan.

The last decade of his life began with his principal literary achievement —the translation of the Chanson de Roland, the earliest French Classic, which mysteriously remained hidden in manuscript till some fifty years ago and which by a strange chance found its first translator in John O'Hagan. "The Edinburg Review," "The Athenæum," "The Nineteenth Century," and all the principal reviews this work. We must confine ourselves to two critics of very different character—John Henry Newman and Vanity Fair!" The Cardinal wrote thus:—

The Oratory,
4th July, 1880.

My dear John O'Hagan,

I am very greatly gratified by your present, for it is really no common gift. I saw at once how learned and how beautiful it was, as a literary work. My taste does not lie in antiquities and I have not the knowledge of languages, and therefore it is surprising how I have been drawn to and taken by your volume. Not that I have yet read much of it—but I have, contrary to my way, taken it up from time to time, as if I could not help it, and especially read with extreme interest your Introduction, which opened upon me (perhaps I ought to feel some shame that it should be so), a new world almost, or at least arrested my attention to your subject, as it had never been before. Also, the thought of dear Dr. Russell is mixed up in my mind with the book—and I feel how the publications must bring home to you by its associations your loss, by the sadness it has caused to me. I was much pleased the other day to hear from a Protestant friend how warmly Archbishop French spoke to him about him.

I think you have chosen the right metre; I suppose you would call it one form of the ballad. It is simple and spirited, as Scott is,—any other would have been elaborate and heavy.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

And here is the criticism of a worldly and somewhat frivolous journal that knew nothing of Judge O'Hagan's antecedents or endowments:

"To a generation which has sorrowful knowledge of the poetry of dyspepsia, this strong and virile piece of work should come like an unexpected joy. Mr. O'Hagan has done no literary work that we are aware of before this present venture, but we think that he has now done enough to give him as lasting a reputation as the frivolous mind of man need desire. He has taken the old 'Chanson de Roland,' and has translated it into sturdy English which almost catches the very tone and savour of the original. He very wisely elects to forswear alike blank verse and prose. Had he chosen to do an unrhymed translation he could hardly have escaped a certain flatness, however accurately and sweetly he might have managed his rendering. But he writes in that mixture of iambic and anapæstic metres of which Sir Walter Scott had the special secret, and he really adds a poem to our language. From every trace of modern affectation he is as free as the innocent songster who made the original poem. With all its extravagance, with all its naive credulities, the chanson comes out from under his hands a manly, stirring, fascinating work. The fighting is told of with a frank gusto and a bloodthirsty humour which are very taking. The volume is beautifully bound and will make a splendid gift-book. Why it is not already known to many people only the publishers can say. For ourselves we would willingly give the entire works of our five thousand of modern poets for this one volume of strong freshness."

It was surely characteristic of John O'Hagan and a good omen that, as

his last prose was an eloquent and sympathetic essay in "The Contemporary Review," on Thomas Davis as a type of Irish patriotism, so his last verses were "The Children's Ballad Rosary." These were the two strongest impulses of his nature—love of faith and fatherland, pro fide et patriâ. Of this pious little book in which the learned and gifted man became as a child for the sake of children, and out of love for our Blessed Mother, we shall give no particulars except such as are contained in this letter from Italy in the last year of his life.

Hotel della Luna,
Amalfi, 13th March, 1890.

My dear Father Russell,

I send you by Book Post "The Children's Ballad Rosary" at last. It is very far indeed from what I hoped it might be, but still I felt bound to finish it. It gave me much trouble. "My invention came like birdlime from frieze—it plucked away brains and all." I shall be greatly indebted for any emendations you may make. You will see that I continued to dispense with the imperfect rhymes "came, became" and "turned, returned" which you pointed out to me. You would also oblige me greatly by sending them either in manuscript or in proof, whichever you think best, to Aubrey de Vere. I told him I would send them to him and I should be very glad of his criticism.

We have been enjoying ourselves very much, especially since we came to this place, where we have had beautiful weather and the scenery is exquisite. At Naples we gave a day to seeing the western "Contorni" as far as Pozzuoli and Baiae with which we were greatly charmed, and another day to Pompeii at which Fanny's imagination was greatly impressed, and my own too, though I had seen it before. But she avers that not all the scenery

"Along the golden shores between Misenum and Sorrento"

has shaken her hearty allegiance to the beauty of the view from Glenaveena.

I was in this Hotel 34 years ago and I found in my handwriting the following in an old visitors' book of May, 1856:—

How charming to dwell in the Luna Hotel,
To make love to the mountains and flirt with the ocean!
But a course of disaster has drained my piastres,
And to stay without cash were a *lunatick notion.*

We like this place so much that we shall probably stay some days more, and then return to Naples. We hope to be in Rome by Palm Sunday or a day or two before, and to stay at the Hotel de Rome, Piazza San Carlo. If you could send me a proof of the Ballad Rosary to that direction, I will return it to you at once, that is, if you think it worthy of being inserted with all its imperfections in your May number.

This region is rich in Apostles. In Salerno where we stayed a couple of days, they have the body of St. Matthew in a shrine in a beautiful crypt where we heard Mass and both of us offered it for you. Here they have the body of St. Andrew.

Believe me ever
Affectionately yours,
JOHN O'HAGAN.

We must come to an end. The end came for John O'Hagan, Nov. 12, 1890, at Glenaveena, his beautiful seaside home. A noble Celtic Cross rises over his grave in our spacious and beautiful cemetery of Glasnevin in the north suburb of Dublin. Eloquent tributes to his worth appeared in the organs of every class and creed. We shall, as usual, confine ourselves to unpublished testimonies. Three days after his burial Aubrey de Vere wrote to me thus about his friend:—"You will easily understand the sorrow, a very lasting one, with which I heard the sad news of the death of our dear friend, Judge O'Hagan. He was a true Christian and a true Catholic; and it would be well indeed for Ireland if she had many more like him. I

hope to write a few lines to his devoted wife a little later and when the shock is less recent; but you would oblige me much if you would send me a few lines to tell me how she bears up under this sad affliction. Like him, she is so devout that in time she cannot fail to have, and in a large measure, the one only true consolation."

Another man of great worth and great ability, whose early death was a calamity for Ireland—Mr. Christopher Redington, the successor of Sir Patrick Keenan, as Resident Commissioner of National Education, wrote about the same time:

"His character was one that was well suited to earn admiration and respect. His earnest and yet unaggressive religious feelings; his sincere patriotism joined to wider sympathies; his literary tastes which did not interfere with professional work—all tended to make him stand out above the ordinary narrow-minded and commonplace mass of mankind." And he goes on to speak of "days at Glenaveena (the Judge's delightful country home on Howth Head), which left on my mind the memory of a great example of both moral and intellectual elevation."

I have heard men who knew him intimately, keen judges of character, declare that John O'Hagan was the best man they had ever known.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Miss Honora Desmond was very proud of her arched foot, her little ears, and her long slender hand because those features of hers were especially patrician.

The people shook their heads over Honora's pride, calling her by her name behind her back as only the most vulgar had ever presumed to before her face. By and bye it would be "ould Honora"; but though Miss Desmond would never see thirty-eight again there was something of youth and grace about her that forbade the adjective which would have been so cruel as applied to her.

Honora was still a very pretty woman. Milky skin with a few golden freckles on it, dark blue eyes, bronze-colored hair with a ripple where it was drawn back from the temples. Fine haughty little features and a stately carriage. These had often made the sympathetic stranger curious over the post-mistress of Corlafin; for Honora filled this not very magnificent position.

The peasants, to give them their due, admitted that Honora had a right to hold her head high. Sure everyone knew that she was descended in a straight line without a break from one of the great Munster Fitzgeralds who had lost everything in the Desmond rebellion. Only the ill-natured ventured to say that Honora's grand-

mother had sung and sold ballads in the streets of Cork. What if she had then? She wasn't the first lady who had come low in the world, aye and died in that terrible place, the poor-house, for the matter of that.

Yet for all her pride Honora was not one to swing uncomfortably between heaven and earth. She had no hankerings after fine society. The only resident gentry within miles were Sir John Moffat and his lady, a prosy elderly couple without children. Lady Moffat was very fond of Honora and occasionally had her company to tea. Honora was very fond of her in return,—she was the only one who ever called Honora 'my dear,'—and was not elated, always remembering that the first Moffat to take root in Irish soil was a Cromwellian trooper.

None had ever sought Honora's hand in marriage. Some had looked and longed no doubt, for Honora was an inviting morsel of humanity; but there, the people among whom she lived would as soon have thought of aspiring to Lady Moffat's daughter, if she had had one, and would have had about as much chance of an alliance in the one direction as in the other.

Yet Honora was not at all averse from visiting about at the houses of those who in the ordinary course of things would have been her social equals. She liked her tea, and a quiet game of cards at Miss Doran, the shopkeeper's, or Andrew Kerrigan, the farmer's, quite as well as she did her visits to Lady Moffat. But she carried her own atmosphere with her wherever she went, and it was very seldom that anyone was rough or violent in her presence.

'Stuck-up' she might be, but it was only those who had not the natural good-breeding who found her refinement irksome. To her poor neighbors she was very good, and especially in any case of sickness, and more especially in the case of a sick child. Honora's passion was for children. The cry of a child was like a sword in her heart. The laughter of children was the sweetest music in the world.

Many a time when she washed and dressed the child of a poor neighbor, the mother, looking at her from the pillow with admiring helplessness, would murmur,—

"Sure 'tis a thousand pities you haven't got a house full of them."

Perhaps it was a dispensation of Providence in favor of the children of Corlafin that Honora did not have a house full of them. Still, as the women had dimly divined, it was one of the tragedies of life that a born mother like Honora should remain a spinster, while the unworthy and unloving entered into the Kingdom.

Honora's little house was outside the village, with a long narrow grass field sloping up to the door. The field pastured a goat who gave Honora milk for her tea, and afforded a deal of nourishment as well to the children of Corlafin.

The tragic moments of Honora's life were when a careless visitor would leave ajar the little gate that divided the goat's pasture from Honora's little flower and vegetable garden. Then Honora would desert her post of duty and fly to the rescue of her sweet peas and pinks, and since Nannie had a most elusive way with her it was a task of some difficulty to get her within bounds again, especially if Honora had to do it unaided.

It was a soft summer day strayed into December, and Honora was very busy with her Christmas parcel-post, when Nannie was discovered cropping the wall-flowers and the little winter aconites outside the post-office window. Honora dropped her sealing wax and string and flew to the rescue.

As she rushed through the doorway she nearly collided with a stranger entering.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. "Will you please wait a minute till I drive the goat out of the garden. She will not leave me a single wall-flower."

"Allow me to assist you," said the stranger, turning with her.

He was a tall, lean, dark man and he seemed to move with such a dignified slowness that Honora had very little hope of his proving a useful ally. Indeed, Nannie was very aggravating that day, and it was quite a long time before they succeeded in chasing her out of the garden, and back to her own domain, where Honora secured her by a penitential stake and chain which Nannie had no difficulty in pulling out of the earth when it suited her.

"Oh dear," said Honora as they re-entered the house, "it is half-past three, and the mail car will be here in a second."

"Can I help?" asked the stranger.

His voice had a rich sweetness, and though the English came readily enough to his tongue it was plainly to be seen that it was not his own language.

Honora looked at him and hesitated. The rattle of wheels coming up the hill-side was heard in the quiet air.

"If you would be so very good as to secure this bag for me. There seem so many of them. Dear, dear, who would ever believe there could be so much present-giving in a poor place like this!"

The stranger tied the neck of the bag securely while Honora held it. His long hands were not unlike her own, although they had the masculine strength and size. He watched her while she sealed it, bending over it while the high North light shone as in a mirror on her hair rippled like water. He was ready to tie the next bag for her. They were too busy for conversation, except for the moment when Honora lifted her eyes to his face, and he had a sense of looking into beds of violets. "Have you a letter to post, sir?" she asked him. "No," he said, "I came here to obtain some information if I could."

The foot of the mail-car driver was heard crunching the gravel outside.

"Please step inside and wait till I can speak to you," said Honora, hastily indicating a door by her side. Perhaps she had a sudden thought that the presence of the stranger behind, and not in front, of the little counter, might seem to need explanation.

He passed within the little parlor. A handful of fire burned in the grate. One little window looked down the hill and to a distance which the mild sun and diamond haze had turned to the gates of Heaven. The other looked on a flower and vegetable and fruit garden, which in summer had an undue preponderance of flowers, thought the neighbors.

Over the chimney-piece was a very old engraving of a gentleman, long-

faced, aquiline-featured, with a little pointed beard and serious gentle eyes. His hand on his sword-hilt gave him a warlike air despite his eyes and his sensitive mouth. The stranger started when he saw it. He peered closely at the inscription beneath it, which set forth that it represented the Most Excellent Sir James Fitzmaurice.

"So they are not forgotten," he murmured to himself, and then glanced impatiently towards the door the other side of which Honora was still engaged in her official duties.

He looked around the room while one foot tapped the clay floor. A canary on whose cage the sun fell was singing shrill and sweet, stopping now and again between little love-calls as though he waited for an answer, then, none coming, he himself feigned the returning call. He had intuitions of the days before the captivity of his race.

The furniture in the room was very old, but every piece beautiful even while it crumbled. The corner cupboard with its few ancient pieces of glass and china, the old piano with its red satin back to the ceiling, the Sheraton table, the tall old clock in the corner, all had a delightful air of austere beauty. Winter violets grew in a pot on the table, and penetrated the air with their subtle message of spring. On the mantel-shelf were the quaintest ornaments, and a few old daguerrotypes. My Lady Poverty here wore her very sweetest aspect.

But Honora came in at the doorway, colored like a flame, and the naked, beautiful room was all at once transformed. She was wearing a kind of sacque, bunched over a scarlet petticoat. It was a fashion of twenty years ago on the world outside Corlafin, but it recalled a greater age. The lady of Sir James Fitzmaurice might have worn her stately garments somewhat after the same fashion.

"Now, sir," said Honora, briskly. "How can I help you?"

The stranger bowed profoundly.

"I have come from Spain," he said. Why he had the very eyes and beard of Don Quixote! "Three hundred years ago my people left this place. Spain has owned us for so long. Ah, yes, wherever the history of Spain is written there is always one of us on the page. But the race dwindles. There is only now myself, Miguel y Fitzmaurice, and my children, little ones. Something impelled me to come back and see if here in the cradle of my race I might discover some of my kin."

Honora went quite pale with excitement.

"Don Miguel," she said. By sheer accident she had given him his proper title, "Don Miguel, I think we must be cousins. I am Honora Desmond, and I too am alone in the world."

"Ah," he said, "I commended myself to St. James of Compostella before I started. How well he has guided me, dear Saint. Allow me to kiss your hands, my cousin."

He took the two work-worn, yet beautiful hands in his, and imprinted the most reverent of kisses upon them. Honora smiled and blushed. It did not occur to her to think that he had not noticed the poverty of her surroundings, the humility of her position.

"And you are alone, dear friend," he said, leading her to a chair as though he took her out in some state-

ly dance. "Alone, as I am, except for the little ones. How does it come that you are alone?"

"My mother died ten years ago. I was the only child. She was the only child of the Lady Fitzwalter of Desmond." This was the ballad-singing lady. "Since we had become poor we gave up using the title. Ah!"

There was a tapping as with a penny on the little counter outside, and with a murmur of apology Honora left him. Someone required a penny stamp, a very young lady apparently who having made the enormous purchase was inclined to give the post-mistress the history of all the family of nine, younger than herself.

While Honora was gently releasing herself her newly-found relation in the inner room was fretting and fuming, muttering rolling words between his teeth for which may St. James of Compostella obtain him forgiveness.

At last she came in, sparkling and smiling.

"It was a little child," she said. "She wanted to tell me about the others. I have nursed most of them through their little illnesses."

"But you should not have to obey when they come knocking, knocking," he said gloomily. "You are a Fitzmaurice of Desmond."

"I had to do it to live," she said.

His eyes leaped at her. Then he averted them as though he had placed a strong control on himself.

"My wife," he said, "Donna Mercedes has been dead these three years. She prayed when she was dying that St. James might send me a good wife, a good mother to her children."

"Ah! You have children. What a comfort that must be!"

"Yes, they help. But even with them it is lonely. I have their picture, if you would wish to see them.

He took from his pocket a little case and opened the lid. There was the wife, a handsome, smooth-skinned Spaniard, ripe as a ripe peach.

Honora glanced at her, and then touched the glass above the pictured face as though she caressed the living. Then she looked at the children side by side, two little boys with close-cropped black heads and round black eyes, and a baby in a white frock on the lap of a be-ribboned Spanish nurse.

"Ah!" she sighed, "how hard for her to leave them!"

Again she touched the glass on the pictured face of the dead woman, tenderly, but her eyes traveled on to the children and were hungry.

"I have never seen anyone since, till I saw you, to whom I would give Mercedes' children in trust. You, alas, dear friend, if you were not so young and beautiful you might rule my house. As it is, the conventions forbid it."

"Young and beautiful!" Honora lifted her hand to the wave of her hair, and laughed, and blushed. "Where are your eyes, Don Miguel? I am nearly forty, and there are grey hairs in my head."

"I do not see them," said Don Miguel, looking at her seriously. "And if they were there they would but make you more beautiful. Ah, yes, you are beautiful, very beautiful to a Spaniard, who is not accustomed to golden beauty like yours."

Honora's hand still held the case with the portraits. Her eyes went back to the little faces. Alas, the woman who had had to leave them! Was it because they were of her kin

that she yearned over them even more than she was used to do with children?

"I am commended to a gentleman here, Sir John Moffat, but have lodged myself meanwhile at the inn in your town. I shall make a little stay, I think, now that I have found you, my cousin. There is so much to see, their castles, their abbeys, the graves that hold their precious dust. I want to carry it all back to Spain in my heart."

"They are not likely to be forgotten,' said Honora. "Their castles are on every crag, and Time deals gently with them."

A day or two later Don Miguel y Fitzmaurice transferred his belongings from the Desmond Arms to Sir John Moffat's house.

Such a devout pilgrim never was to the shrines of his ancestors. His piety towards his race extended to the living as well as the dead, for it was plainly to be seen that from the very beginning he thought Honora Desmond peerless among women.

At first he had not so much of her society as he desired. Her official duties claimed her, to his deep indignation. Then there came a day when a pallid young woman from Dublin arrived to take Honora's place and learn the duties of the position.

Corlafin was rather perturbed by it. It was not accustomed to changes, but gradually it leaked out that Honora was to accompany the Spanish gentleman to Seville to look after his children.

"You'll like your new place, Miss Honora," said one of the gossips a little curiously. Miss Desmond, who had never confided in Corlafin, seemed likely to leave it without sharing her thoughts with it any more than she had done during her reserved life there. "It's the grand wages they'll be giving you to make it worth your while to go from the post-office."

Honora dimpled delightfully.

"'Tis the grand wages, Mary Shea," she repeated. "Grander wages than I ever looked to get in all my life."

"Still it wouldn't be them that 'ud be takin' you out of it." Mary Shea's curiosity was yet unslaked. "Of course you're goin' to your own people in a manner o' speakin', yet 'tis a new place after all an' you've been in Corlafin all your days, an' the post-office is a terrible stirrin' place. Maybe 'tis the childher is takin' you?"

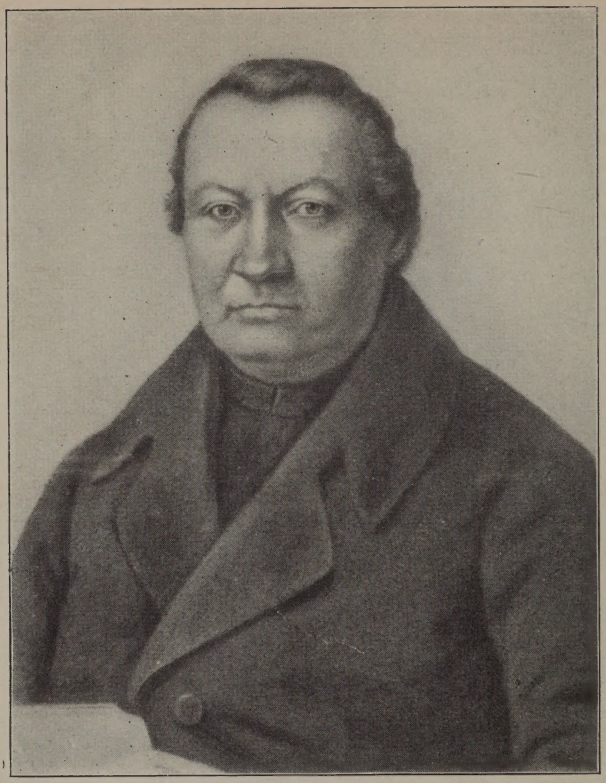
"I thought at first it was, Mary," replied Honora enigmatically, "but after all it was the wages. The wages were something I couldn't do without."

"See that now, an' you a single woman too, with none but your self to support, Miss Honora," said the gossip, rather scandalized.

A little later the news came to Corlafin that Miss Desmond had married Don Miguel, Mary Shea shook her head over her own dullness.

"Sure 'twas a different kind o' wages altogether was in our minds," she said. "I can see now 'twas the fondness the Don had for her she was thinkin' about. They say that he thinks there was never the like of her for beauty for all that she's but five years younger thin my own mother. An' 'tis the grand lady she is with a castle in Spain, an' th' ould Fitzmaurice Castle above that he bought for a weddin' present to her. Yet they say 'twas the thought of havin' the childher to herself drew her first to say yes to him."

IN THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

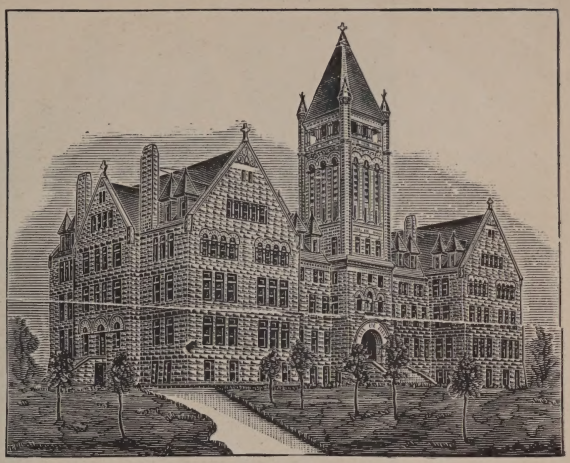


REV. CHARLES NERINCKX.
Founder of the Order of the Sisters of Loretto.

AN AMERICAN GEM ON THE CHURCH'S BROW.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

The foundation of the Order of the Sisters of Loretto, its marvelous growth, and the ever-widening scope of its successful work, is one of the unwritten epics of the past century. From a rude log house, on the Kentucky frontier, with its three young teachers and a handful of backwoods pupils, it has developed into a religious organization as enduring as Time itself, dotting the land with its institutions from the Ohio River to the Pacific Slope, and bestowing the blessing of education upon thousands of children of various creeds and races. The dawn of the memorable year of 1812 witnessed the birth of the Lorettines, the first American order for women and, at the close of the century the only one. Not that the Republic has been unfavorable to religious institutions The number of various Sisterhoods scattered throughout the land attest the contrary; but their Old World origin, or their derivation or later affiliation with foreign orders, leaves



LORETTO HEIGHTS ACADEMY.
Colorado.

the Lorettines alone in their claim of that proud distinction. Their foundresses were descendants of men who had helped the Thirteen Colonies to wrest their independence from English rule; and when the saintly Father Nerinckx, who, from the beginning was associated with them in their heaven-inspired work, seeing their feebleness and fearful of failure, suggested an union with one of the strong European houses they said, "No." Their Order should be primarily and ever American, or it should cease to be. We who knew the history of the foundation of this Sisterhood — and what American does not know it, and has not felt his heart thrill at its story of womanly heroism! — can easily imagine how tempting the thought of affiliation with an old, well established congregation must have been to this new-born association, struggling for existence on the edge of civilization, misunderstood by those whom it sought to benefit, surrounded by dangers and discouragements, with no friends but a few missionary clergymen as poor as itself, and the prospect of possible failure before it. But the Sisters turned resolutely from the offer of assistance and security from an European Mother-House, and heroically continued their work of building up, on the wild frontier, a religious Order which, American in its birth, should remain American throughout all its existence. How well they succeeded a glance, necessarily brief, at their past and present will show.

In 1824, the two-roomed log house in which Mary Rhodes, Christina Stuart, and Nancy Havern began their work, had given place to a commodious convent and church, which were adorned with treasures of art that had been brought from Europe to this Western sanctuary by its priestly founder, and his ordinary, the holy Bishop Flaget. The community of three had likewise grown, and numbered among its members representatives of the foremost families of the South and East. It was then decided to remove Loretto to St. Stephen's Farm, the home of Father Baden, the first priest ordained in the United States. A convent and school, suitable to the ever-increasing work of the institution, were erected, but a few years later, these were destroyed by fire. The loss was severe, but more to be deplored was the destruction of their paintings, many of which were masterpieces, and the library which Father Nerinckx had established with the wisdom of a scholar. Of books and

SISTER GENEROSE MATTINGLY,

who died at Loretto in 1899, in the ninety-third year of her age, and the seventy-sixth of her religious profession. She was the last novice to receive the habit from Father Nerinckx, and the first nun in the United States to celebrate the diamond jubilee of her profession. On the occasion, she received the congratulations of Pope Leo XIII.

paintings, fortunately some were saved, and these, representing as they do but a remnant of Loretta's early wealth, still give the Kentucky convent a valuable collection. Undaunted by disaster, the Sisters immediately began to re-build, and soon another, better house threw open its doors to the teachers and their pupils. This building, which is now used as a novitiate, soon failed to meet the demands made upon it, and the foundation of a convent was begun. It adjoins the church, which at the same time was remodeled and enlarged. The chain of buildings was completed in 1887, when the handsome academy was finished. On this latest structure no expense was spared. In architectural design it is noble and reposeful, harmonizing with the great sweep of country from which it, and its surrounding cluster of buildings, rise. The first glimpse of the interior suggests a Kentucky mansion, with its friendly hall, long parlors softly carpeted, walls adorned with fine paintings, and easy chairs that are inviting. But once the intersecting hall is crossed, the suggestion is lost, and study hall and class

rooms are eloquent of the school. On the stage of the exhibition hall is an object to hold the visitor's interest, the organ which was brought from Europe nearly a century ago by Bishop Flaget for his cathedral, then at Bardstown, and which, years afterwards, was given to the convent. On the second floor are the large library and interesting museum. Its complete equipment, its situation in a healthful and beautiful country, and the well-deserved reputation of the Sisters of Loretto as teachers in all branches of Art and Science, make this convent an ideal school for young girls. Its advantages have ever been recognized, and numerous as are our educational institutions, Loretto's patronage is not diminishing, and in the past scholastic year, her historic roof sheltered pupils from various parts of the United States, Mexico, and Central America. This wide recognition is deserved by Loretto. Speaking of this notable academy, in his "History of Higher Education in Kentucky," Professor Lewis, Professor of History in the University of Arkansas, says: "Loretto enjoys the honor of being the first institution for the higher education of women established in the Mississippi Valley, with a continuous history to the present time."

Scarcely had the foundation of the new Order become known, than the Superioress was asked to open schools in the adjoining villages. It was impossible for the little community to answer all these calls, but within a few years schools had been established at Bethlehem, Calvary, Pottinger's Creek and elsewhere, nearly all of which still exist and flourish. The work being accomplished by the new Order in its native State was attracting widespread attention, and soon they were invited to the old Catholic city of St. Louis. This was the beginning of their labor beyond the confines of Kentucky. They were called farther and farther on, until it can truthfully be said that the Sisters of Loretto established Christianity and education in the West. They were never deterred from answering a call because of attendant dangers and hardships. In fact, the more difficulties connected with the mission, the more candidates were there for it. Where others feared to go, they went unhesitatingly. It was enough for them to know that God's work was to be done, and though death threatened they were undismayed. This is amply attested by the religious history of the West. When that intrepid Jesuit missionary, Father Shoemaker, sought, in 1847, for Sisters to take charge of his school for Indian girls in the Osage Mission, he tells us that in vain he "knocked at all the religious houses in St. Louis, none of the inmates could be found willing to come out to the wilds of Kansas." When his request was made to the Mother House of the Lorettines in Kentucky, a ready response was given, and five Sisters were sent on that perilous mission. Archbishop Salpointe, in his "Soldiers of the Cross," relates that when Bishop Lamy was returning, in 1852, from the Provincial Council of Baltimore, he sought to find some Sisters who would take charge of a school in his poor Vicariate. He applied to the Sisters of Loretto. He explained the dangers of the mission, the poverty of his people, the difficulties, trials and hardships awaiting any religious community

coming, at that time, to his diocese; but the gloomy picture he drew of the future only made the Sisters more anxious to go. Six of the community were chosen to accompany the Archbishop to New Mexico. There were no railways nor other traveling facilities in those days, and after leaving the steamboat, on which their Superioress had died from cholera, they crossed the great plains in wagons. Here they were attacked by Indians, and with diminished number they reached Santa Fe, to find themselves confronted by undreamed of hardships. Did they hesitate or draw back? Today magnificent schools and academies, conducted by the Loretto Sisters, are crowded with pupils throughout the Southwest. Others followed on the way they blazoned forth and Catholic Christianity, with its manifold blessings, flourished in that land. When the heroic Father Machebeuf, first Bishop of Colorado, in 1864 asked the Loretto Sisters to open a school in the growing town of Denver, "a band of a few noble women," write the Rev. Authors of the 'History of the Catholic Church in Colorado,' "hearkened to his call and in humble beginnings they planted the seed which has grown to the proportions of a magnificent and stately educational institution called St. Mary's Academy, on California street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets." Since that was written, the Academy of Loretto Heights, in the suburbs of Denver, has been erected. It stands on an eminence which commands a good view of that magnificent scenery, is of red granite, finely finished and equipped with all modern conveniences. Such is the architectural beauty and surrounding splendor of the academy, that on visiting it, Cardinal Satolli declared that no prince of Europe had a palace to surpass Loretto Heights. And it is but one of the Lorettines' many fine academies which are to be found throughout Kentucky, the South and West. Their efforts, however, are not all expended upon these private institutions of learning. They have charge of parochial schools which they bring to such a high degree of excellence tnat the demand for these teachers is in excess of the supply. They are employed in public schools where the superiority of their work is universally acknowledged. In the South they have schools for the Negro, and since 1848, when Mother Bridget Halvey, whose memory is loved and reverenced through the length and breadth of Kansas, took charge of the Osage Mission, the Loretto Sisters have been engaged in the education and moral uplifting of the Indian. Their schools for this race, notwithstanding the withdrawal of Government aid, still flourish, and every nerve is being strained to continue their existence. What the future of the Indian will be we cannot determine; but amidst hardships, privations and sufferings which no human pen has ever recorded, the Sisters of Loretto laid the foundation of his civilization. Hitherto the South and West have been the scene of the Lorettines' work. The need there was more urgent, the opportunities greater, and though they received frequent invitations from the East they were unable to accept them, until last year when they took charge of a school in eastern Ohio.

If we look for the secret of this Order's remarkable success, we find that,

under Providence, it is due to their devotion to the cause of education, and their vigilance and enterprise in its service. The need of education in a little pioneer settlement called it into being; the need of education in a great and neglected country sent its daughters to the extremes of the South and West, and this same, ever-growing need will ultimately circle the earth with their schools and academies. It has been said that the pioneer of civilization was unequal to cope with the civilization for which he had opened the way; but this does not hold true of these pioneers of Christian education. Not only have the Sisters of Loretto been in the advance materially, but also intellectually. The nation's spirit of progress toward what is best and highest animates this Order of American Sisters. They realize that what sufficed for the school of yesterday will not answer the educational purpose of today. Vigilance and advancement characterize them in the pursuit of their noble calling. At the Mother House, at Loretto, Kentucky, is a Normal School where the Sisters, after their reception into the Order, pursue a five years' course of study. It is understood that these ladies, at entering, are well educated, many of them being graduates from the Sisters' own, and other academies. To further widen their knowledge of their profession, and improve by every possible means this training school of the Order, its teachers are permitted to attend special courses at noted Universities, while at gatherings of educators it is not unusual to see the sombre-garbed Sisters of Loretto. The result of this laudable endeavor to bring their Normal School to the highest point of excellence is that when the Sisters of Loretto are placed in charge of schools. private, public or parochial, they are thoroughly competent to fill their positions, with benefit to their pupils and credit to their great educational Order.

And yet this grand devotion to the cause of education, this tireless effort to perfect themselves in their profession, their unequalled success in establishing schools and academies and conducting them along lines that render them a credit to Church and country,—all this would weigh but lightly in the Great Scales if it were not prompted and sustained by worthy motives. Futile as the building of a house upon the sand would be Loretto's educational life of nearly a century if over it were not shed the light of faith in, and love for, Him from Whom all knowledge flows. That light burned in the log hut where three young girls, in the dawn of the past century, gave their lives to God in the service of their fellow creature; it flashed over the painful path that led their spiritual daughters, years afterward, over lofty mountain tops and leagues of desert plain, and, at the close of nearly a hundred years, it glows with undiminished brightness over Loretto's cross-tipped belfries, from the lowly adobe school, on the edge of the nation, to the stately Mother House, among the long Kentucky fields.

THE PRAIRIE CROSS.

BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

When the territory of Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement, those who penetrated to a distance of fifty miles south of the Kansas line and about midway between the eastern and western lines of the new territory, were astonished to see standing out upon the plains a solid cross of stone. It was composed of three pieces of sandstone hauled from a quarry many miles distant, for there are no stones in that part of the country.

In appearance it was almost a Greek cross, as the head piece and two arms were nearly the same length as the upright. But it was only apparently so. As originally erected it had been a Roman cross. But the base had been set deep in the earth, and the drifting sand-like soil of that country had gathered around the rude emblem of Christianity until it had become shortened a foot or two more.

When the wild run was made into Oklahoma the settlers wondered much about this monument upon the prairies. Some thought it must be the work of surveyors. But this it was not, and many were the conjectures concerning it until one man, more curious than the rest, scraped away the earth from around the base and there found, cut in rude letters, the two words so dear to Catholic hearts, "Ave Maria."

Then it was decided that the cross was a relic of ancient times, erected by the Spaniards from Mexico on their historic journey up to Quivera in quest of the seven cities of Cibola.

But this was not correct either.

. . . . . .

All around was boundless prairie land, without a house, a tree, a rock in sight to relieve the beautiful monotony of the view. Nothing but gently undulating grass-covered ground as far as the eye could reach. The sun was slowly mounting toward the zenith and as he passed along his majestic highway through the heavens scattering clouds flitted vagrantly between him and the flower-studded plains over which he was casting his rays.

A horseback rider was following a faintly beaten trail across the green field. Like a thread, it could be discerned for miles away, curving in and out through the tall grass until it faded into the southern horizon. The grass grew up to the very edge of the track and now and then brushed the rider's legs as his horse ambled from one side of the trail to the other in animal hope of varying the monotony of a journey which seemed never ending and always the same.

The grass was tall, and, as the gentle breeze swept upward from the regions of the Gulf, it gently bowed its head, imparting to the whole plain the waving motion of an untroubled land-locked bay. The clouds, too, which were passing before the sun and casting their shifting shadows upon the bending grass, added still more to the likeness of the restless sea.

There was a beauty in this free, boundless prairie which has left it since the advent of man.

As he rode along, Paul Lindgren noted that this inland sea of grass had other beauties than that of motion.

Now and then he came to a gently rising swell of land where acre upon acre of untouched, virgin soil was studded with myriads of bright-hued flowers, set in living, moving emerald, and again he dipped down into a valley, or "slough," rich with rank grass and bright with delicately-tinted lilies.

The sun continued his march across the sky towards his western gates, through which he would pass to other lands on the other side of the globe, and Paul's horse began to cast long shadows to the eastward. To the southwest the rider saw a fringe of trees along the horizon, miles away, and pushed his horse towards it, for he knew that in this country trees meant water. Reaching the little, half dried-up stream, he picketed his horse to feed upon the rich grass, while he refreshed himself from a knapsack which he carried strapped to his saddle. An hour's rest and he continued his journey, following the stream downward deeper into the Indian territory.

An hour or more before dusk he saw in the dim distance a dusky mass, which, at first, he mistook for a cloudy horizon. But as he traveled on it grew and grew into more and more distinctness of outline until at last he recognized it as an immense herd of cattle. Then the lonely traveler knew that human companionship was near at hand and rode straight for the dusky sky line.

He reached it just at dark, and there found a temporary camp of cowboys, who lived half the year without seeing the face of any but their own companions, save when a chance traveler, like Paul, wandered their way. And these travelers were few, for the land still belonged to the Indians.

When Paul alighted the cowboys noticed that he looked very carefully after the placing of a long box about the size, and somewhat the shape, of a baby's coffin, which he had carried securely fastened to the back of his saddle. Nothing was said at the time, for curiosity is not cultivated as a polite acquirement on the cattle range; but after a supper of fried bacon and flapjacks, a delicious mixture of flour and water fried in a skillet, Lon Miller, the leader, and, perhaps, the toughest of the camp, strolled over to where the stranger was sitting and lifting the box from the ground beside him, weighed it carefully in his hand, and point blank expressed a desire to know what was in it, if the stranger had no reason for keeping it a secret.

"A violin," the traveler replied, eyeing the case jealously, as if afraid the rough handling of the cowboy might injure it.

"A fiddle!" the latter exclaimed in surprise. "Can you play the thing?"

"A little."

"Here, boys," shouted Miller. "Here's fun for tonight anyhow. The little fellow has a fiddle and can play on it." Then to the stranger, "Come, give us a tune."

The little fiddler did so, and, seated on the ground by the dying embers of the camp fire, beneath the eternal stars and surrounded by the dense loneliness of the boundless prairies, he played over the marches, the waltzes, the polkas and the old familiar songs of his limited repertoire. As he played, his listeners applauded, each in his own fashion, and at the waltz or the polka, one or two arose and essayed a few fancy steps upon the grass, with feet long since grown rusty from disuse.

At last the musician, having ex-

hausted all his lively music and old, familiar airs, and still being importuned by the cowboys for more, drew a preliminary flourish of his bow across the strings, and struck the first notes of Gounod's masterpiece, the "Ave Maria."

There were some in the circle of cowboys who had never heard this great, soul-stirring hymn, but even they were thrilled with its plaintive, wailing cry. A solemn feeling stole over the little group out upon the prairies underneath the stars, and no one spoke. The player played on as if wrapped in his theme and forgetful of his surroundings, drawing out the rich melodies of this rare, devotional hymn, and the prayer to the Virgin floated outward over the plains:

"HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE, THE LORD IS WITH THEE, BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB, JESUS."

There was not a man in the group whose heart was not touched by the pathos and almost unearthly beauty of the song, but to some the solemn strains appealed even more deeply, and brought up memories which had been slumbering for years.

When the last note of the "Amen," died away, no one spoke for a moment, and Lon Miller was the first to break the silence. He had been furtively drawing his sleeve across his eyes.

"Boys," he said in a more subdued tone than his comrades had ever heard him use, "you all know me pretty well, and that I have been as tough as any man on the range."

The cowboys maintained a discreet silence, neither confirming nor denying the statement. It was not considered "good form" to do so, and sometimes it had provoked an argument with guns when one so far forgot himself as to assent or dissent when a cowpuncher was speaking of his own wickedness.

"But this song has touched me as nothing has for years—almost since I was a kid at home and—and—" (here he almost broke down. Cowboys are not wont to confess sentiment, however much they may glory in lauding evil.) "and it makes me feel about as low down and good-for-nothing as a man can feel."

"For it set me to thinking of days of long ago, when I was a kid at home in the east. I was raised all right, whatever I am now. We went to Mass—that's church, you know—every Sunday, and Bessie, that's my sister, sang in the choir. One Easter, the last one before I left home for this cow-punching job, we had a glorious service. I forget what Mass it was they sang, but it was a fine one, and the altar was covered with candles and flowers. But that has nothing to do with my story. When the offertory came, that Easter morning, Bessie stood up in the organ loft and sang this "Ave Maria" the stranger has just played.

"My God! I can see it and hear it all over again! That little stone church and the altar and the music, but especially the music of this hymn. I would give everything I hope for in this life to go back to that church and that day. It isn't so very far back, either, but the way I have traveled is long, very long."

The cowboy paused. One man busied himself kicking the chunks of half-charred wood into the fire; another found something to do among the pots and tin plates; while a third silently slipped out to see that the

cattle were quiet, although no one dared go near them except on horseback.

Paul Lindgren had been engaged putting his violin back into its case, and while doing so his hand touched a letter which he had placed in it for safe keeping. Coming back to the silent group around the fire, he turned to Miller and said:

"Your name is Miller, isn't it?"

"Yes," the person addressed growled out. "What of it?"

"Miller, of Cross K ranche?"

"Keerect."

"Then I believe I have a letter for you. It was given me in Caldwell by the boss, who said I might find you on the range, and if not to give it to some of the boys who would send it to you. Here it is."

The cowboy took the letter, looked at it a moment, and then with the comment, "It's from home, boys," opened it. A moment later they heard him exclaim underneath his breath, "Good God! Little Bessie's dead!"

They were a set of rough, profane cow-punchers. Yet, one by one, perhaps with thoughts of home in their own breasts, they silently withdrew and left their companion alone with his grief by the dying embers of the camp fire.

And the cold stars continued their stately march across the sky.

. . . . . .

The next morning Lon Miller secured leave of absence and rode away in the direction of the nearest town. When he returned, he was followed a day later by a wagon hauling three stones of unequal length for the purchase of which he had emptied his pocket while away.

The longest piece he planted in the ground at the spot where they had listened to the "Ave Maria," a few evenings before. The second longest piece he laid across the top and the third, a short, almost square block, formed the head or top of a cross. Then with his knife he rudely carved upon the base the words: "Ave Maria."

THE PROBATION SYSTEM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY JNO. J. MCDONOUGH.

The system now in vogue in Massachusetts, leaving it discretionary with the presiding justice to place persons convicted of a violation of the law in charge of the probation officer of the court for a definite or indefinite period,—instead of ordering them to pay a fine and to stand committed until it is paid, or of sentencing them directly to a term of imprisonment as a punishment for their offense,—is constantly calling forth inquiries from domestic and foreign states in regard to the working of the probation system in this commonwealth.

The question-box, as it were, in which these inquiries are placed, is the International Prison Commission, the president of which is Jules Rickl De Bellye of the Department of Justice, Budapest, Hungary, and on which commission Hon. Samuel J.

Barrows of Massachusetts is the representative of the United States. This international board has recently asked several of the justices of Massachusetts courts this question,—"What is your opinion as to the practical value of probation as an established feature of a judicial system?"

An answer to this question is of interest to the general public, as well as to those who are engaged in trying to solve the intricate problem of the best reform-producing method of justly applying and administering criminal law. After an experience of eight years in applying the Massachusetts probation law the writer is of opinion that the practical value of probation as an established feature of a judicial system is almost priceless, both in the reformation of its unfortunate subjects, and because of the great hardships and sufferings which it wards off from those who are dependent for their support upon persons placed on probation. In at least seventy per cent of the cases in which it is tried the probation law is productive of good and lasting results. Under this law in Massachusetts all persons convicted of misdemeanors,—and sometimes persons convicted of felonies,—may be placed on probation by the inferior courts. As a rule, in the court presided over by the writer, every person under seventeen years of age convicted for the first time of any offense is placed on probation; and in the practice of that court adults who have families dependent upon them for support, and whose wives and children would be the real sufferers if the prisoners were obliged to pay a fine or serve a term of imprisonment, are especially deemed proper subjects for probation.

There are relapses, it is true, among those to whom the benefits of probation are given; they sometimes return to their evil ways during the probationary period of from four to six months and sometimes after the expiration of that period, but these cases of backsliding constitute only a very small minority of the total number placed on probation, and so far as the writer can learn from actual experience in court and from hearsay out of court, he believes that the vast majority of persons placed on probation persevere in thereafter leading a law-abiding life. This result is due primarily, perhaps, to the fact that the probation system appeals to the manhood and the womanhood of its subjects; their conduct while on probation is a matter of honor with them; their promise, to the court and to the probation officer, of an honorable life is made ever-present to them by their weekly visits and reports to the probation officer and by that officer's constant oversight of them, sometimes emphasized by his unexpectedly calling on them at their work or at their homes; when the term of their probation expires the wards of the probation officer seem to appreciate that right-living is better than wrong-doing; this conviction finds expression in a strengthened will-power exemplified in their daily actions until it becomes a wholesome habit,—a second nature with them, and as far as the writer knows whatever temptations cross their path they successfully resist them and continue obedient to their law-abiding rule of life.

It would be a false contention to argue that probation makes angels of men; they still continue human, and like the just man they may fall seven times a day, but the fact remains that

if they do fall it is not in such a way or in such a place as to have the powerful arm of the law bring them into court for a violation of the statutes.

The Massachusetts probation law is a benefit not only to its unfortunate subjects themselves, but also to their families and to the community at large, and the writer believes that it is financially a saving to the city, the county and the commonwealth, so that from the material point of view as well as the moral aspect of affairs it is of almost inestimable practical value as a feature of a judicial system. So well has probation worked in Massachusetts that within a comparatively recent period the appointment of probation officers for the Superior Court has been made compulsory, and in many cases the Superior Court now places on probation those persons, who,—in the first instance because of the gravity of the offense with which they were charged,—were beyond the final jurisdiction of the lower court.

Given sound judicial discretion on the bench, and an active, wide-awake, tactful probation officer who knows the rough and seamy side of life, as well as its fair side, and who understands the good and bad qualities of human nature and the environment of the persons with whom he has to deal, —and there is nothing in the administration of criminal law that in any way approaches in lasting reformative results the probation system that now obtains in this commonwealth.

To repeal the probation law and abolish the probation system in Massachusetts would be stupid, unjustifiable,—almost criminal retrogression: to establish the probation system in a state or country that is now without it would be conservative, intelligent, merciful Twentieth-century-progress,—for

"Earthly power doth then show likest
God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

WAS THERE WARFARE IN THE GARDEN?

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Was there warfare in the garden?
A sweet rose-spill and fair
Above the martyred pansies
Is lingering in the air.
Did the sunflow'r but remaining,
Like an Indian feathered bright
Use his tomahawk secreted
In the dead and dark of night.

THE DUKE'S MOTTO.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

On the borders of an unknown land many strange things happen, and halfway up a high hill, dwelt the donkey Lupino and the lad Giovanni.

Now, it may seem queer to speak of the animal first, but as Lupino was two years older than his master, and as he owned the brains of the family, the reasons are plain. Moreover, but for Lupino there would have been no story.

When one has said that Lupino was a good little donkey and very wise, one has said much, but not all. He had a great gift given him by the Spirit of Lupins, and here it may be explained that since from his bambino-hood the donkey had carried baskets of lupins,—and nothing but lupins to the market-square in the city below,—Lupino he had been to his late master, and Pino he was to the lad Giovanni. Unlike the stubborn little mules of the neighboring castello, Pino never had been known to kick. Patiently had he borne the heavy baskets, without spilling so much as a lupin, so that none was lost, and none was trodden underfoot. He had, also, a peculiar fondness for the lupins themselves, and when happily cropping the short, juicy grass, or munching his usual allowance of carrots, he would gaze dreamily over the long stretch of the lupin-field on the hillside, and blink tenderly at the delicate blossoms and fan-like leaves, or nod cheerfully to the ripening pods, as much as to say,—

"That is well. Ripen quickly, O Lupins, and ere long you and I shall go a pleasant journey."

"Lupino loves us," murmured the Spirit of Lupins, "and, therefore, at each Ascension-tide, Lupino shall have the power to speak."

Pino nodded his head at the sound, but to Giovanni standing near with Padre Pietro, it was as though a soft breath whispered in the lupin-field.

That had happened when Giovanni was but a small lad, and now he had seen nine harvests of lupins. Old Padre Pietro had gone to rest beneath the blue lilies, and the two were alone in the world.

Ascension-tide approached. In his door-way, day by day, sat Giovanni working busily with his knife and bits of wood, and when, one afternoon, he had laid aside his task, twenty-six little cages stood in rows on a bench inside his door. Then he stretched his arms and embraced his long-eared friend.

"Ah, Pino," said he, "thou and I must not starve, and on the morrow which thou knowest to be the blessed Ascension Day, we must go to the Mercato with a different burden, and one thou'llt be rejoiced to carry because of its lightness." Pino blinked.

The next morning, Giovanni was up, and out-of-doors earlier than usual, and in a short time twenty-six black, shiny crickets bobbed about inside of the wooden cages, Pino nodding approval. After a bit of breakfast, the two started down the hillside, while the younger crickets hopped about wildly in much fear at the performance; but the older ones danced in high glee, for were they not going into the great city to be sold as Ascen-

sion crickets, and had they not been training their voices all along for this occasion! A few of the bolder even piped up to make sure they had not lost their voices in their pleasurable excitement.

The way led downward past Duke Parezzo's vineyards, and, at the foot of the hill, followed a small stream of water for a short distance toward the city. Then, the stream went off in another direction, and left the road to pursue its way alone to the homes of man, "For," said the stream, "the broad, sunny fields are more to my taste than are the narrow streets of the city, and here I am free to do as I please, while there I could be but a slave to man." Many beautiful flowers and graceful trees, numberless insects and birds nodded, whispered, and sung that the stream was right.

At the turning away of the brook, Pino and Giovanni paused. Both drank deeply of the refreshing water, and for a few moments, watched the hurrying current and wished it a good journey. Then Pino did what he never had been known to do before,—he spoke!

"My little master," said he, and Giovanni jumped as though Padre Pietro had come suddenly to life before him.

"Do not be frightened," went on Pino, "it is I who thus speak. Five harvests ago was I granted this marvelous power, and never, until now, have I used it, for I like not idle chatter, and at each Ascension Day, having nothing to say, have held my tongue. Now, thy father is dead, and thou needest the advice of a friend. Who, then, can give thee this advice, save Lupino, who hast known thee from a bambino up? Let us haste to the Mercato, dispose of thy crickets, and on the homeward way I shall have much to say to thee. Do not address me in the city, lest we attract unpleasant notice. But when we are again alone, I may speak. One thing more,—do not forget to buy a candle to burn in the little Church of Ogni Santi for thy father's soul."

With a strange awe, Giovanni now led Pino to the Market-square, and he glanced often at his heretofore silent friend, to see if he had changed in any way. But no,—Pino had the same gentle look. His long ears twitched as usual as some buzzing insect pursued; his tail swung back and forth quite naturally, and his countenance expressed the well-known look of placid contentment. However, it was not until they had passed a few market people and reached the first of the familiar buildings of the city, that Giovanni dared breathe easily; but when he had come to his own corner of the Mercato and was jostled by acquaintances and fellow-venders; when he had exchanged a buon giorno with the other lads, Beppo and Philippo, and with old Marietta, the nosegay seller, he was once more himself, and his bright face, enchanting manner, and musical voice brought ready purchasers. In no part of the Mercato could one buy such neatly-made cages or such fat, shiny crickets as at Giovanni's bench, and as even the youngest of his insects had entered into the spirit of the day, and could now control perfectly his plaintive trill,—and furthermore, was proving that he could,—the quattrini chinked merrily in Giovanni's jacket pocket.

"Oh, the Ascension grille," shouted the lad. "A blessing for the Day and many, many joys! See, the merry Ascension grille! One has happiness who buys, and much blessing. Oh,

the Ascension grille!" And now but two cages remained.

"Ah, the Ascension grille will sing. See, the Ascension grille!" And one more cage vanished while a dark, handsome face peered down into the lad's flushed one. A gold piece rung on the bench. "The cricket is for thee, carissima mia," said a deep voice.

The astonished Giovanni caught one glimpse of long curls flowing over a violet velvet gown, a flash of a princely scarlet cloak, and that was all. He stared stupidly at the gold piece, but Pino rubbed his nose against him. "Put it out of sight quickly and say naught," breathed he. "Sell not thy last cage, but put it beneath thy jacket. Say thy devotions at Ogni Santi minding well the candle. Do what thou hast to do speedily."

Without further thought, Giovanni obeyed, yet as in a dream.

Now, they were again at the turn of the stream, and it was scarce noon. Then, spake Lupino:—

"In this world, one finds he cannot go onward forever at a brisk pace. It is often of advantage to take three steps forward, one backward, and a leap into the air. This was the Duke's motto; it has saved thy life and mine also. 'Tis, therefore, time thou didst learn it, for ere the day is gone, thou wilt be a Duke's son. Thou must know that the good Pietro for whom thou hast burned a candle, was never thy father, though he has seemed as such to thee. When thou wast but a little lad, thou and I were romping in the sunny fields of thy father's lands, but, of a sudden, two contadini seized us, one stifling thy cries in his jacket, the other leading me hastily into a wooded place not far distant and out of sight of thy father's servants. Then, slowly, and by stealth, we traveled far away from thy home, nor stopped till we came into the high mountains. There, stood a rude hut half cave, for it seemed built into an opening in the rocks. As our party approached, out came a third fellow, who hailed his friends with the words,—'Hast gotten the Duke's son?'

"'Not only his son,' said the one leading me, 'but also a stout, young beast that may serve our needs.'

"'That is well,' returned the first speaker, and he took thee into the cave-hut and stopped thy cries with a crust of bread.

"When I found they intended thee no harm, I could more calmly eat of the food given me. They had planned to keep thee until the Duke, thy father, offered a large sum of money for thy recovery. And so the days passed. At the end of some weeks, the contadini had not heard any news of a reward, and fearing that they would be caught by the Duke's servants, who would surely be sent to search in every direction, they went back to their own castello, and, not liking to have to explain how they came by a child and a donkey, they stopped at the parting of the ways, placed thee on my back, and left us, looking after us with many a jeer of mockery.

"Never had I been on those roads, nor did I know which way led to the Duke's Villa. But, when the contadini were gone, I minded me of the Duke's motto:—Three steps forward, one backward, and a leap into the air,—and I followed it closely. Thou wert a quiet child and seemed to know that I desired to do the best I could, for thy little arms clung tightly to my neck, so that at the leaps I gave into the air, thou didst not lose thy seat.

"The progress was slow because of the steps backward, but had we gone

straight forward, we would have been too soon at the next crossing of roads, and old Pietro would not have come until after we had gone on. The leaps into the air enabled me to see far ahead and far behind, so that I could tell whether we were to meet new foes or were being pursued by the cruel contadini. As I took the last three steps forward, the last step backward, and the last leap into the air, I Pietro approaching us from the side road.

" 'Surely, here is a friend,' thought I, and it was so, for we could have fallen into no better hands than his. He took us to his own home and, not knowing how to find the Duke again, and seeing thy happiness, I thought it wise to remain where we were. Though often I had it in mind to tell Pietro all, at some Ascension-tide, I could not see him suffer a separation from you whom he loved as his own son; but it is time thou didst know the truth, and all the more so, as it was thy father, the noble Duke Orsino, who threw thee the gold for thy cricket-cage. It was for thy sister, Bettina, he took it. The Duke has bought of his old friend, Duke Parezzo, the Villa to which belongs old Pietro's land. If I mistake not, thy father himself draws nigh."

Giovanni looked down the road, and saw coming toward him that dark, handsome person of the scarlet cloak. By his side rode the little Lady Bettina of the curls and violet velvet. And here, Lupino took matters into his own hands. Placing himself across the path, he began a ridiculous performance. Three steps forward he went, one step backward, and then gave a leap into the air.

"By my head!" exclaimed the Duke riding up; "this is a strange sight."

Then Lupino spoke:

"It is but the carrying out of thy motto, O Duke," said he, and Bettina cried out at the sound of the donkey's voice.

"Do not fear, pretty one," went on Lupino, "it is by these signs thy brother's life was saved," and much to the Duke's astonishment, he told the tale of the stealing of the little Luigi, afterward called Giovanni by the foster-father, and ended his words with an account of the way in which he himself came by his gift of speech.

"If, indeed, thou dost speak the truth, thou art really Blanco, the little donkey," said the Duke. "But before I believe thy tale, show me the inside of thy right hind leg."

The Duke looked, and on the inside of Lupino's right hind leg, burned deeply into the flesh where the hair was so short it could not grow over the scars, he found the emblem he sought,—an imprint of the coat-of-arms of his ancient house.

"Now, verily, good Blanco, I see thou dost not lie," and turning for the first time to Giovanni, he said,

"Welcome, my son, Luigi, thou who wast lost. Thy father receives thee with joy, into that station in life from which thou wast so rudely snatched. For sorrow at thy loss, thy mother mourned herself to death, but thy sister, Bettina, will help me to make thy days happy ones. Great joy hath the cricket brought to us!"

Giovanni stood perplexed until Bettina smiled. Then his doubts vanished, and he and Lupino followed the Duke to the beautiful Villa, both glad to know that no more must they care for themselves, and both content to feel that in the great lonesome world, there were those who loved them.

That evening, two little cricket-

cages stood side by side on the ledge of a window overlooking old Pietro's lupin-field. Two little heads bent together in earnest talk.

"O, Luigi, to think my cricket brought thee to me this day!"

"And, Bettina, to think I was not so foolish as to sell my last one! I might have parted with this joy if I had."

"The crickets were very good to us," replied Bettina, "but they will die in these tiny cages. Let us reward them by letting them go."

Then, two figures stole out into the moonlight, and opened the cage doors.

Long after the children had gone to the Land of Dreams, Lupino stood thinking in his comfortable shed. Not until the next Ascension Day could he speak again, but he was satisfied, for his tale was told. He would be petted to his heart's content. Moreover, he would live always in sight of the dear lupins, for he had heard the Duke give directions that the field should be cared for and set aside to supply his own household.

As for the crickets, they lingered long in the gardens of the Villa, and boasted much of their Ascension-tide experiences. They, too, had learned the Duke's motto, and their descendants likewise, made it their own. For from that day to this, there has been never a cricket of any importance that did not take three steps forward, one backward, and a leap into the air.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

BY AMADEUS.

Because I *must*, from Thee I go;
My work awaits and labors call;
I fain would stay but that I know
Thy blest desire, my God, my All!
Thou wouldst not bid me here to rest
While duty makes demand for me;
Yet, though I go at Thy behest,
My heart I leave, dear Lord, with Thee!

A Friend Thou art beyond all price,—
A Friend, with Whom to live were bliss,
But Love, ofttimes, means sacrifice,
And claims renouncement like to this.
So, go I, Lord, because Thy Will
Ordains the fittest place for me;
Yet, going, I am with Thee still,
Because I leave my heart with Thee!

THE LILIES OF MANUEL.

BY ELIZABETH VORE

Only for an instant had Manuel seen them—and then they had vanished. But that moment had been Paradise. He shrank back in the darkness and rain and covered his face with his hands.

"Jesu! Maria!" he muttered; "death were better!"

The wind from the desert swept the rain over the adjacent hills in a driving mist. In the darkness of the wild night there was but one gleam of brightness—the lighted window of the humble adobe under the eucalyptus trees.

Manuel shuddered; he was drenched to the skin and the wind went through him like a knife. He wondered why his face was hot with the rain upon it. Still shivering he crept to the window and strained his eyes upon that precious square of light. He could see nothing but a shadow upon the wall—the shadow of a woman and a little child—rocking back and forth. Manuel watched it with dim eyes; it came and went—but it was only a shadow.

He fell upon his knees on the drenched ground and stretched out his arms in passionate entreaty.

"Mother of God! Only once!" he whispered; "only once!"

But only the storm and the rustling of the leaves in the wind answered him. The faces he had seen at the window did not return.

For a year Manuel had been a wanderer and an outcast—banished from his home and the love of Rachita. To-night he had looked again upon the faces of his wife and child.

When a man has sown wild oats he expects to reap his harvest. When he has wrought his own doom he makes no moan if he be a man. But when fate has contrived it for him—

It had happened months ago. There had been hot words between Manuel and another man. When it was over unfortunately the other man was dead. Manuel knew that he was innocent. It had been the other who had held the revolver, and Manuel had wrested it from him to protect himself from a drunken brute—but the man was Rachita's brother!

For this had Manuel been banished.

He used to lie under the stars out on the desert and try to remember how it had occurred. But on this one point his mind was a blank. The horror of it had stunned him. He could see Jose rigid, and ghastly with the blood—then he would cover up his eyes and try to forget the end, for the end had been worse than the beginning. Rachita had driven him from her with terrible words, and forbidden him to ever look upon her face again.

It was purely accidental. Manuel knew this—others knew it; there had been no arrest, no one had censured him but Rachita. Yet who could blame her? He was her brother's slayer.

When he could no longer look at the stars he would lie with his face in the sand and stop his ears to shut out the voice of the wind as it marched across the desolate waste of sand, calling: "Rachita! Rachita!"

"Madre de Dias! I want her!" he would sob as a child sobs for its mother.

A year Manuel had dwelt in misery, and now?—He fell to weak sobbing, and staggering unsteadily to his feet, dragged himself away in the darkness.

* * * * *

A crimson disk of fire, across the desert the sun crept. Over the brown hills it cast a flood of glory. On desert and plain it was dawn of the day of rest.

Rachita gathered the waxen lilies she had tended with jealous hands, in the boxes outside her window, and carried them to the little chapel beyond the hill in time for the early Mass. The flush of the morning was in her face, and the wind blew her unbound hair about her shoulders.

The worshippers had not yet arrived. As Rachita passed through the vestibule into the dim church, a man arose out of the shadows, and gazed after her receding figure.

A spray of lilies had fallen as she passed; unconsciously she had trodden upon it, and left it crushed—as she had crushed the heart of Manuel.

He picked up the bruised flowers with shaking fingers ,and pressed them passionately to his lips.

"Adorado mia!" he whispered chokingly.

Had Manuel known that Rachita would come to the chapel for the early Mass?

Hesitatingly as one commiting a sacrilege he drew near the door. Rachita knew not that he was there. Her eyes were bent upon the waxen blossoms in her arms, on their snowy petals her tears glistened.

She approached the altar and, kneeling there, laid her flowers at the feet of the Virgin. Her eyes were lifted in supplication to that tender face; her lips moved silently in prayer.

Manuel, looking in at the door, hung his head and trembled. A great sob shook him.

"I am unfit to look upon her," he murmured, and with halting step he entered the church, and approaching the altar knelt down near her. Rachita's prayer ceased suddenly. Some one was sobbing! She turned in wonder and saw the shabby figure kneeling at her side.

Manuel raised his anguished eyes to her face. He humbly held up the lilies her ruthless foot had crushed.

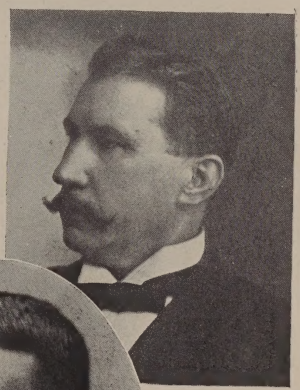
"Carita, wilt thou let me lay these with thy—flowers?" he faltered brokenly. "Am I too sinful to offer them?"

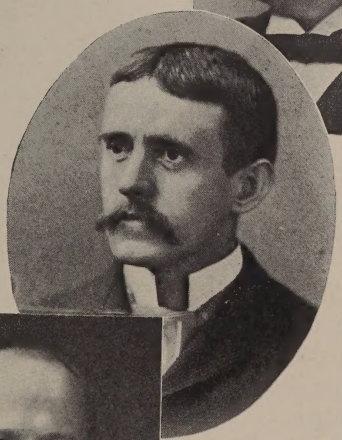
For answer Rachita stretched out compassionate arms, and the fragrance of the lilies, wafted upward, bore with it the holier tribute of pardon and love.

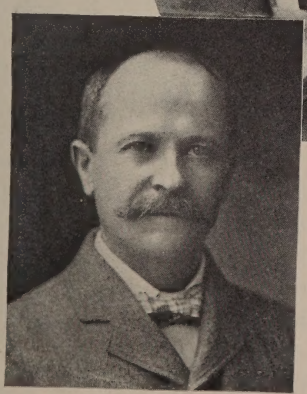
SOME KENTUCKY CATHOLIC LITERATORS.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

Those familiar with the literature of the last twenty years are aware of the revival of letters which has taken place within the South during that time. Shortly after the close of the war a period of literary activity began. In rapid succession Hayne, Laurier, Father Ryan, Theodore O'Hara, Henry Timrod, came to the front, followed by Page, Cable, James Lane Allen, Charles Egbert Craddock, and others. In this revival Father Ryan was pioneer. No correct analysis can deprive him of this distinction.



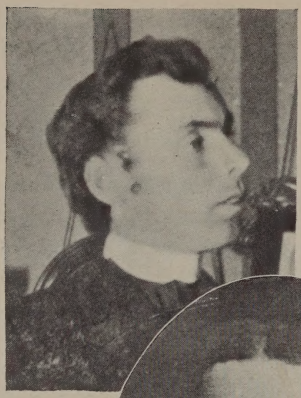




DR. WILLIAM B. DOHERTY.
THOMAS E. McDERMOTT.
DR. J. W. FOWLER.

One of the first things with which this literary renaissance has concerned itself, on opening its wondering eyes, has been the presence of the Catholic Church in Kentucky. In seeking romantic conditions at home it gave us, first, "The White Cowl," in the pages of Allen. Next came "Sister Dolorosa" by the same writer. Both represent the analysis of a non-Catholic, and, speaking from personal knowledge of the author and of his attitude toward the Church, I know both were meant to be fair. A few years elapsed and Edward Porter Thompson gave us "The Priest's Temptation," as a characterization, an improvement on Allen. In numerous short stories published in various periodicals, the convents of Loretto and Nazareth, and the great Trappist abbey of Gethsemani, continued centres of romance. Later, Mr. E. Carl Litsey published his "Princess of Grimfalon," a romance with Catholic priests and characters as heroes. Finally, Mr. John Uri Lloyd, in "Stringtown on the Pike," paid lofty tribute to the Sisters of Charity at historic Nazareth. All this indicates ancient Protestantism awaking and endeavoring to account

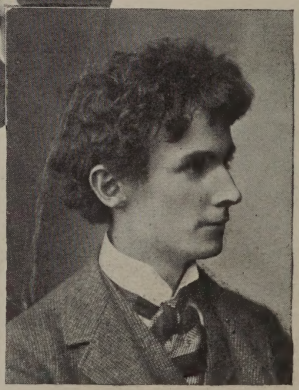
for that which it sees firmly established in the land of Boone and Kenton.



At the present moment as a result of this activity, Kentucky occupies a leading position among Southern states as a centre of literature. The revival began farther South; it has shifted to the Blue Grass Region within the last decade. In this movement Theodore O'Hara, like Father Ryan, may be regarded as a pioneer. His immortal "Bivouac of the Dead," first showed Kentuckians the literary possibilities of their section. Now, you can scarcely pick up a leading periodical that does not present something from the pen of a Kentucky writer. Articles innumerable on the literators of the state have appeared in the prominent magazines of the country. Through the medium of prose-text and half-tone illustration American readers have become rather familiar with the works and faces of Madison Cawein, James Lane Allen, Robert Burns Wilson, John Fox, Jr., Harrison Robertson, Leigh Gordon Giltner, Lucien V. Rule, Ingram Crockett, Will S. Hays, John Uri Loyd, Cale Young Rice and a dozen more. I have in my library two hundred and seventy-two bound volumes produced by Kentuckians during the last twenty years. Most of them are autograph copies, I am proud to say; yet five other works exist, to my knowledge, and it may be that others there are of which I do not know.

When it is stated that the mass of Kentucky people unfortunately care little for books, is not the literary activity here indicated something approaching the phenomenal?

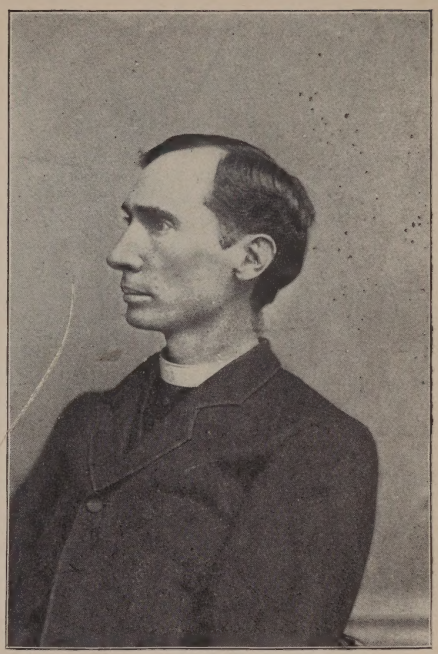
How active has been the Catholic mind of Kentucky in the production of this literature? may be asked. Now that our co-religionists of New England and the East are distinguishing themselves almost daily in the field of letters, the query would be distinctly pertinent. The intellectual tendency of the age is toward literature and music. If today souls are being drawn to God through beauty, those to whom He gave the gift of shaping beauty must so employ it. In this respect the Kentucky Catholic mind,



REV. ANTHONY O'SULLIVAN.
W. J. O'SULLIVAN.
PATRICK O'SULLIVAN.

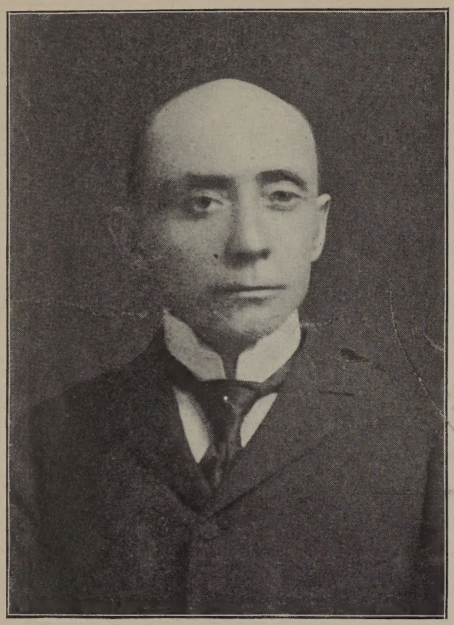
unappreciated as it is by most of its own people, and hedged about as it is by conditions which those outside the state can scarcely understand, has not been inactive. All the world has heard of Stephen Collins Foster; and most English-speaking people have read Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead." Contemporaneously with Foster, Archbishop Spalding was producing his scholarly volumes; Rev. George Elder, writing his humorous and effective "Letters to Brother Jonathan"; Dr. John P. Barry had distinguished himself in a scientific field before O'Hara wrote his famous elegy; Ben. J. Webb was collecting notes for his exhaustive "Centenary of Kentucky Catholicity." There were others at work at the time, and, later, Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield added her popular novels to the literary output of the South. About this time Mrs. Clara McIlvaine was getting ready to publish her slender volume of poems—a production, by the way, which has never been appreciated as it deserves.

ELLEN CAWTHON.



REV. THOS. J. JENKINS.

Today nearly every book-loving Kentuckian, Catholic or non-Catholic, will tell you that Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria, is as great a philosopher as was Ralph Waldo Emerson. There are many who believe him much greater, and with good reason. Bishop Spalding was born in an ancient, manor-like structure near Lebanon, Ky., and the Spalding family is one of the most prominent in the state. I mention this because family is an important thing in Kentucky, and always will be, probably. If you have not good blood in your veins you will find it hard to come to the front, no matter how full may be your dower of genius. Your blood may be English, or Irish, or German, or French, but it must exist. Possibly a boyhood spent amid the picturesquely



THOMAS WALSH.

Louisville, Ky.

beautiful hills and vales that environ historic Lebanon made Bishop Spalding a poet. It is as a prose-writer, however, that he is chiefly known to Kentuckians, and in his especial field the more thoughtful among them hold him unrivaled.

Miss Anna C. Minogue, of Latonia, Ky., has been brought into wide recognition throughout the country by her recent novels, "The Rainbow-Chaser," "Cardome," and "Racing the Whirlwind," although all describe Kentucky and Kentuckians. Miss Minogue's style is peculiarly powerful and graphic, and by many her best work is held equal to the best work done by Allen. No one living can better draw a Kentucky politician, and few public men in the Commonwealth have a better grasp than has she on past and present political conditions. Those who best know this young writer predict for her national appreciation before her pen finally shall be laid by.

Often those not of the faith seem to regard it impossible for nuns to be very literary. Kentucky, however, contains a Dominican Sister, who, over the signature of "Estelle Marie Gerard," has contributed genuine poetry to a number of the leading periodicals in the country. Sister Estelle, as we may here call her, although such is not her name in religion, began publishing scarcely five years ago, yet today her name is rarely omitted from any list of Kentucky writers. As in the case of Father Tabb, most of her time is demanded by class-work, yet she has composed one or two Masses, a number of fugitive musical compositions, a multitude

ELLEN SYDNOR MILLER.

of exquisitely tender and thoughtful short poems, and promises fair to do yet more splendid work.

During the last two years intensely graphic sketches of Kentucky life signed "Henri Jones Brown" have appeared in various Catholic and secular journals of the South. In point of mingled humor, pathos, picturesqueness and striking characterization, able critics have held these "Bits of Old Kentucky" equal to any produced by John Fox, Jr. They have caused the ablest writers in the state to realize that another man of genius has come among them. Henri Jones Brown is a priest, Father Anthony O'Sullivan, and he has charge of a small country parish in West Kentucky. He is a member of the gifted O'Sullivan family, of Louisville, and his boyhood and youth were spent in the city. His first mission happened to be in the mountain-region, and that he kept his eyes open his stories show. That this young clergyman has a splendid future ahead of him everyone who has read his stories readily will admit.

Another Kentucky clergyman who has produced several excellent controversial and fictional works is Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins, of New Hope. Father Jenkins is descended from the distinguished Jenkins family, of Maryland, and is closely related to Miss Katharine Jenkins, the well-known Maryland Catholic literator. He is author of four original productions, and has translated several works from French and German. A niece of his, Miss Henrietta Jenkins, has done excellent work as a fictionist.

Both as a poet and musical composer Paul O'Connor, of Covington, has come to the front prominently. His poetry seldom approaches the sublime; nevertheless it is full of melody, light and color, and contains heart-touches that appeal irresistibly to cultured readers. Now and then, Mr. O'Connor enters the realm of imagination, and his verse of this character is his most enjoyable work. Unfortunately he makes these little journeys much too infrequently. His songs are models of tenderness and lyrical beauty. In these he is patriotic, sentimental or devotional, as occasion may demand, but always sincere, and, very much to his credit in this day of questionable lyrics, always pure. Widely known as he is, Mr. O'Connor is scarcely appreciated as he should be.

Another Covington Catholic writer who has done excellent work is Miss Mary Florence Taney. Besides being a contributor to several of the leading periodicals, Miss Taney has appeared as author of a volume of sketches of pioneer women of Kentucky, in prose and verse, and is author of a number of popular songs. Descended from the famous Taney family, of Maryland, distinction came to her as a natural inheritance. The same section of the state has produced Miss Florence Lillian Holmes, now assistant editor of the Catholic "Union and Times," of Buffalo, New York. Miss Holmes has written a number of poems that have attracted wide attention, is author of several intensely realistic short stories, and of one novel descriptive of Kentucky mountain-life. The excellence of her past work indicates what is possible for her to accomplish in the future.

During the last five years two young American Catholic poets have arisen, each possessing right to sign Thomas

Walsh to his poems. Both have contributed to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and both contribute to other high-class periodicals. One, however, lives at Brooklyn, New York; the other lives at Louisville, Kentucky. Thomas Walsh, whose work has crept into "The Century," "The Atlantic," "The Cosmopolitan," and other publications, resides at Brooklyn, and shows promise of becoming one of the great poets of America. Thomas A. Walsh of Kentucky enjoys wide reputation as a lawyer, and has contributed to a host of high-class weekly journals and well known monthlies. He is, moreover, author of a volume of poems, and is generally regarded as a coming man in his state. All his verse is full of thought and lyrical beauty, while much of it accurately reflects the life and landscape by which he is environed. A new volume of poems from his pen will probably appear next autumn. Incidentally, it may be of interest to state that while at college Mr. Walsh was both room-mate and class-mate of the now famous "Walter Lecky."

Another Louisville lawyer who has won distinction in literature is Hon. Edward J. McDermott, whose work invariably shows him worthy of his descent. Among lawyers, Mr. McDermott possesses a national reputation as a barrister, and as an orator few men in America are superior. So far as I know no other Catholic layman in the South or Middle West is so frequently called to deliver addresses before the graduating classes of Protestant and secular colleges and universities, and his speeches so delivered would make a large, helpful and exceedingly scholarly volume. In the addresses referred to Mr. McDermott never omits stating the Catholic point of view, and in this way is a power for good. A graduate of the law department of Harvard University and a pupil of the University of Göttingen, Germany, his scholarship cannot be questioned. A member of the American Bar Association, and of the National Municipal League, he has written, notwithstanding an extensive and profitable practice in Kentucky, a number of papers of peculiar and timely value. Thoughtful articles from his pen have appeared in the "Century" and other periodicals, and have never failed to excite wide discussion. A recent paper of his on Roger B. Taney went the round of the American Catholic press.

One of the most brilliant writers of the New South is Miss Elvira Sydnor Miller, a department editor of the "Evening Times," of Louisville. No editor in the state enjoys a wider reputation than she, and few possess greater influence in moulding public thought. While Miss Miller's name is English, her forbears were Irish and Italian. Her great-grandfather was Gen. John O'Donnell, Quarter-Master-General in Washington's army. Miss Miller contributes to several Eastern Catholic journals, and has published three volumes of short stories and one volume of poems. Her poetry, by the way, is genuine poetry, and has won its author the distinction of being one of the leading woman-poets of the state. In Kentucky, at least, whoever else may fail to win distinction her fame is assured.

Although not born in Kentucky, Mrs. S. M. O'Malley has been identified with the state fifteen years, and, while so resident, has won her widest fame. Intensely graphic short stories

by this writer have been published in "Wide Awake," "The Round Table," "The Mid-Continent," "The Southern Home," "Weekly Bouquet," of Boston, The late "Midland Review," Benziger's Magazine," of New York, The "Catholic World" and DONAHOE'S. Two novels have appeared from her pen, and two others are now nearing completion. At present she is contributing a series of nature-studies to "Birds and Nature," of Chicago. Poems of hers have appeared frequently, and several have been set to music. In the Catholic literary field her work has brought her wide distinction. Her stories are transcriptions from life, remarkable for their fidelity and for the author's sudden, yet artistic, mingling of humor and pathos. Her portrayals possess the quality of touching the heart unexpectedly, and, because of this, seldom fail to attract attention. Despite her name, Mrs. O'Malley is not of Irish descent. She is a convert, a member of the famous Hill family of Virginia, and a lineal descendant of Claibonne, "The Rebel," who was called during life, "The Scourge of Catholic Maryland." A recent work on the Hill family traces it one of distinction back to the time of Alfred the Great, when the Hills were stout Saxon earls. As a Catholic writer, Mrs. O'Malley has proved no discredit to her blood.

Mr. William J. O'Sullivan, another talented writer, is one of a family well-known in Kentucky. Father Anthony O'Sullivan has already received attention, St. John O'Sullivan, soon to be ordained, has written poems of distinct excellence. Few Southern Catholics have attained greater eminence in music than Professor Patrick O'Sullivan, author of two Masses, several songs from Shakespeare and Keats, and more recently of two sonatas and some shorter works produced by the Artists' Club in Berlin, to membership in which he was lately admitted. At present Professor O'Sullivan is instructor in a music school in the royal city of the Kaiser. William J. O'Sullivan has won distinction as a poet, and although now bound by other duties, still the power is his to win that distinction in this field which obviously God intended him to win. Until recently his contributions to secular and Catholic literature have been frequent and wherever his work has appeared it has brought its writer into deserved recognition, owing to its loftiness of thought and artistic execution. So far the beauty of the work may be accepted as a prelude of that which might follow had the young poet opportunity to reach his fullest development.

Among present Kentucky writers who stand prominently before the public must be mentioned Dr. William B. Doherty, William Garvin Hume, "John A. Raymond" and Miss Anna Blanche McGill. Dr. Doherty is author of a helpful, scholarly work which last year won warm praise from competent critics, and is a valued occasional contributor to various medical journals. A new volume of essays from his pen may be expected in the near future. He is a lecturer at the medical university of Louisville, and occupies the highest standing as a physician. As in the case of Mr. McDermott, Dr. Doherty seldom fails indirectly to advance the Catholic point of view, and the good he accomplishes, in this respect, can scarcely be estimated. Mr.

Hume's poetry is already well known to the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE The "Rosary," The "Youth's Companion" and other periodicals. The author is a very young man, but evidently one with a brilliant future. As a writer of sonnets he has few equals in present-day Catholic letters. One on Gladstone, at the death of that statesmen, found wide republication in this country, Canada and England, and was subsequently included in the Gladstone Memorial issued at London. Mr. Hume deserves success and may be trusted to succeed. John A. Raymond is the nom-de-plume of one of the most learned priests in Kentucky —a man with scholarship so varied that intimate association with him causes you to regard him as a marvel. His education was received partly in this country and partly in Germany, Austria, Belgium and Rome. No man in this country has a wider acquaintance with distinguished foreign poets, critics, artists, musicians and scientists. He himself is alternately poet, critic, artist, musician and scientist, and in each field is winning recognition. As a poet "John A. Raymond" has done splendid work, yet so has he as a critic, fictionist and essayist on various problems of science—all this before he has reached his thirty-second year of life. Miss Anna Blanche McGill, closely related to the late Bishop McGill, possesses a fine classical education and is now rapidly obtaining recognition in Catholic and secular journals published East, where she lives at present. One of her ablest recent papers was a review of Leo XIII's Latin poems, contributed to the pages of the Catholic World. Other reviews from her pen have appeared in the "Bookman," and "Bookbuyer," The "Saturday Review" and other critical journals. It is not too much to predict that Catholic Kentucky may yet take such pride in her as Catholic Philadelphia takes in Agnes Repplier, and with as good reason.

The foregoing will be admitted a pretty extensive list, yet it is far from including all who deserve especial mention. A fuller would include "Friedrich Karl" (Friedrich Karl Augustus Winter) distinguished alike as a poet and as a composer of music, whose poems are written in German, and whose music was years ago popular over all America; Miss Ellen Cawthon, author of a number of successful short stories, a youthful writer of great promise, a graduate of the famous Brown county, Ohio, Ursuline Academy, and a linguist of considerable attainments; Mrs. Anna Chase Deppen, whose recent fiction and light verse is occupying considerable space at present in Eastern journals, and whose graphic stories of New Orleans Creole life eventually will bring their author into wide distinction. Especial mention, too, is due Miss Eleanor Morton Parker, of Bedford, Ky., whose crisp short stories and attractive book-reviews are finding place in a number of Eastern publications; due Miss Alma Rose McDermott, whose bright, helpful papers on home and social life have interested a wide circle; Miss Nora C. O'Connell, of Russellville, Ky., who, over the nom-de-plume of "Margaret Fichter," has written a number of poems and essays that have found wide republication; Mr. Edward J. Fitzpatrick whose scholarly historical sketches in the "Sunday Courier-Journal" invariably meet instant re-

publication in Eastern Catholic journals; Mr. Warfield Webb, now of Chicago, whose first fame as a constructor of sparkling apothegms was won in this state; Mr. Albert Finck, a thoughtful writer with a happy gift of epigrammatic expression; Miss Nellie G. Coleman, who has done some clever work in fiction; Miss Elizabeth Glynn, of the "Daily News"; Dr. J. W. Fowler, who has a genuine gift, and a number of others who brighten the Kentucky press.

It may be urged that so far, Catholic Kentucky has not produced writers equal in fame to James Lane Allen in prose, and Burns Wilson in poetry. This may be true, and yet the reason is not far to seek. In Kentucky the literary atmosphere is not Catholic. Like art, music, the stage, anything else, literature cannot thrive without support. Whatever success has been won has been tardily recognized; indeed, its authors have never received substantial encouragement, even from their own people. There are plenty of strugglers, certainly, yet small is the reward in sight. Owing to existing conditions the warmest recognition has come from sources outside the state; nevertheless the list here presented must make evident that the Catholic mind is awake. It has been, and is, making itself felt. In time to come its influence will become apparent. As a Kentuckian—even as one who has struggled for years among the strugglers here named—the writer of this paper is proud of the work these young people have done and are doing. One and all they are wofully handicapped in the race, yet they toil on without murmuring. Some day it will be chronicled that they have created a literature—that they have clothed Truth with garments of beauty, thus drawing thousands who would not otherwise have entered within her portals. In the exultation of that hour it is safe to say the conflict of the past will be forgotten. Now, at least, it is given them to know that every success they win makes the Church more attractive to those who stand without, seeking evidence of intellect and culture as well as of material progress. Does not the foregoing afford a guaranty that those who thus watch will not be disappointed?

THE MORAL POWER OF MUSIC.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

It was many ages ago that Plato, the great Pagan philosopher, said, "Music is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful." Ruskin says, "Music is the first, the simplest, the most effective of all instruments of moral instruction," while Carlyle says, "Who is there that can express in logical words the effect music has on us?"

But we do not need the testimony of great minds nor of the musical expert to convince us that music has indeed a vital influence over the moral

nature; for have we not felt it from our earliest years, and can we not see the manifestation of this power in the tender infant in its mother's arms? Sing to your baby, you to whom God has given such a precious link between mankind and the angels, a tender little lullaby, and you will see the little quivering face and limbs relax, the tired eyelids close, and sweet, refreshing sleep will come where before it was withheld. Sing to it again in merry mood some rollicking strain of mirth, and the eye will brighten, the face light up, the little feet will strive to keep time to the music, and the whole body will show plainly the inspiring effect of the song. Change suddenly to a slow and plaintive chant, and the light will die out of baby's face, and if he be dowered with that sensitive nature which is often manifest even at the tenderest age the little lip may quiver, and there may be further indications of a coming shower, which will cause you to repeat without delay the joyful or the martial strain, and thus bring back the merry mood which ought to be the normal condition of healthy, tenderly cared for babyhood.

Look into two homes which have been blessed with the presence of little children, whose floors have echoed the patter of little feet, and whose walls have resounded with the shouts and laughter of childhood. In one there is no musical instrument, mamma can not sing, or is too weary after the many cares of the day, while papa is too much absorbed in his paper or his pipe to think of turning into some refining and ennobling channel those well-nigh tireless energies of his little ones, which, through lack of such direction, may simply serve to drive him distracted; and, if he be not patient in his nature and domestic in his tastes, may drive him to the club, or some worse rival of the home. The little ones, left to their own devices, find an outlet for the buoyant life which is stirring with them, in noisy play, perhaps in loud argument, which sends the mother to bed finally in a state of mental as well as physical collapse.

In the other household there is a piano, which mamma, whatever may have been the cares and worries of the day, is not too tired to play; or if she can not do so, an aunt, who in such case is sure to be well loved by the children, will take her place at the instrument, and lead them in singing first some lively little songs of childhood, then perhaps national airs, which will tend to awaken love of country; ending not with Smoky Mokes or some absolutely debasing song of the street, but with a hymn of praise to the Heavenly Father, or a petition to the Throne of Grace, which shall come with more fervor and meaning from young hearts and lips because it is linked with "music, heavenly maid." Then, indeed, to paraphrase one of our best loved singers:

Because the night has been filled with music,
The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.

And when the mother, in this hour of relaxation forgetting the childish pranks which have kept every faculty on the alert during the day, has tucked safely away for the night's rest the last of her little flock, she says in her heart with the same dear singer,

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

The writer knows such a household where there are five dear little children whose greatest delight it is to unite their voices with those of father and mother and uncle and aunt, in singing song after song (for they have a repertory which could carry them well into the night) and where even the baby marches back and forth, or sways to and fro in his mother's arms, keeping time with the rhythm of the song. What pleasure will come to those children in after years, when they look back upon those happy hours, which helped to make home what it ought to be to every child, and perhaps kept them from amusements which are dangerous or questionable, while they could not fail to draw the whole household nearer together. For, as Thackeray says, "Music is irresistible, its charities are countless; it stirs the feeling of love, peace and friendship as scarce any mortal agent can."

We have seen this effect of music at a concert, where a soul-stirring melody or sublime harmony has levelled the distinction between the exclusive aristocrat and her humbler neighbor, when each would turn to the other with a glance or smile of sympathy, forgetful of the barriers raised by conventionality but lowered by the gentle muse. The effect of martial music or of patriotic airs is too generally recognized to need argument. It is said that a party of Frenchmen can hardly get together and sing their wonderful Marseillaise without coming to blows, a humorously exaggerated way of showing its stirring effect. A graphic description of the origin and influence of this song is given by Richard Grant White in a work on patriotic national airs. He says: "This remarkable hymn struck out in the white heat of unconscious inspiration, perfect in all its parts, and in six months adopted by the people, the army, the legislature and the whole nation, is a war-cry, a summons to instant battle. It has no inspiration but glory, and invokes no god but liberty. Rouget de Lisle, its author, was an accomplished officer, an enthusiast for liberty, but no less a champion of justice and an upholder of constitutional monarchy. He was at Strasburg in 1792. One day Deitrich, the Mayor of the town, who knew him well, asked him to write a martial song, to be sung on the departure of six hundred volunteers to the Army of the Rhine. He consented, wrote the song that night—the words sometimes coming before the music, sometimes the music before the words—and gave it to Deitrich the next morning. As is not uncommon with authors, he was at first dissatisfied with the fruit of his sudden inspiration, and as he handed the manuscript to the Mayor, he said, 'Here is what you asked for, but I fear it is not very good.' But Deitrich looked and knew better. They went to the harpsichord with Madame and sang it; they gathered the band of the theatre together and rehearsed it; it was sung in the public square, and excited such enthusiasm, that instead of six hundred volunteers, nine hundred left Strasburg for the army. In the course of a few months it worked its way southward, and became a favorite with the Marseillais, who carried it to Paris, where the people, knowing nothing of its name, its author or its original purpose, spoke of it simply as the 'song of the Marseillais,' and as the Marseillaise it will be known forever, and for-

ever be the rallying cry of France against tyranny. Its author, soon proscribed as a Royalist, fled from France and took refuge in the Alps. But the echoes of the chord that he had so unwittingly struck pursued him even to the mountain tops of Switzerland. 'What,' said he to the peasant guide in the upper fastnesses of the border range, 'is this song that I hear—Allons, enfants de la patrie?' 'That—that is the Marseillaise.' And thus, suffering from the successes he had innocently stimulated, he first learned the name which his countrymen had given to the song he had written."

A pleasing instance of the power of such music is related in the following extract from an article by Richard Wentworth Browne, in an old number of the Century Magazine: "A day or two after Lee's surrender in April, 1865, I left our ship at Dutch Gap in the James River, for a run up to Richmond, where I was joined by the ship's surgeon, the paymaster, and one of the junior officers. After doing Richmond pretty thoroughly, we went in the evening to my rooms for dinner. Dinner being over and the events of the day recounted, the doctor, who played well, opened the piano, saying, 'Boys, we have our old quartette here, let's have a song.' As the house opposite was occupied by paroled Confederate officers, no patriotic songs were sung. Soon the lady of the house handed me this note: 'Compliments of General ——— and Staff. Will the gentlemen kindly allow us to come over and hear them sing?' Of course we consented, and they came. As the General entered the room I recognized instantly the face and figure of one who stood second only to Lee or Jackson in the whole Confederacy. After introductions and the usual interchange of civilities, we sang for them glees and college songs, until at last the General said, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, you sing delightfully, but what we want to hear is your army songs.'

Then we gave them the army songs with unction: the Battle Hymn of the Republic; John Brown's Body; We're Coming, Father Abraham; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys Are Marching,—through the whole catalogue to the Star Spangled Banner, to which many a foot beat time as if it had never stepped to any but the 'music of the Union,' and closed our concert with Rally Round the Flag. When the applause had subsided, a tall, fine-looking fellow in a Major's uniform exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs we'd have licked you out of your boots! Who couldn't have marched or fought with such songs? While we had nothing, absolutely nothing except a spurious Marseillaise, The Bonnie Blue Flag, and Dixie, which were nothing but jigs. Maryland, My Maryland was a splendid song, but the tune, Old Lauriger Horatius, was about as inspiring as the Dead March in Saul, while every-one of those Yankee songs is full of marching and fighting spirit.' Then turning to the General, he said, 'I shall never forget the first time I heard Rally Round The Flag. 'Twas a nasty night during the Seven Days' Fight, and, if I remember rightly, it was raining. I was on picket, when just before taps some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus until it seemed to me the whole Yankee army was singing. Tom B——, who was with me, sang out, 'Good Heavens, Cap, what are those fellows made of

anyway? Here we've licked 'em six days running, and now on the eve of the seventh they're singing Rally Round the Flag?' I'm not naturally superstitious, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the knell of doom, and my heart went down into my boots; and though I've tried to do my duty, it has been an up-hill fight with me ever since that night.'

"The little company of Union singers and Confederate auditors, after a pleasant and interesting interchange of stories of army experiences, then separated, and as the General shook hands at parting, he said to me, 'Well, the time may come when we can all sing the Star Spangled Banner Again.' "

On the other hand the power of a song to soften the feelings of war, and the proof that one touch of nature makes the whole world akin has been pleasingly shown in Arthur Forrester's

AN OLD IRISH TUNE.

"We had fought, we had marched, we had thirsted all day,
And, footsore and heartsore, at nightfall we lay
By the banks of a streamlet whose thin little flood
A thousand of hoof-beats had churned into mud.
Our tongues were as parched as our spirits were damp,
And misery reigned all supreme in the camp,
When, sweet as the sigh of a zephyr in June,
There stole on our senses an old Irish tune.

It crept low and clear through the whispering pines,
It crossed the dull stream from the enemy's lines,
And over the dreams of the slumberer cast
The magical spell of a voice from the past;
It lulled and caressed till the accents of pain
Sank to murmurs that seemed to entwine with its strain
And soothed, as of old, by a mother's soft croon,
Was our worn-out brigade by that old Irish tune.

Now pensive, now lilting, half sob and half smile,
Like the life of our race or the skies of our isle,
Our eyelids it dimmed while it tempted our feet,
For our hearts seemed to chorus its cadences sweet.
Once again in old homes we were children at play,
Or we knelt in the little white chapel to pray,
Or burned with the passion of manhood's hot noon,
And loved o'er again in that old Irish tune.

A Johnny who crouched by the river's dark marge
To pick off our stragglers, neglected his charge,
And out in the moonlight stood, tearful and still,
Most tempting of marks for a rifleman's skill;
A dozen bright barrels could cover his head,
But never a ball on its death-mission sped;
Our fingers were nerveless to harm the gossoon
Who wept like ourselves at an old Irish tune!

It linked with its streams ere they melted away
True hearts severed only by blue coats and gray,
But faithful on both sides in triumph and woe,
To the home and the hopes of the long, long ago.
The air seemed to throb with invisible tears
Ere burst from both camps a tornado of cheers,
And a treaty of peace, to be broken too soon,
Was wrought for one night by that old Irish tune."

The power of music to recall vividly

to the memory some long buried or half forgotten incident of the past is unsurpassed by any other influence, and many a touching story is related of a wasted life reclaimed and vice abandoned through the holy memories evoked by a once familiar song, which stirs to new life some dormant inclination towards a higher plane of thought and feeling. So strong indeed is this influence for high and holiest aspirations, that we feel music to be of its nature ennobling, and when we find ourselves uplifted, by some gifted musician, beyond the narrow confines of this world, we would fain imagine that the artist dwells in that higher region, and we sorrow when we find him lacking in some ideal quality with which we had invested him. Would that this fond fancy on our part were not so frequently a delusion! But yet we know that music is ennobling, even if its interpreters do not always reach the highest moral and spiritual plane, and I believe their failure to do so may often be caused by a defective education. It is well known that the true artist-nature carries along with its susceptibility to the most refining influences, a corresponding sensitiveness to all other kinds; that the highly-strung, nervous, impressionable temperament, which is absolutely essential for really great achievements, requires the most judicious training in early childhood in order that there may be developed a corresponding realization of the moral obligations which rest with tremendous force upon those who are unusually gifted. There is also needed the building up of a fund of what we call common sense, to counteract the flattery of friends and the sense of power over others which such natures must feel.

But it is this judicious training in early childhood which is so often wholly or at least in great measure lacking. The gifted child is often set upon a pedestal by the other members of the family, if his talent be appreciated in the home circle. He is petted, flattered, catered to and made to feel his own importance to such an extent that in after life he is unable to endure the least criticism or contradiction, and thus a selfish, egotistical, irritable, oftentimes ungovernable disposition is engendered which makes him at times intolerable to himself and others. Or, on the other hand, should his family, as is sometimes the case, fail in appreciation of his gifts, he is misunderstood, his sensitiveness is derided and mocked at, until he learns to withdraw into himself, and a suspicious, jealous nature is fostered, which prevents him from taking a wholesome, natural and cheerful view of life. Doubtless one mistake is as great as the other.

Therefore, if your child shows evidence of great talent, great is the responsibility which rests upon you to strive to make his character a well-rounded, sane and normal one and not allow it to develop on one side only.

Now as to the direct moral influence of music itself. It depends for its nature wholly upon the nature of the music in just the same proportion as the body is affected by the nature of the food which sustains it. Low, coarse and vulgar music is as distinctly demoralizing as the same kind of literature or art. Not to speak of that which is really vicious and degrading, a continued course of the coon songs

and rag-times, recently so much in vogue, or the so-called dialect songs, which usually are but caricatures of any genuine dialect and contain not a particle of real wit and humor, will work as much harm to the moral system as a diet of ice-cream, pickles and candy to the physical, especially when administered to the child.

We may judge just as correctly of the refinement of a home by the music we see on the piano, as by the books in its library or the pictures on its walls. There is hardly a house large enough to contain A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, and Rubenstein's beautiful little gem, Thou Art Like Unto a Flower, and we should no more expect to find the two together than we should expect to find the old-time dime novel, or its still more dangerous modern successor, in juxtaposition with Emerson's Essays.

But while condemning the vulgar and the trivial in music, I would not be understood as insisting that only the best and highest forms may exert an influence for good. The folk-songs of all nations have ever been a tremendous force in the formation of a strong patriotic and moral sentiment, because though not always the best or highest form of art, they are nevertheless truly good in their way, and it is only the bad or worthless which is to be condemned.

Perhaps you will recall Ruskin's saying that music will not voice the ignoble, but as we may well say that that which is not elevating can no more properly be styled music than can the low or trashy book come under the head of literature, we may consider this point established and pass rather to the consideration of the effect of music upon the mentality of the child. It is, I believe, a well founded claim that nothing can excel the study of music in the power of developing a nice accuracy in sense perception and nerve response. Disraeli considered music a stimulant to mental exertion, and there are many instances which might be cited in proof of this. We are told that Lord Bacon had music played in the room adjoining his study, Milton listened to his organ for solemn inspirations, a celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on the violin, to tone his mind up to the pitch preparatory for the sermon which in a short time he was to preach before the court.

When wearied and depressed by the battle of life, what can more effectually uplift and strengthen us than music of the right sort? Or, on the other hand, when we are too nerved up, too highly strung, what else has such power to relax both mind and body as this same heavenly music?

What use then shall we make of this great power for the cultivation of intellectual and moral strength?

Should we not remember that "the sister muses, poetry and music should lead mankind up the shining steeps toward the Creator of all things pure and lovely? For

"Thou, Lord, art the Father of music;
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems
Though it singeth them silently.

But I guess by the stir of this music
What raptures in Heaven can be,
Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness,
And the music is light out of Thee."

WHERE WHITE SEA HORSES RIDE.

(The Story of a City Clerk's Outing.)

BY NORA RYLMAN.

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea,
Often in dreams go up and down,
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."

I am manager in Phillips and Brewsters Banks, at this present time, and can go for a month to the lakes, or the sea; the days are past when I used to pack up a clean shirt, etc., in a Gladstone bag and go to the sea for a week or even a few days. I wasn't overburdened with cash in these long past days, being only a junior clerk, but I managed to enjoy myself all the same. I generally went to Whitecliff-on-sea for two reasons. In the first place it was cheap, in the second it was pretty, picturesque, breezy and old-fashioned, and, to tell you the truth, I'm a trifle old-fashioned myself. When I went on these annual outings I always lodged at Drincobier's fruit and egg shop in Slip Street, for Mrs. D—— really provided me with home comforts, and she had a charming daughter named Marie, with whom I fell desperately in love, and who in her turn was rather fond of T. M., as she called me, Tom Mapplebeck. We looked at the world through roseate glasses as we strolled on the yellow sands, but though we rarely, if ever, mentioned the butcher, the baker, and the landlord we knew these three personages would have to be considered when we "set up house," and decided to wait in hope. I don't know how long the waiting would have been had not fortune's fabled wheel taken an unexpected turn.

. . . . .

I lived at the back of the bank, with Corporal Tim, an old caretaker, and his wife, Mrs. Tim, when I wasn't filling ink-pots and so-forth. I did this for the sake of economy not through love of the bank, mind you.

Phillips' was in an old part of the city and had roomy rambling cellars underneath it, cellars in which a regiment could have been stowed away. Well, one February night when it was blowing great guns I went to the cellar-head to get poor old Tim some elderberry wine for his cold, and as I stood looking about me I saw what seemed the twinkling of a star down below, and heard voices, muffled voices which seemed to whisper of robbery, aye, and of murder.

"Drat the cat," said one voice quickly—then came a m-e-ow, and then silence, and I wondered what had been done with Snap the bank pussy.

One thing was certain, thieves were in the cellar, and I must stop them if I could. I left the cellar head, locked the top door behind me, asked myself the street boy's question, "Where's a policeman?" and set out in search of one.

Luckily for me Robert was on his beat in a neighboring lane, and after he'd blown his whistle and brought a posse of constables we hurried back

and caught the burglars red-handed. Of course there was no end of a fuss, the papers complimented me, and my principal had my stool moved higher. This meant home and Marie for me, and I was as merry as a cricket on a hearth till I caught the influenza and caught it badly, too. Mrs. Corporal made me pints of beef tea, the medico gave me eucalyptus ad infinitum, and, best of all, directly I rounded the corner, our Governor gave me a splendid tip, and off I went one summer morning to White cliff and to Marie.

The sea which washes the white chalk cliffs of Whitecliff is generally ultra-marine as depicted in seascapes, and calm, but, like ships and women, it is not always the same. It is liable to sudden squalls when the white sea horses ride on the sands.

I felt as if I had reached the Fortunate Isles during that summer of convalescence. I sorted fruit, helped in the Drincobiers' shop, strolled about, and went lobster fishing with Dick Phipps, the young fisherman, who in a far-off sort of way was spoons on Marie.

As Dick and I were returning from one of these same trips to the lobster pots, one evening, the sky grew all at once dark as night, and the sea horses began to ride. Dick crowded sail, but we were still far from port, and to add to our worries the old tub began to leak. Over went the lobsters, the luncheon basket, over went everything but ourselves, and the vessels which bailed out the salt sea water.

"This can't go on long, Mr. Tom," said Dick, "she takes in faster than we can bale out. We must soon take to the sea.

"God help us," said I, for I couldn't swim.

"We must save you somehow, Mr. Tom," added Dick. "What would Miss Marie do without you?"

"Aye, what?" I re-echoed hoarsely, then I added softly: "Dick, can you swim?"

"A little, but you can't, and we must save you. You must put this on." He unfastened his jersey as he spoke and took a life belt from his waist and fastened it round mine in spite of my protestations to the contrary.

"Master Tom," he said gravely, with a misty look in the kind blue eyes, "I can swim; you can't; what would Miss Marie think of me if I left the man she cares for to take his chance in a rough sea. I'm only a lonely chap, dad's married again, and his second wife don't take to me kindly. Miss Marie has cheered me up many and many a time. It will soon be a toss-up for life. I pray God to spare you. Only do this for me. If I sink, tell her to sometimes think of Dick, even when she's a wife and mother a-singin' to the baby on her knee. Now Christ keep us—we must swim for it."

Higher, higher rose the wind, the waves swept over the leaky boat, and before you could count ten we were tasting the salt water. I couldn't swim, as I have said, and I was physically weak and rather dazed, but I remember seeing my companion strike out—and then I bobbed about like a cork, and when I came to myself I was lying in my own bedroom in Slip Street with Marie and her mother beside me. I had been cast up on the beach like a piece of driftwood, and so was saved.

But Dick, brave Dick, was lost. The white sea horses had ridden off with

him, to some country let us hope, wherein there was no more sea.

And the poor brave fellow had given his life for Marie's sweetheart, for the Whitecliff surgeon told me that his heart was weak and that was why he wore the life belt he had given to me.

Shortly afterwards I married Marie, and we have done more than remember him. We named our first-born Dick in memory of him of whom it could with truth be said, "Greater love hath no man than this to lay down his life for his friend."

IN THE TEMPLE.

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

I.

When once our Lord within the Temple sate
The scribes and pharisees in horror came,
Bringing a woman clad in garb of shame
To hear the Master speak her doom and fate;
With brows austere and unrelenting hate
Of thing so vile and bearing such a name,
They told how Moses set on such the blame
That called for stones outside the City gate:—
"Thus saith the Law"!—and so the tempter wrought—
"What sayest Thou?"—and bending to the dust
Upon the ground He wrote their guilty thoughts,
And read in each the heart's unhallowed lust!—
"Who stands among you sinless, he alone
May lift his hand and cast the first swift stone!"

II.

Then bending low, as He before had done,
He traced again some certain words of doom,
And all in silence from the pillared room
Her dark accusers vanished one by one,
As darkness leaves the presence of the sun;
And in the desert of her lonely gloom
A fountain sprang, and buds began to bloom
Across the waste where poison vines had run:—
Alone she stood with Him, the Living Word,
Where her accusers left her with her fears:—
No man condemned; and while she owned her Lord
Swift pardon came amid a flood of tears!
And passing out beyond the Temple door
His sweet words followed—"Go, and sin no more!"

AN OLD MISSION IN ARIZONA.

BY J. L. HERRON.

"Ancient in years, but her long life well spent,
She smiles serenely at the face of time.
Sphinx-like she sat, while ages came and went,
The oldest city and the gentlest clime."

The "oldest city" whose honors are thus proclaimed is Tucson, Arizona, said to have been settled in 1555, a half century earlier than the founding of Santa Fe or San Augustine. One historian bases his claim upon authentic documents, including a parchment discovered among the records of the old mission of San Xavier, dated 1552, when the settlement was ordered to be established, and attached to which is an account of the founding of Tucson, written in the hand of Marcos de Niza, who explored Arizona in 1539.

According to history, the church of San Xavier del Bac was completed in 1694, in the valley of Santa Cruz, about ten miles south of Tucson. The structure is of Byzantine and Moorish architecture and it is the second building of its kind in Arizona. Both were erected in pursuance of a plan to establish a circle of missions from Loretto to Monterey. Fathers Kino and Juan Salva Tierra are said to have been the originators. They were present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Church of San Xavier.

The foundation walls are of fine brick, covered with a smooth, thick layer of cement. The outside of the walls are of the same material; on the inside they are of hewn cobblestones, also smeared with the cement and handsomely stuccoed.

Of a castellated style, the building is surmounted by a dome and two minarets of Moslem architecture. The front is decorated with the coat-of-arms of the Franciscan monks—a coil of rope and two arms. One, bared, is the arm of Christ; the other, clothed, is that of St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the order which bears his name. And a bust of the saint appears to the right of the coat-of-arms at least what there is left of the bust. At each angle of the facing are the remains of griffins and dragons. Originally forty-eight, many of these figures have been taken away by sightseers, and those that remain are in a sad condition of decay. Surrounding the tiled roof is a balustrade of brick and cement, looking down upon the old portico where so many morning prayers were breathed.

The interior of the church is in the form of a huge Latin cross. Four large paintings cover the immense ceiling, and extend for some distance down the arched sides. They represent the Annunciation, the Visitation of the Virgin to Elizabeth, the

Nativity and the Visitation of the Magi. The ceiling itself—fifty feet from the flooring—is supported by six massive arches.

The chapel of the Mother of Sorrow is to the right, and there, firmly imbedded in the cement, is a large cross of iron-wood. It is covered with inscriptions and characters, most of which may barely be made out. In two of the angles of the main archway are two images, supposed to represent archangels. According to the traditions of the church they have the forms and faces of two daughters of the artist and designer of the decorations. Over the doorway leading to the vestry is cut the name of the builder of the church, Pedro Bojargues.

It is said that the monks had gathered a colony of workers around them, and that vineyards flourished and farms were fruitful, when, without warning, the missions were declared confiscated by the State. Loath to believe that such was the case, the monks received the bad news without a show of feeling. But when a courier arrived telling them that such was the fact, and that even then an emissary of the State was on his way to take possession of the mission property, they began the work which has left the church a ruin. Everything portable was taken from the walls, the altar stripped of its gold and silver; even the heavy gold leaf was taken from the statues, paintings were cut out from their frames and rolled up, the vineyards for miles around were uprooted, orchards were cut down and the garden that had bloomed so sweetly was a thing of the past.

Then the tears of the Indians whom they had befriended and were leaving mingled with their own, the sorrowful monks left their church and the scene of their wonderful work, and their pack train started for Guaymas, where the men of God bade farewell to this country and returned to the Old World, whence they had come. Today the ruins of the structure remain as a monument to their patient endeavors.

In "The Quest of Coronado" an historic romance of the Spanish Cavaliers in Nebraska, by Rev. Denis Gerald Fitzgerald, the adventures, in unknown lands, of Marcos de Niza, the Franciscan, are graphically narrated. The report of his expedition submitted to Mendoza tells of "villages more than a mile in length . . . in southeastern Arizona."

The work of the missionaries in this territory and New Mexico made history worth recording. The bravery of the little bands of young priests, who, educated in the great universities of Spain, left their homes and all to cast forever their lots among savage Indians in the scarcely known New World, appeals to everyone who has a knowledge of affairs in the southwest 300 and 350 years ago. The history of every Jesuit mission in the southwest territories of Arizona and New Mexico has its chapters of savage, rebellious, murderous uprising and thrilling adventures. Nearly every ruined mission has its own particular myths concerning golden treasures buried beneath its walls when warring tribes made onslaught and the priests and acolytes fled in horror before the destroyers. The ruins of stone and adobe missions are found all the way from Chihauhau to Taos in Mexico. The ruins consist of

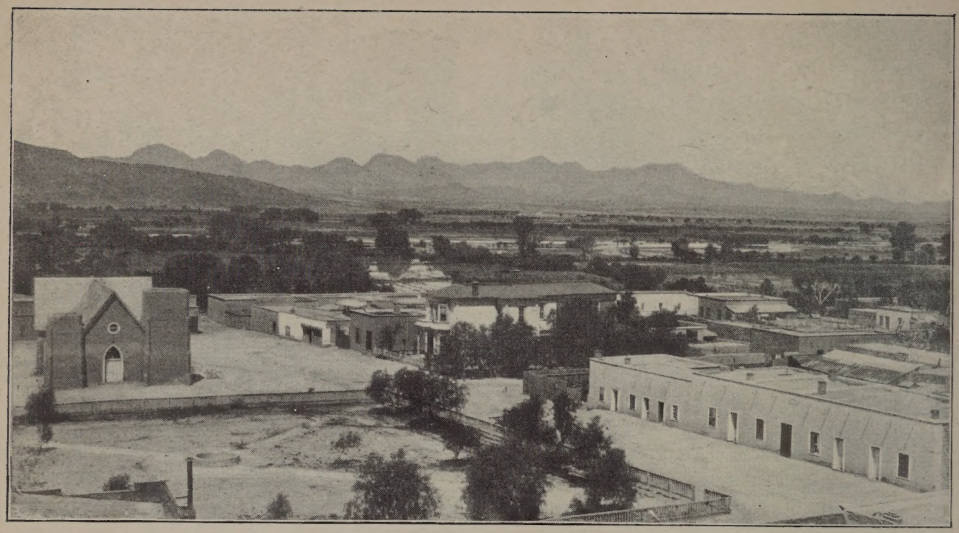
MISSION SAN XAVIER DEL BAC, ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD. TUCSON, ARIZONA.

crumbling walls of adobe and stone, ponderous oaken timbers lying beneath drifted sand and the dust of years, amid barren wastes remote from the beaten paths of travel.

There is no dispute that the Gran Quivira in the valley of the Rio Grande, three days' hard travel to the north among the Sandia mountains from Albuquerque, is the most interesting and remarkable in the southwest. Many ruins of ancient pueblos and Spanish missions are larger than that of Gran Quivira, but no other is so weird, and about none are there so many extravagant tales of hidden riches and barbaric treasure. When Francisco Vasquez de Coronado marched to the conquest of the seven cities of Cibola in 1540, he was told of the incalculable quantity of gold, silver and precious stones that had been gathered by the natives through generations at the Gran Quivira. Coronado never reached the spot, for he soon discovered that he had been deceived by the Indians at Pecos, N. M., who had only sought to start him and his army of conquestadores, on a wild goose chase far away from their own pueblo.

The Gran Quivira was occupied in those days by a tribe of wandering Indians—the old Tompiros—who called the spot Tabira. Fray Chamascado visited the spot in 1581, and he found ruins of two mighty pre-historic temples that still remain on the arid, sunburnt mountainsides. The mission was established there about 1603, and its ruined walls yet stand six and seven feet high above the drifted earth and sand. At one time there must have been fully 5,000 people who lived in this ancient town among the desolate, sullen mountains of New Mexico. That they were well civilized is shown by the character of the great ruins, acres and acres in area, that project above the baked mountainsides.

The fast disappearing ruins of the great Jesuit mission at Pecos is enveloped in sanguinary romance. Fray Aurelio Sandoval and two young



TUCSON, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST.

priests fresh from the university at Toledo came to the very old mission at Pecos in 1570 to spend their lives in ministering to the spiritual wants of the Indians. They boldly settled down among some 3,000 savages, over 200 miles from the nearest white man. In twenty years the Spanish missionaries had taught the Aborigines sufficient Christianity to infuse a desire for a church—the largest probably in what is now the territory of New Mexico.

The structure was finished in about 1615, when over 200 Indian men and women were baptized in the faith one day. A plague—probably small-pox—came among the Pecos Indians a few years later, and the tribal sorcerers ascribed its ravages to the Indians' departure from their old faith; whereupon the five priests there were slain in the church one day, and for ten years the pueblo was without a Christian teacher. Twenty years afterward the Apaches—the great conquering terror of the Southwestern aboriginal tribes through several centuries—swooped down upon the mission and its encircling pueblo at Pecos. To this day there are legends among the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and Sonora about the horrors of the Apache massacre at Pecos. Not a male member of the pueblo was saved, and only the more comely of the women were spared hideous deaths. The priests in the Jesuit mission were pursued to the very altar, and, while they were hastily blessing the more faithful of the acolytes about them, were struck down by the Apaches. Everything that human hands had made in the Pecos pueblo was razed and destroyed. The demolishment by the ruthless savages was complete. No one was left who cared to rebuild the pueblo and its great adobe mission. The whitened skeletons of the murdered priests and the Indians were seen among the crumbling ruins half a century after the tragic end of Pecos.

The Jesuits came to Arizona, then a part of New Spain, in 1686, and immediately began missionary work

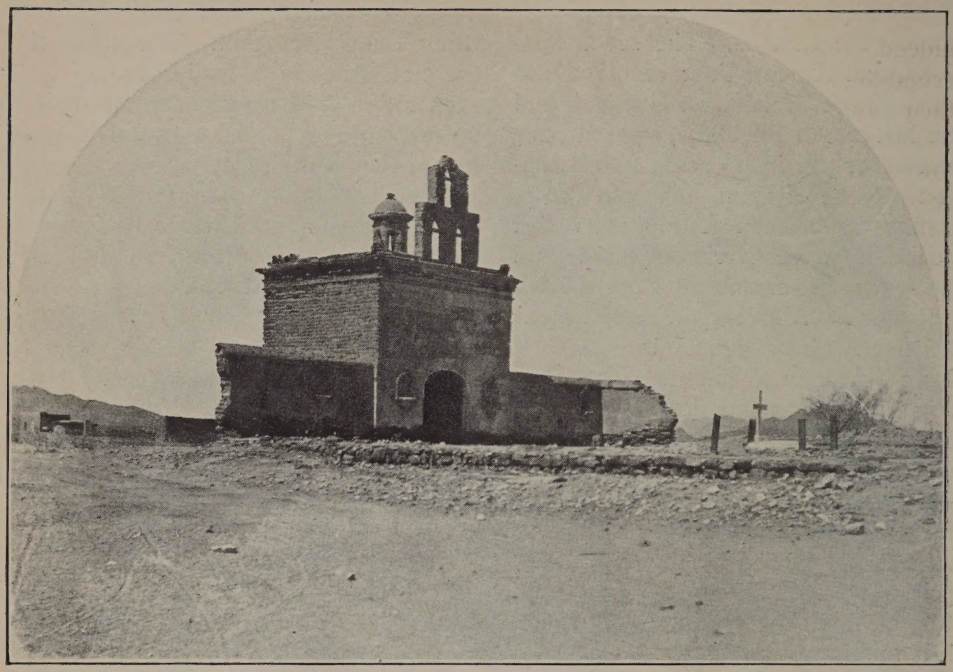
among the Indians. The seven missions, San Xavier, Tumocacori, Santa Ana, Tubac, Calabasas, Guevavi, and the lost one of Pueblitos, were at once erected or put in process of construction. None of them, however, unless it may have been Tumocacori and Pueblitos, were ever completed, and today they are crumbling piles of brick and stone. About 1700 an outbreak occurred that reached from Mazatlan to the extreme northern missions of Arizona. The fields were laid waste, the cattle were driven off, and such furniture of the churches as was not buried by the priests was destroyed. It was at this time that the lost mission of Santa Isabelle in Lower California, about which so much has been written, and the site of which no one has been able to find, was dismantled and its priests killed.

This Indian warfare lasted several years, and only the priests from Guevavi, near the line of Sonora, succeeded in escaping. When peace was declared the order of Jesuits was banished from the country, and, as far as is known, none of them ever returned. A few years ago the Franciscans took up the work their predecessors had been compelled to abandon, and many of the missions were brought to something like completion. The arms of the San Franciscan order are to be seen today in the wall over the main entrance of San Xavier as in the others before they tumbled down.

Pueblitos was not rebuilt, and Santa Isabelle could never be found, so that these two of all the churches were entirely abandoned.

For a century the Franciscans

MAIN ALTAR.
MISSION SAN XAVIER DEL BAC, TUCSON, ARIZONA.



MORTUARY CHAPEL, MISSION SAN XAVIER.

labored among their charges, for whom they did much good. Their herds ranged the valley of Santa Cruz; the desert was converted into fields of wheat and corn; orchards bearing delicious fruits and gardens with the sweetest of tropical flowers surrounded the missions, which were enclosed by high stone walls to withstand the attacks of the enemies. It was during this hundred years of prosperity that the churches were ornamented with such beautiful works of art, and the altars enriched by vessels of beaten gold and silver. Where these treasures are today no one knows. Perhaps they are buried in some secluded corner or concealed in a cliff of the San Ritas. Of all the missions San Xavier is the only one, as far as known, from which papers have been secured. The inventory shows that the mission was worth millions of dollars. The confiscators did not find the wealth, so it is reasonable to suppose that the hills of Arizona contain riches other than those in a virgin State.

All this while Pueblitos was falling into decay, even such parts of it as had stood the ravages of the Indians. The frescoing was dropping from its walls, its gardens were dying from want of care and water, and its fields were again turning to the sandy waste of the desert; but its bells hung in their arch with the rust slowly eating them away, just as they are today, for neither white man, Mexican, nor Indian has found it in his heart to disturb them.

In the main passage are two graves, marked by massive slabs of granite. Perhaps they are the tombs of monks who died in the accomplishment of their duty, but the stones bear no legend except the Latin inscription, "Requiescat in pace." Here do they,

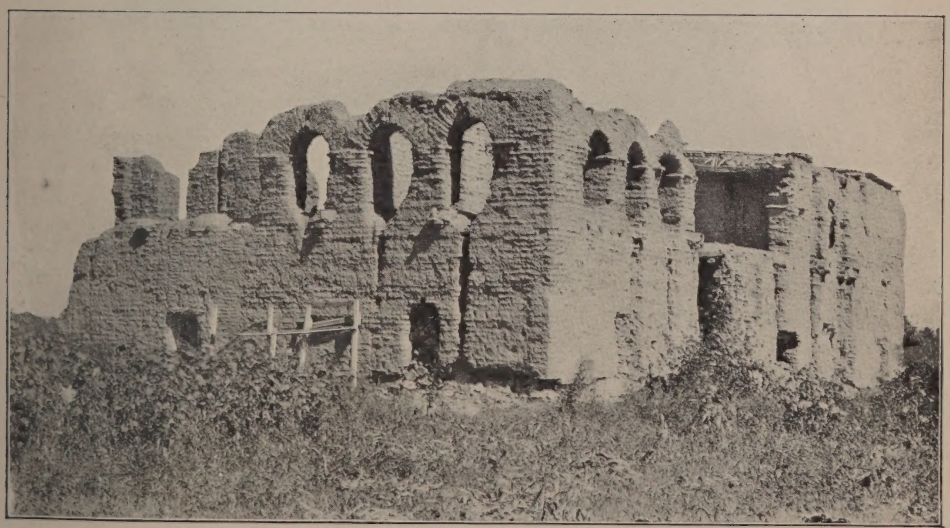
indeed, rest in peace beneath the crumbling ruins that have even lost their names.

Through the long years that followed the abandonment the desolate loneliness could have been broken only by the chimes of San Xavier,* stealing faintly across the nine miles of intervening desert. But the bells of Pueblitos did not take up the sound, for they were stilled forever. The prosperity of the Franciscans came to an end. One morning in May, 1827, an order came from Spain expelling them from the country. It was hard to leave the peace they had bought so dearly, and the property they had risked so much to gain, but there was nothing else to do. Taking such valuables as they could conceal, the little band formed in line and took up their march for the border.

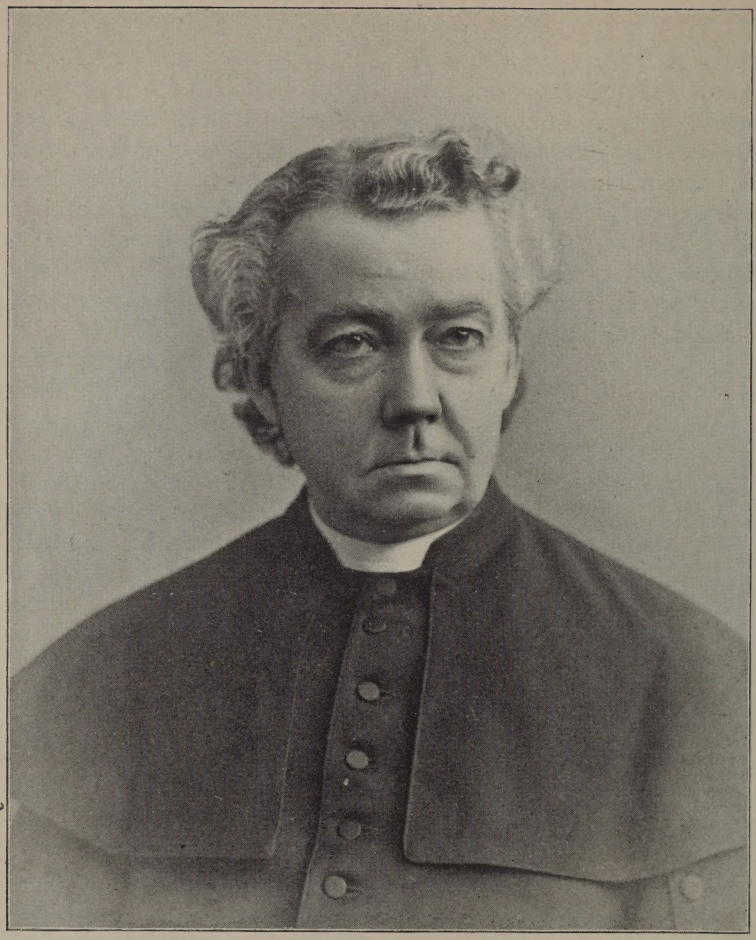
From that time till 1859 there was no missionary work in Arizona. At the date last mentioned the country was annexed to the diocese of Santa Fe, and the black robed monks again came into the territory. The Papagos had remained faithful, and San Xavier had been protected against the ravages of time. These faithful adherents ran to meet the returning Fathers, and turned over to them the keys of the church, which for thirty years had been securely closed. For the first time in a generation the bells rang out the glad tidings to the peaceful Indians, and that date is still respected by them with feasting and prayer.

* The Monitor, in the following paragraph recently called attention to the action of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in regard to this ancient mission:

"Sequestration of Church property is not wholly confined to our Asiatic possessions. The ancient mission of San Xavier del Bac, near Prescott, Arizona, seems about to be wrested from the Church, unless the Washington government restrains the local land agent from arbitrarily transferring it to Uncle Sam. The land belonging to the mission is included within the boundaries of the Pima Indian reservation. Application for patent for fourteen acres, covering the ground occupied by the mission, and which has been the Church's undisputed possession for more than a century, was recently denied. The case has been appealed to the general land commissioner. Though the legitimacy of the Church's claim is manifest, the ecclesiastical authorities neglected to formally secure registration of title to the land, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs therefore contests the legal rights of the Church in the premises."



DESERTED MONASTERY NEAR TUCSON.



REV. REUBEN PARSONS.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. Reuben Parsons of Yonkers, N. Y., has been highly commended by the Holy Father, upon his notable literary achievement, "Studies In Church History." The Pope has forwarded to the distinguished priest an apposite Brief in recognition of his work. The following is a translation of that interesting document.

To Our Beloved Son, Reuben Parsons, Priest of the Archdiocese of New York:

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing!

For six volumes which have been recently published, and which you have sent to Us, you have received

two encomiums, both of which you have merited; one because of your spirited talent and great erudition, and the other because of your fervent zeal in defence of the Catholic cause from audacious calumny. In the execution of your laborious design, you have had only one object in view; namely, such a refutation of historical errors as would impel separatists to enter into the Catholic fold. May God second your endeavors, Dear Son! Nothing is nearer to Our heart than the hope that the One Fold of Christ may soon shelter all who have been redeemed by His Blood. And now, mindful of the privilege of Our office in your regard, We accord Our Apostolic Blessing to you most lovingly, as the testimony of Our affection for you.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome on the Twentieth Day of May, in the year MCMI, the Twenty-fourth Year of Our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XII.

PATRICK SHEEDY BYRNE.
Mayor of Spokane, Wash.

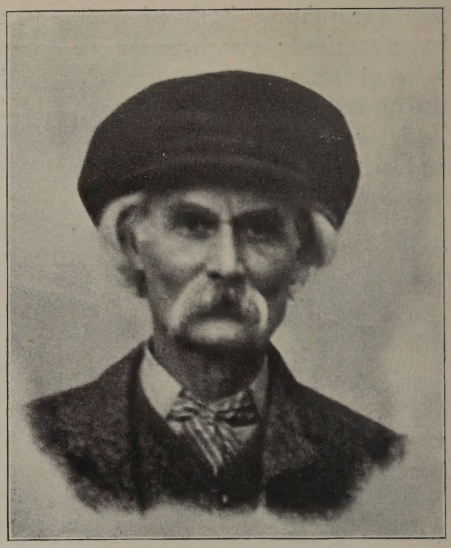
Patrick Sheedy Byrne, the new Mayor of Spokane, Wash., was born in New Canaan, Conn., June 8th, 1885, of Irish parentage. When he was five years of age, his parents moved to New Rochelle. N. Y., and here he received his education, in the public schools and in Lockwood's academy, which had a great local reputation in those days.

In 1879 he began the study of medicine, and graduated from Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1884. He started to practice medicine in Yonkers, New York. where he built up a very large practice, and was considered among the foremost physicians of that city.

About eleven years ago Doctor Byrne took a trip west for his health, and becoming infatuated with the bright prospects and beautiful surroundings of Spokane he made up his mind to settle there. The doctor, since being in Spokane, has become largely interested in real estate, and is among the heaviest holders in that city.

He was appointed County Physician for Spokane County and City in 1886 and served for two years and a half.

The election of Doctor Byrne to the highest position, by the people of Spokane, shows that the city is free from religious bigotry and is a city with vast opportunities for Catholic people.



NAPIER HEMY.

Napier Hemy is the only Catholic member of the Royal Academy, London, England. He is an artist of the highest order, his special work being sea studies. The art critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of Mr. Hemy's latest effort, which bids fair to be the masterpiece of this year's Academy, says:

"We have delayed too long in paying to Mr. Napier Hemy's marine 'The Home Wind,' the homage of a cordial admiration. His waters are 'massy,' and fleeting at a run, heavy and mobile, dark and fresh, full of salt and strength. Everything drives with the cold and vigorous wind. No painting of its purely naturalistic school could be better than this virile work; it is all that power, vigilance, and skill can do with the sea."

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Have you ever heard of the monks of La Trappe?" asked Teresa. "They have a house in this State. It lies over from Loretto, in a hilly, lonely country. I doubt if there is a harder life than the one lived by the Trappist monks. They eat only one meal a day, and no meat at that one. They give but a few hours to sleep and their bed is the bare floor. They labor in the fields, summer and winter, and besides the vows observed by all Religious, they are bound to keep perpetual silence. These monks came from France and among them are several noblemen. I heard this story of one of those monks: There were two brothers, the sons of different mothers. The elder, who inherited his father's title and estate, hated the other, who had been his father's favorite. The younger fell in love with an estimable lady, and,—his brother was his rival. The Count, who was powerful, had his brother sent off to the war and then circulated the report that he had been killed in battle. He had now the field to himself, and whether by fair means or foul, he secured the lady's promise to marry him. The younger son was not dead, however. On his way home he discovered that his father, who had been wild in his youth, had not been legally married to the first woman; hence, he, the son of the second wife, was rightful heir to the title and estate. He had it in his power to amply revenge himself upon his brother. But he had loved his father, and knowing that as he had not made atonement for his sinful life, he must be suffering for it in the other world, this son offered up the sacrifice of his life, gave up his title to wealth and honor, laid aside his power to avenge himself on his cruel brother and faithless love, and entered the Trappist Order, sedulously observing its rigorous rules and perpetual silence. That illustrates my idea of what is meant by the words brave and strong."

Preston Martins mused, with his face lifted to the stars.

"It was an heroic sacrifice," he said, "but an unjust act."

"Unjust?" she questioned, looking up at him. "To whom? Himself? That is because you do not believe with us in the efficacy of sacrifice for the living and the dead."

"Perhaps," he said, but without returning her gaze, "if the great sacrifice that was consummated upon Mount Calvary is not all-sufficing—if it cannot purchase pardon or redemption for the soul of man, I do not see how the sacrifice of one pitiful, human life, full of faults and imperfections, can be in aught efficacious to turn aside the judgment of the unchanging and unchangeable God. But that, of course, is a matter of belief. The young man believed in the efficacy of his sacrifice and that made it right for him. But it was, nevertheless, unjust. Wrong-doing calls for punishment. The elder brother had done wrong, first by his cruel usage of his brother, then by sending him to war against

his will, circulating the report of his death and deceiving the lady, who may not have desired the marriage. She may have been forced to wed that man, who, by the very circumstance of his birth, if he were guiltless of the other sins, should have been debarred from union with her. She was to be considered and posterity was to be considered. The fact that the unlawful birth of the father was not known, does not alter the injustice toward those helpless, unborn children."

"But," she said, with her woman's logic, "the act of the young man was good and brave in him."

Preston brought down his eyes from the stars to the face turned toward him. How fair she was! How he loved her! Was it true what his mother hinted, what her words seemed to confirm, that she loved him? Then had he made no compromise with his honor; not to tell her of his love would be as unjust as he deemed the action of the young monk. What was the meaning of that story for her? What to her constituted the beauty of the action, if not sacrifice, the sacrifice of self? Then a new, strange thought struck its light across his mind. It blinded him to the reality of things. It seemed to explain fully the meaning of that look he had met from her eyes as he had gazed down into them as they crossed the lawn, a look which was denied by the clinging of the little hands to him, the words she had spoken. Its influence was overpowering. It was as a cry from his soul for justice to him, to her. And was this her fear? that she had not strength and courage to set her feet in that higher pathway, because of the human desire of the heart. He felt a dread shoot its dart over his soul, not unlike that he had experienced on encountering her eyes meeting St. John Worthington's across the narrow church aisle. He drew closer to the girl.

"Sacrifice is hard, Teresa," he said, his sore heart giving the words the fervor of truth.

"I know it," she said. "Yet don't we ask God daily to show us the way to holiness? The way which He chose for his only begotten Son must be the best way, mustn't it? And what way was that?"

"The way of the cross," he answered sadly.

"Even so," she responded. "He entered it without murmuring and without rebellion. He needed not holiness, Who is the All-Holy, but He took that hard way, that painful way, that way of complete, perfect sacrifice, for human souls. He wanted to save souls, bring back souls"—

His hand fell gently on her shoulder, for her words seemed to confirm the thought of the moment before.

"Teresa," he said, "you believe, with the monk, that the sacrifice of human hearts is powerful with God, even to the working of miracles, do you not?"

She rose, her face paling. She knew that the moment had come, and she felt stronger standing. Then she said,

"I do."

"And you love souls with such a fervor that you would rush with St. Francis Xavier to the fartherest India to rescue them, tempt a thousand dangers for them and suffer a fearful martyrdom for them? O my little saint! Think you there were no souls for St. Francis Xavier to help in Europe—in Spain—nay, in his own fair Pampenola? "His hand had left her shoulder and was clasping her

hand, his eyes were meeting her eyes, and all the new sadness was gone and in its place was the clear boyish light, which had been lost for a while, but which she so well remembered.

"Have I read aright the meaning of your words? that you would fain do as the monk did to save a soul—perhaps two souls—which you thought in danger? that you would sacrifice your life to God to buy from Him their salvation?"

"Yes, God helping me," she replied, and though her tones were unsteady, she lifted her eyes from his face to the star-lit sky.

"Teresa," he said, "that would be unjust."

"Unjust?" her eyes were again on his face and a wonderful radiance had sprung into them at his words, a joy thrilled her voice.

"Yes. Unjust to that other soul, unjust to your own. O my beloved! can we not help each other more by love than by sacrifice? more by companionship than by irrevocable separation? Can you not teach me the way to God and Truth more certainly, more truly, by the precious daily example of your presence, than the saintly daily prayers of your absence?"

She gave a sob that was half a cry as he drew her to him and held her there in the closeness of strong, young love. Here in this place he had fought and conquered desire and refused to take the way she pointed out, since it led under the bar of dishonor, she had brought him back to that way again and he had entered it; but this time dishonor had not barred his path, but the woman's; and she, in her foolish fears, had passed under it without a scruple.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AUNT DILSEY'S SUSPICIONS.

The next day Senor Roderigo Martinez removed his unwelcome presence from the white house and took lodging at a newly established hotel in the town. His first step was to ascertain the residence of Teresa; his second, to pay her a visit. His carefully matured plans had been most unexpectedly and completely disrupted by this new love, which had taken possession of him; and he knew that after all his years of planning, meditating, scheming, he would forfeit the revenge and power within his reach for the happiness that this woman's love would bring him. His idea of womanhood was neither good nor high, but there was something in the fierce, impassioned nature that responded with ennobling influence to this girl's sympathetic, imaginative soul. He was a man who could never fall more than once under the control of a woman; but when such a man thus succumbs, he is as clay in the potter's hands, and according to her treatment of him will be his future. It is useless to talk to him of will or resistance, useless to point out that he is ruining himself, and perhaps others with him, for the wheel obeys the guiding hand and gives the cup its shape not less unquestioningly than his heart yields to the influence that makes or mars its destiny. But the first charm his cultured mind and not unmagnetic personality had had upon Teresa was destroyed by his uncurbed, demonstrative admiration. However, believing him to be the friend of George Martins, she had received him on sev-

eral occasions; and then, as much alarmed, as insulted, by his words, she had refused to see him. This awoke all the savage in him. "Tell her that I will see her! If not here, in her home, then elsewhere," was the message he sent her by Martha, when she brought him Teresa's excuse for not coming down to the parlor.

The closing of the college for the summer necessitated Teresa's visiting her pupils at their homes. The number of her scholars kept her employed during the day, and often when the child lived on the outskirts of the town, the evening was advanced when her weary steps brought her to Mrs. Halpin's door. On several occasions Senor Martinez, as he was known in the town, had purposely encountered her upon such walks and escorted her home; so on receiving his message by the servant, she knew that he would make good his word, and that she would be powerless to prevent the intrusion of his presence on her society. For several days afterwards he haunted her way, but fortune favored her in sending her a companion or giving her a chance for escape. With the cunning and patience of an Indian, he waited, and was at length rewarded by encountering her alone on an unfrequented street, as evening's gray was creeping in. She bowed in return to his respectful salutation, and was passing on, when he turned and strode to her side.

"Miss Martinez," he said, laying his hand firmly on her arm, "I wish to speak with you."

"And I refuse to hold any conversation with you, sir!" she answered haughtily, endeavoring to free herself from his grasp; but his fingers closed the tighter on her arm. "How dare you thus detain me against my will?" she cried, anger making her tones tremble.

"Because I love you!" he replied in a passionate voice." "And see you I must with your permission or without it. Do not scream!" he warned. "It is better for you to listen to me quietly, for listen to me you shall! If not here tonight, then elsewhere some other night. Perchance I shall not then be in the mood I should be in when I address a lady."

"He is mad!" thought Teresa, and as she knew that the best way to treat with such a lunatic is to humor him, she said:

"If you have anything of importance to communicate, Senor Martinez, I am willing to listen to you. But not here. So permit me to go home. I do not wish to be seen standing here alone with you at this hour."

He laughed at her answer, and as this expression of mirth broke upon her ear, she started. The laugh was like George Martins'.

"I know something of women's manoeuvres," he said. "I prefer to speak to you now that you are with me. As for our being seen, have no fear. No one will pass this way for fully half an hour. I have learned the time of the coming and going of the people in this neighborhood. You think me mad?" he went on. "I am mad, mad with love for you, though you are Preston Martins' affianced wife! Or is it true? He was always a liar!"

"Is what true?" she asked, as he paused, adding, in a voice that he no longer dared to disobey, "Remove your hand from my arm!"

"That you are betrothed to this other—to Preston Martins?"

"That is a matter about which you have no right to inquire," she replied coolly, for now that she was released from the grasp of his hand, she felt her courage returning. He looked upon her pale, half-defiant face, and then held his arms toward her.

"I love you. Love you as he, that even-pulsed weakling, could never love! The sight of you, the mere thought of you, makes me mad. And he! he can meet you like a—"

"Gentleman, not a—" but she paused abruptly.

"Like a what?" There was that in his eyes which angered her more than his passion. It made her throw prudence to the wind, made her forget that she was alone in a lonely place with this half-mad, powerful creature; and she flung back her defiance with the word,

"Barbarian!"

A blow from her would have amused him; that word frenzied him. He caught her hands and crushed them together between his, as he hissed:

"Who told you? Who taught you that name—that name for me?"

"Yourself!" she cried. "You need no man to tell who and what you are!"

"You shall know who I am—who you are—before I leave you this evening!" He did not speak aloud, but the words seemed hurled against her ears like thunderbolts. She tried to wrench her hands from his grasp, but he only held them the harder, as he laughed that bitter, and familiar laugh.

"You love him, don't you?" he asked, still in that low voice. "You love him so well that you feel yourself disgraced because you have to listen to me tonight, to feel my touch on your hand? Perhaps you love him well enough to save him from disgrace, dishonor, poverty and shame? I hate George Martins and George Martins' son with the hatred of a thousand devils. I swear before the gods, Christian and pagan, that I could crush their bodies into atoms and sink their souls into the nethermost hell, and laugh, laugh, laugh! I hate them so, I have lived for no other purpose but to be revenged upon them. I would not love a woman because I feared if I were married to her, and her influence were good, my resolution might be weakened. I feared to have children to call me father, to thrust their clinging hands into mine, press their baby forms against my breast, lest it might waken my pity. I denied myself these, the dearest of human joys, to keep my heart for Hate. I made myself the wanderer of the world that I might retain my hardness, hold my hand ready and strong-nerved to strike them down when the hour arrived. I have done this and now that hour has come! In a little while, as soon as I will it, I shall pour out the full measure of my hatred upon them. And yet—fool that I am!—yes, a fool to be thus thrust aside from my purpose, a purpose to which my dying mother's voice even in this moment is urging me!—yet I shall forego this, leave them to the enjoyment of their stolen wealth and ill-gotten honors, if you will be my wife. Come with me, Teresa! come with me, you strange, beautiful creature, with the Spaniard's name and Spaniard's face to mock your Irish-Virginian blood! come with me to that sun-bright land of which I have told you! You shall never miss in its luxury and wealth and beauty the few pleasures of your present life.

You shall never miss in my deep devotion and love the poor affection of my—rival! "And," he added, "you can save him!"

The wild words had surged over her, like some fearful dream. She could not speak. She could scarcely think, but remained passive, even unconscious of the pain given by the fierce clasp of his hands. He mistook her quietude for acquiescence, her passivity for yielding, and he was drawing her toward him, when her outraged womanly soul leaped up. It made her strong enough to fling off his hands, and as she leaped aside, she cried:

"Preston Martins will wipe out this indignity to me in your blood!"

He had her hands again.

"Madam," and the low voice seemed to frenzy her, "listen to me! Listen, sweet, to my secret! If Preston Martins knew what I know, and that I was giving you an opportunity to save him from it, he would believe that the surest test of your love for him would be the sacrifice of it. If Preston Martins stood here with us two, knowing all, he would kneel at your feet and beg you to save him, instead of hurling himself against me for daring to love his affianced wife and tell her so! I know your white man's love too well!"

"Coward!" she cried, through his low, mocking laugh. "Coward!" she repeated, when it ceased.

"Your tongue has not over-sweet words for me, my pale beauty! Perhaps I can find a sweeter message on your scarlet lips! What? you refuse? But I am not to be refused! Do you hate me like that!"

He had his arms about her; there was no escaping by her own poor woman's strength; so she lifted her voice and an agonizing shriek for help tore through the twilight silence. It was answered. Running feet sounded on the stony street. She felt the arms about her relax their clasp, and she darted forward, scarcely heeding in which direction. Then, she heard a scuffling noise and turned to see two men in conflict. A long blade gleamed an instant in the faint light. In the next, it was thrust into one of the swaying figures and the taller of the men sank to the pavement, with a groan. As the light fell upon the remaining figure, she saw that her deliverer had been slain. Roderigo Martinez turned his head, and seeing her standing far away, like a spirit between him and the fading gleam in the west, he took off his hat, and waving it toward her across the prostrate figure, cried:

"Adios, Teresita! Adios!" and he slipped back into the gloom made by the shadow of a nearby clump of trees. Then, from where the wounded man lay, she heard another voice calling faintly:

"Teresa! Teresa! Teresa!"

The next moment, she had crossed the space, which lay between her and that figure, and was kneeling with St. John Worthington's head upon her arm.

"Oh! he has killed you! he has killed you!" she cried out in anguish.

"No! no-o;" then he moaned, "O my little Teresa!" and his head fell heavily from her arms to the ground.

"He is dead! dead!" she said quietly, and she was surprised at her calmness. "Dead! and I loved him so!" And smitten by her loss, she fell forward, and lay on his breast like the dead.

A few minutes later, a Negro, sent into the town by his master, stumbled over the bodies of the man and woman, and ran home, howling in the terror of his discovery. The master and other slaves, armed with lanterns, hastened to the spot, and as the light fell upon the face of the man, they recognized the guest for whom supper was even then waiting.

"My God! St. John Worthington!" cried the master, and as he raised the woman's head, he gasped out, "And Miss Martinez! Run, Sambo, run for the doctor!" he called out to one of the Negroes, and then bade the others carry the seemingly dead man and woman to the house. A few drops of brandy revived Mr. Worthington, and when he unclosed his eyes and met the white face of his friend bent over him, surprise grew into the dark gray eyes; then remembering what had occurred, he tried to spring from the bed, as he cried, "Where is she, Boyle? How is she?"

"She is here," replied Mr. Boyle, gravely. "But she has not revived from her swoon."

"Is—is there any danger?" the words coming from between blue lips.

"We do not know until the doctor arrives. He ought to be here now!" he finished impatiently. As he spoke, he heard the physician's buggy stopping at the door. "I thought you'd never come, Doctor!" he exclaimed as the physician entered the room. "Worthington's been cut in the side, dangerously, I think, and Miss Martinez is lying in the next room, like one dead."

"Go to her first, Doctor," pleaded Mr. Worthington.

"No one can need me more than you do," replied the man of science, hastily divesting himself of his coat. He withdrew the bandages which the skillful hands of the Negro women had bound over the red-mouthed wound, and at sight of it, a spasm crossed his face. When it was dressed and his patient had succumbed to the influence of an opiate, the doctor moved toward the room where Teresa lay. As he went, he said, in a low voice to Mr. Boyle:

"An inch deeper, Boyle, and the Democrats would not have St. John Worthington for their leader. God held back that assassin's hand, believe me."

Teresa lay like the beautiful dead. So close was the resemblance between her swoon and the everlasting sleep, the doctor paused for a moment, thinking that his skill was not required here. Then he went forward, and while he strove to break that death-like trance, the weeping mistress of the house told him that only once had the girl unclosed her eyes. She appeared to have been fully conscious of all that had occurred, for she said, "Tell Preston Martins—" but before she could finish the sentence, voice or will had failed her, and silence had re-sealed her lips. The doctor spent that night by her bed, and when morning came he said to Mrs. Boyle, "Has she any friends? If so, they should be notified, for her condition is dangerous." Remembering her unfinished message for Preston Martins, Mrs. Boyle sent his mother a note, acquainting her with the accident that had befallen her young friend, and in less than an hour Mrs. Martins was by Teresa's side.

When news was received of the attempted assassination of St. John Worthington, the life of the town

seemed suddenly to cease. Men looked at each other too stricken to speak, too appalled by the horror of the deed to give voice to their thoughts. A man on his way to a friend's house, attacked in a lonely place, and without a weapon to defend himself, cruelly murdered. Then, someone cried out: "Behold the work of our enemies! Knowing that they could not defeat us by an honest election, they assassinate our candidate, cut him down in the prime of his usefulness, the flower of his manhood!" And the town took up the cry of the assassination of St. John Worthington by a tool of the Whig party. It spread through the country, penetrated the furthest parts of the State, and, being carried beyond its borders, shocked the entire nation. The press, partisan and independent, hurled the thunderbolts of denunciation against the party that would stoop to such foul deeds, and appeared to take pride in asserting that by this act Kentucky was set back into the barbarism from which she had been so gloriously delivered by Daniel Boone and his gallant followers.

When St. John Worthington was visited by the proper authorities, he stated to them that on emerging from the main street that evening to the secluded one upon which his friend lived, he had heard a cry for help. He ran forward and saw a woman struggling with a man. On seizing him, the man had released the woman, whom he recognized, or thought he recognized, as Miss Martinez. Although unarmed, he had made an effort to catch the man. Before he could pinion his arms, however, the stranger had drawn his knife and driven it into his (Worthington's) side. He remembered Miss Martinez' returning to him before he fainted. But he did not say that her agonized confession "And I loved him so!" had followed him into that black unconsciousness and hung over it like a star, lighting his way back to life. Neither did he say that as he had lain at his enemy's feet, the lips that had hitherto unclosed only to vent a fearful oath, had spoken softly, fondly, "Adios, Teresita! Adios!" For now what touched her, must henceforth touch him, and though he knew that the man who had attempted his life was the stranger who bore her name, he held his peace, until she should give him permission to speak. And that it was feared, she would never do. "Tell Preston Martins—" and then insensibility had rung down the curtain and the other words were lost. "What had shè to tell Preston Martins?" mused St. John Worthington through those long hours, and Preston Martins, sitting in the grief-shrouded white house, repeated the query, in all the bitterness of his heart's anguish.

There was no hope in the doctor's voice as he answered his questions about Teresa's condition, and his mother's eyes dwelt sorrowfully on him as she went down to him every morning after her long night's vigil, for she had taken the place her son's love for the beautiful girl had given to her, and assisted by her own servant, Aunt Dilsey, gave to her the care and devotion she would have given to her own daughter. Every morning at daybreak, Preston would ride out to Mr. Boyle's house to inquire for Teresa, and every hour of the day a messenger came to him with tidings of her condition. All the hours of that first day she had lain in

that comatose state but toward noon of the second day, a certain rise of the pulse, a peculiar coloring of the alabaster face made the doctor heave a deep sigh, while his figure seemed to droop dejectedly. Mrs. Martins, from her place at the foot of the bed, saw those signs of fear and waited with tense nerves until this arbiter of life would speak. Presently he looked toward her, saying, "My fears are realized. It is developing into brain fever. Mrs. Martins, there is no hope."

"Don't say that, Doctor!" she pleaded, the first break any man had ever heard coming into her voice. "You must save her!" He looked from the woman's face to the young girl; then drew himself up like a racer preparing for the last test of his endurance and speed, and said: "If human skill and care can save this girl's life, I shall obey you, madam. But God, you believe with me, has counted out our days." She bowed her head, and while the tears ran over her tender face, she said: "While you work, Doctor, I shall pray." Then began the struggle between disease and the life held in that delicate frame. It lasted for long days and longer nights. There were hours when the doctor lifted his face, gray with despair; but the sight of the bent head of the praying woman forced back hope into his heart and he returned to his post.

Throughout the State the turmoil increased. St. John Worthington's life, it was believed, hung by a thread. The wound made slight progress toward healing and each day men woke fearing, lest the first words to greet their ears would be that during the darkness and weariness of the night the soul had slipped from its frail mooring and sailed out into eternity. They trembled when they thought of the result of such intelligence. If partisan hatred had been intensified by the story of the assassination, it was fanned to fury's heat by following circumstances. The Governor, who was a Whig, and elected to office on the strength of his New Court principles, had, though repeatedly called upon to do so, refused to offer the usual reward for the apprehension of the criminal. Hints were scattered broadcast by the Whigs that the attempted killing of the Democratic candidate was a part of a clever plot, laid, with his connivance, by his friends, in order to awaken stronger antagonism toward the New Courters by appealing to the Kentuckians' love of fair play; and they even went so far as to openly accuse some of the foremost men of the party as the perpetrators of the bloody deed. Patience is a virtue that all men do not possess, and when Lawyer Benson heard that upon him, St. John Worthington's best friend, was fastened the heinous sin, he deliberately took down his gun. Others, on both sides, followed his example and the people waited in breathless expectation for the next move on this checker-board of human events. "We shall have civil strife! It cannot be avoided," wise men, men not given to sensationalism, said, and though they preached peace, they were convinced that peace could not be long maintained. Oblivious to all this, for the doctor insisted that the knowledge of the trouble and suspicion should be kept from him, St. John Worthington fought his fight, now gaining, now losing; while in the room across the hall, the lips that could have revealed the truth and averted the threatened warfare were set like the lips of the dead,

or only opened to whisper of the little events that had made up her happy days at Loretto.

In the midst of all this confusion of his making, the man whom the town knew as Senor Martinez waited for the outcome with the coolness and indifferentism of the born fatalist. If he had known that his opponent was St. John Worthington, he would have dealt less harshly with him, since it was necessary to him that Worthington should live; still he gave himself no grave concerns as to the consequences Worthington's life or death would have for him as the guilty person, if Teresa died; for she alone could criminate him. It was only when he thought of Teresa that his calm failed him. He saw her dead, not less his victim than her mother was, and his soul recoiled before the horror of the deed. Until he had known and loved her daughter, he had ceased to recall with any deep remorse his murder of Mrs. Martins; but now her white, accusing face rose often before him, and he wondered if it were the destiny of daughter as well as mother to perish by his hand. In such moments, he would turn fiercely upon the phantom face and angrily demand why she had not refused to go with him that evening; or why, going, she had not taken her child with her, instead of leaving her to thus break up his life, destroy his hopes, and turn him a wreck upon the waves of time. Where should he go? What should he do? If she died through him, then what mattered revenge? Her death would only secure George Martins in the property he hoped to wrest from him for its rightful owner. He might reveal what he knew, he might disgrace his father, ruin his political career; but he had not touched Preston Martins, whom he now hated even more intensely than his father. Preston Martins would inherit all that wealth, and his position would not be materially altered in the community, which would not be disposed to visit the father's sin upon an innocent and upright child. He would pass through a pleasant life, would gain honors and win other love, and all this he, the despised, disowned, other son, had secured for him in killing Teresa Martinez and his own heart with her. It was a bitter reflection, and then he would feel the edge of his sharp knife, and wish that Preston Martins and not St. John Worthington, had met its good point that fateful night. When his love for the girl ruled, he was like a maniac. Then he would go out to the woods to meet his agony alone with nature. His suffering at such times was terrible. His heart was slowly breaking under its weight of crushed love, ruined hopes and bleak, unrelenting remorse. Why had he not been prudent and long-waiting with Love as he had been with Hate. He had said to Hate, "We can wait!" They had waited for nearly fifteen years and he had let Love hurl him to his ruin in less than a third of fifteen days. If she recovered, she would be as surely lost to him as if she were dead. Preston Martins' mother was sitting by her bed for her son, and that son would, he knew, speedily claim his right, if she recovered from this illness, to hold, in sickness and in health, the first place by her side forever more. Living or dead, she was irrevocably lost to him, unless—he would add when the tempestuous anguish had spent its fury upon his heart, leaving him spent and helpless

—unless she loved Preston Martins well enough to spare him the shame of his father's exposure by marrying him, her mother's slayer. And this he felt she could not do, knowing that love, like all other things, has its limit of endurance and sacrifice. Death alone would prevent her from being the wife of Preston Martins—her death, or the death of her lover, and in either event, he knew that he would be again a murderer.

Several persons had been arrested for the attempted assassination; but Senor Martinez felt that he had no cause to fear that suspicion would be directed toward himself. He continued to act the character he had assumed, that of a Cuban gentleman visiting the State for pleasure and the profit observation gives to the thoughtful. He was not supposed to be conversant with, nor interested in, the political difference which was then convulsing the commonwealth, although he was found to be a willing listener to any conversation on the matter, a circumstance that was set down to Spanish politeness. But when the arrows of suspicion are flying recklessly, it is rarely that one does not find the real culprit. Nor was Senor Martinez' case an exception. Mrs. Halpin's concern about Teresa was naturally great, and daily her servant Martha was sent to Mr. Boyle's to make inquiries about the girl. On one of these occasions, she encountered Aunt Dilsey, who, fresh from the sick room, was drinking a cup of tea on the vine-covered back porch. The women were not unknown to each other, for Martha was a chore-girl at Mr. Halpin's establishment, at the time Dilsey and her husband Abe had arrived in Lexington to find that the mistress they had been sent to serve was murdered while they were on their way to her new home. Dilsey's heart was oppressed that morning, for the fever was at its height, and there was not a chance in a hundred for the girl who so strangely resembled her lost Amy. She told this to Martha, who heard it between sobs.

"She's jus' de bes' young lady I evah seed!" said Martha, wiping her eyes on her blue cotton apron. "Jus' ez good ez good kin be! She's allus so cheerful like, wif a smile foh eva'body, w'ite an' cullohed. Least-aways, she ust to be, but lately she ain't eb'n so peart. Seems lak she might a-had a s'picion uv dis trouble's comin'."

"Yes, chile, we get to know somehow, 'head uv time," commented Aunt Dilsey. "Ise not likely to fohgit dat. I 'membah w'en we wuz comin' frum Fearginny to keep house foh mah young mist'ess, I had a feelin' dat somet'ing wuz goin' to happen. An' I sed to Abe: 'Abe, shore ez yoh's bohn, somet'ing's goin' to happem!' An' he sez back 'W'at evah meks yoh t'ink lak dat, Dilsey?' An' I jus' tell 'im I doan known, but Ise sutin' dah's ebil goin' to 'fall us. But, chile, I t'ought dat we might be sot on by Injuns. I nevah, nevah, s'picioned w'at did hapen! Mah po'r chile!" and she bowed her head in her hands, for the faithful heart had never ceased to mourn for the cruel taking off of her loved mistress.

"Yes, dat wuz fearful trouble, shore 'nough!" said sympathetic Martha. "I nevah got ovah dat skeer uv de Injuns, an' w'en I heerd dat Marse Worvinung wuz knived, I jus' 'clah, I t'ought we wuz back in dem ole times an' dat de Injins wuz a-comin'. But

I wondah how Miss Creacy happen along dah at dat time? I know'd she wuz skeert to be out late uv nights, sence dat strangah's be'n comin' to see huh."

"W'at strangah?" echoed Dilsey, putting down her cup, for she knew that her young master loved this girl.

"W'y dat man w'at luks lak a mulatto, but I guess he can't be, 'cause he's puttin' up at de hotel, an' dey doan let nobody stay dah, 'ceptin' dey's w'ite. Mebbe yoh's seed him?" Dilsey's face had changed, hardened, her gossip thought.

"Ye-s, I've seed him," replied the cautious older woman. "He was out to ouh house, an' stayed ovah Sunday," and she remembered that Teresa was there at that time also. And she also remembered that she had seen him gazing at the girl with an expression on his face which in some way reminded her of her master, and straightway she had felt the secret hatred and suspicion she ever entertained of George Martins extend itself to his guest and friend. She could not reason why this should be, she only knew that that feeling existed; and when the words of her visitor fell on her ears, she felt a deep curiosity take possession of her mind.

"Miss Creacy wuz dah et de same time; but I didn't t'ink she liked him at all," said Dilsey.

"N'm, she didn't!" exclaimed Martha. "She jus' nach'ly 'spised him, an' w'en he kep' a-comin', she sed to me, 'Marfa, tell dat gen'lm'n, I doan keer to see him, ez Ise not feelin' well.' Dat wuz a 'scuse, foh she wuz well 'nough to go down stahs, ef dah wuz anny body dah she liked."

"Did yoh tell him?"

"Y's m'm, I did, an' 'cause I seed he wuz a-mekin' Miss Creacy mad a-comin' dah w'en she didn't want to be bothahed wif him, Ise mighty glad to hev it to tell."

"W'at did he say?" asked Dilsey in awed surprise, for it was to her an unheard-of experience for a servant to have to inform a guest that his presence was undesirable.

"Oh-h! he looked jus' awful. I tell yoh, Aunt Dilsey, I ain't evah seed a pa'r uv eyes to snap like hiss'n done, 'less'n it wuz a snake's. He didn't say enny t'ing foh a min'it; den he said: 'Yoh kin tell yoh Missus dat I'll see huh, w'ethah she wants it oh not!"

"Well fohevahmoh!" exclaimed Dilsey. "Did yoh evah heah uv such imp'tence!"

"I sutn'ly nevah did!" returned Martha. "An' aftah dat, Miss Creacy she 'peahed to be sotah skeert, an' I notice w'en she's 'way long wif huh teachin', she's allus got somebody to come home wif huh. But dat eben she wuz out alone, an' I doan know how it happent dat she went dat way, less'n 'cause it's closah dan enny uv de othahs. I wisht to God, she could come to foh jus' a minit, an' tell us who hit Mr. Worvinung, 'cause dah's goin' to be some innercent men kilt, an' dat afho dis moon am wanin'. Dah's jus' awful 'citement. Missus is 'mos' a-freed to let enny uv us go out."

Dilsey had now finished her tea and so returned to Teresa's bedside, but as she mused over the words which Martha had spoken the more convinced she became that the man who struck down St. John Worthington was none other than her master's one-night guest. It became such an absolute certainty in her mind, and the knowledge hung so heavily over her,

that she decided to see Preston when he next came and confide her secret to him. On the following morning she stole away from the room and waited for him at the gate. The sight of Teresa's nurse standing there seemed to give confirmation to the grave fear which had been wrenching his heart, that she would not live until the day broke. He swung himself from his horse, and peered into the dusky face of the Negress as he asked, "Has anything happened?"

"No, Marse Presun. She's jus' de same, no bettah, no worse. Ise be'n up sence twelve wif huh, an' now yoh's muthah's sleepin's a leetle bit. Mis' Boyle's wif Miss Creacy, an' I kem out to meet yoh."

"O Aunt Dilsey," cried the young man, "can't you let me see her? Just for one little minute? I haven't closed my eyes this long night. My soul was there crying at her door."

Aunt Dilsey's tears were brimming her old eyes, which rested on the grief-wrung face of her young master, and they saw there the confirmation of the pain his words betrayed. But she shook her head, although sadly, as she said:

"Mah po'r young Marse Presun! doan axt old Dilsey to do dis. Doan yoh know, honey, dat de doctah he won't 'low nobody 'ithin dat room, 'ceptin' me an' Missus and Mis' Boyle. An' w'en yoh axt yoh muthah to let yoh go in, yoh know w'at she sez? 'No! No! yoh musn't.'"

"But Dilsey, you will be kinder," urged he. "If some one you loved were dying, Aunt Dilsey, and you stood without praying to see her, I should not refuse you, though others would."

"Doan, Marse! doan!" she sobbed. "I won't harm her," he went on. "Oh! I wouldn't let a cobweb tangle her little feet, and do you think that I would do or say anything to hurt her when she is lying there so helpless? I promise you, Dilsey, that I will not leave the doorway. All I ask is but to look upon her living face once more. I prayed all night for this one privilege. I believe that God sent you to me this morning to take me to her door. Just to her door, Dilsey, just to her door."

Preston Martins was beside himself with grief and anxiety, and worn out by his long vigils. He caught the old woman's hands and clung to them wildly; and she could not refuse him, although she knew that she was breaking the doctor's most positive command. They went to the house, and entered by the side door which she had left open. With a soft catlike tread, Dilsey stole up the stairs, Preston following. The door opening to St. John Worthington's room stood ajar and, as he passed, Preston caught the well-remembered Virginian accent, as the wounded man addressed the doctor. Teresa's door was unfastened, and Mrs. Boyle, sitting at the head of the bed heard nothing, although Dilsey entered the apartment and Preston stepped across its threshold. The strange, beautiful light of dawn was finding its way into the sick room, and mingling with the watcher's low night-lamp, threw a peculiar light over the place. It seemed an unreal world into which he had entered, that room with its unfamiliar furniture, its solemnity, its silence; and of all this strangeness, the bed, with its white hangings and still occupant, was the center. The black hair floated over the pillow, framing

the beautiful face, and he could trace the lines of the slender figure under the light coverlid. Over still face and still form the angel of death seemed to be brooding in the unearthly quiet of that unfamiliar room. She was here yet, but in a very little while, he thought, the life frozen in that icy face and motionless figure, as he had once seen a blooming rose encased in a shroud of sleet, would be destroyed, even as the life of the rose had been —and he would be alone. He made no outcry, nor moved an inch from the doorway, he only reached out his arms to the unconscious figure. When she made no response to his great unuttered longing, when no warmth tinged the pale face, no fluttering breath stirred her seemingly pulseless bosom, he dropped his arms, and suffered Dilsey to take his hand and gently lead him away.

They went down the stairs, out into the morning's light and dewy freshness, the woman muttering, "Mah po'r boy! mah po'r boy!" When they reached the gate where his horse stood, she paused and said:

"Marse Pres'un, Ise got somet'ing to tell yoh. But yoh mus' promise me yoh's not a-goin' to do nuffin' rash, w'en yoh heer it."

"You can trust me, Aunt Dilsey," he said, in a listless voice. She began to repeat the story which she had heard from Martha, strengthening it by her own suspicions against the stranger, and as Preston Martins listened his brow grew dark, and when he heard the message which the man had dared to send to Teresa anger leaped into his eyes like lightning from a cloud. But he was not a man to act incautiously, even if he had not given his word to avoid rashness. When she ceased, he asked, looking down on the brown face, that wore the stamp of prayerful patience,

"What do you think, Aunt Dilsey?"

"I t'ink, Marse Pres'un, dat dat wicket man met Miss Creacy in de da'k, an' w'en she seed him, bein' skeert, she hollert, jus' like a gal 'ud do; an' Marse Worvinung heerd an' went to huh 'sistance; den, dat man runned his knife into him, ez Marse Worvinung sez. An' I t'ink, honey, dat's w'at Miss Creacy wanted to tell yoh, afoh she lost de use uv huh tongue. Po'r, po'r chile! I neahly bus' out cryin' evehy time I look at huh, sence I heerd w'at Matha sed, 'bout dah bein' nobody to pertect huh."

"I am very glad that you told me this, Aunt Dilsey," said he, taking his bridle. As he mounted, he said: "Tell my mother that I was here but did not want to disturb her."

"W'at's yoh goin't to do, Marse Presun? Is yoh goin' to tell yoh fathah?"

"Yes, I am going to see my father first," he returned, and he thought that the brow of the woman showed disappointment. He knew that the Negress did not like the man whom circumstance had made her master, yet she had no cause to fear him. George Martins prided himself upon too fine a gentlemanly instinct to consider a thing so far below his position as the dislike of a slave, as he would likewise have scorned to punish it. The overseer was lord and ruler on the plantation, and as he had been appointed by Mrs. Martins because of his known humanity and good principle there was no just cause for complaint among the Martins' slaves. It was with surprise, hence, that Preston

Martins saw the cloud darken Dilsey's clear brow as she received the answer to her question.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"FATHER, WHAT IS THIS MAN TO YOU?"

When Preston Martins reached home that morning, his father was rising. He knew the futility of asking for an audience until after breakfast, so despite his anxiety and impatience, he must perforce wait his parent's convenience. He went to the breakfast room and after a cup of coffee, returned to the library, and began to pace its length until the appearance of his father, an hour later.

"Good morning, father," said he.

"Good morning, Preston. Sam tells me that there is no improvement in Teresa's condition?"

"None," returned Preston, throwing himself wearily into a chair. Something like a sigh escaped the father's lips, whether of relief or regret, it were hard to tell. He drew back his chair and took his place before the table. There was a perplexed expression on his well-masked brow as he began to arrange his scattered papers. He was busy with his thoughts, half-forgetting the presence of his son, until recalled by his saying abruptly,

"It has been conclusively proven that John Frisbie was in Frankfort the night of the attempted assassination."

"Indeed? Then I suppose we may expect another startling arrest of some other prominent Whig."

"There will be another 'startling arrest' today. Whether the person in question is a Whig or Democrat, I cannot say. I can say, however, that no mistake will have been made this time."

"Who has made the important discovery?" asked he, the flicker of the irony which his son detested, in his voice.

"Aunt Dilsey."

The announcement took away George Martins' breath. Aunt Dilsey had been Teresa's nurse before this time, and he knew that she possessed a remarkable shrewdness.

"Oh-h," he then said, recovering from the momentary surprise, and the irony of the voice was emphasized by the irony of a smile. It acted like a whip on the sensitive soul of his son. He drew himself up straight and stern in his chair. Instinctively he felt that the hour which was to bring the certain and irrevocable severance between himself and his father had come.

"Yes," he said in his slow, dignified tones, "Aunt Dilsey's acuteness has pierced the mystery in which Miss Martinez' illness and St. John Worthington's high sense of honor have enshrouded this foul attempt upon his life. I regret to say, sir, the man whom a singular train of circumstances points out as the author of this deed, which brought such suffering upon an innocent man and a delicate woman, such untold misery to us and others, threw such a cloud of shame and suspicion upon our honorable party, has been a guest in this house, is, I believe, your friend,—Senor Roderigo Martinez."

George Martins heard the name without the quiver of a muscle or variation of color. He had felt, since the evening he had stood here with the bearer of that name, that the hour of his trial was near and he had been

nerving himself to meet it, and rise triumphantly out of it or perish unflinchingly amid its wreck and ruin. Knowing that his enemy had a cause for his delay, he had cautiously set himself to discover that cause. Perhaps his son's intelligence did not come to him wearing the face of newness. It may have been, further, that the arrest of the Spanish senor would conflict with some plan of his own; but of what he thought or felt, he gave no sign and merely said,

"Aunt Dilsey, being such a shrewd woman, has probably some ground for her suspicion. Am I asking you to betray any confidence, when I inquire what is the basis of her opinion?"

From another man tone and words would have been actually insulting. Preston Martins remembered that the speaker was his father and so answered in his former undisturbed voice:

"Not at all. Aunt Dilsey felt that it was her duty to set some one on the track of this villain. She is too well-trained a servant to seek an adviser outside of her master's family. "And then as calmly as he could, he repeated the story he had heard that morning by Mr. Boyle's gateway, and calmly his father heard it to the end. When his voice ceased a silence of several minutes hung between the two men. There was not the shadow of a doubt in the minds of either that the woman's story was untrue and both were thinking of that never-uttered message of Teresa's, "Tell Preston Martins. What had she to tell him, questioned the anguish-wrenched soul of the son, remembering her persecution and unprotectedness. "Ah! what had she to tell him!" cried the fear-tormented soul of the father, recollecting her unexpected companion's secret and knowledge. Then George Martins said, the slightest assumption of authority in his voice,

"It may be true and it may not that Senor Martinez persisted in seeing Teresa, and upon her refusal used those words. We have only a slave's word for it. It may also be true that he did wait for her and frighten her and it may not. We have only a slave's suspicion for this."

"You forget, sir, that you have my belief in the first slave's words and the second slave's suspicions," replied Preston Martins, looking steadily across the table into his father's face.

"And belief, even of Preston Martins, is—only belief," returned Mr. Martins, bowing his head slightly, with his winning smile, but the hearer caught the mockery under the words.

"That is all we have against any criminal when not an actual eye-witness to his deed," replied he; "but that belief draws out the chain of facts which is powerful enough to drag him to the scaffold. And," springing to his feet, "the one who brought Teresa Martinez to her death and St. John Worthington to pain and misery shall not go unpunished, while life is left me to seek for him and bring him to justice!"

(To be Continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Liebermann. Vol. I. The wondrous ways of God are strikingly exemplified in the life of the Ven. Liebermann, who, though educated in the Jewish faith, was led, through a careful study of the New Testament, to adopt Christianity and to become an ardent champion of the Catholic faith. The many trials which tested the earnestness of his purpose, the obstacles to his ordination, the lack of sympathy from those who had most to gain from his labors, and the final crown of a devoted life by the establishment of a society of apostolic workers for the African missions, all these are indubitable proofs of a strong, fervent, priestly character. The force and beauty of this character stand out in every line of these letters, and both the novice and the veteran in the service of the sanctuary can draw much sturdy spirituality therefrom. Especial stress throughout is placed upon the spirit of self-sacrifice, of cheerful resignation, of unswerving loyalty to the cause of truth. Are not these the marks of the true servant of the altar? Clerical students will find many suggestions in these letters which will make their labors in the upbuilding of the priestly character both easier and more enduring. One word of regret—is it not possible to sell these precious letters at a lower figure. Why place an almost prohibitive tax upon this storehouse of spirituality?

The Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Detroit, Michigan. In Paper Cover, $1.50; bound in cloth, $2.00.

The Catholic reading public has given a decided welcome to what may be called a new departure in the field of literature. Biblical studies have hitherto found their most interesting students in English among non-Catholic scholars. Farrar, Geikie and their co-laborers have done much to render popular the scenes and incidents referred to in the Holy Scriptures. Among Catholics these studies have hitherto found their best expression in the Latin tongue; but now, under the growing demand for clearer knowledge among those not versed in the classical languages, Catholic genius has agreed to unfold to all minds the wonderful treasures of Biblical lore. Father Gigot's books have already commended themselves as examples of clean-cut, concise and lucid writing.

Father Thein's new work, "The Bible and Rationalism," will be welcomed not less gladly, especially by the popular mind to which it speaks with fluency and simplicity. There is a charm about these volumes that siezes one almost from the first page and which captivates the attention to the end; so that one rises from their perusal with a sense of satisfaction. Almost every page is filled with thoughts that are new, or with old ideas so happily expressed that they have all the charm of novelty. And yet, there is an order in the whole, a faithfulness to the letter of the book treated, that displays a wonderful fund of erudition. In reading his account of the Pentateuch one almost feels as if he were looking upon the real Moses, observing not only his actions, but the causes and results of them, the thoughts that surged through his inspired mind, and heard the words that he spoke to the wandering children of Israel. The mistakes that have arisen both in olden times as well as in these iconoclastic days, are pointed out by the author and answered, and for this reason, if for no other, the book will prove of incalculable worth for such as have been beguiled by the casuistry of rationalism.

The simplicity of Father Thein's language is overlooked for the vastness of his erudition; in fact, its very unstudiedness makes one reflect that it is the idea he wishes to convey that occupies his mind rather than the manner in which it ought to be conveyed. Nevertheless, the work commends itself to all who would seek a popular exposition of the Mosaic Books; it is charming in its lucidity, and it offers an arsenal of points which may be used in contradiction of the errors which rationalism has uttered against the Bible and the first of its authors.

Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M., Rector of the Irish College in Paris, has compiled a brief history of that ancient institution, outlining its growth through three centuries. At first Father Boyle thought of re-publishing the sketch of the college that appeared in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, in 1866, and which was brought out later on in pamphlet form, but finding so much material at his disposal he determined to go over the whole subject, and give the result of his own reading. From many sources, official and authen-

tic documents, such as royal decrees, rules approved by ecclesiastical authority, wills of benefactors, official reports and acts of administrators, and also from manuscripts and works treating of the college, he gleaned the facts he now gives to the public in condensed form,—rather too condensed many readers will decide when a paragraph on some stirring event or striking figure marking an era in the history of the College, might well be expanded into a chapter.

Of the spirit and standing of the Irish students in Paris there is ample and most gratifying testimony, and many historians are cited to prove the splendid character of the work they afterward accomplished as missioners. The history of the college is also a proof of the undying attachment of the Irish to the Catholic faith. The young men who could brave exile and poverty to obtain ecclesiastical education, and, when they had won academical honors, could return to live in the mountains and glens of Ireland, were truly witnesses of the faith, martyrs in preparation of heart, as many of them afterwards became martyrs in fact. This history will, moreover, serve to bring out more clearly what manner of men were the Irish priests of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

To this history of the Irish College is added a short account of the other Irish colleges in France, and the English and Scotch colleges in Paris. In the appendices are many interesting and valuable documents, including a sermon of Bourdaloue, which is not only a model of eloquence, but also possesses an historic value as evidence of the standing of the Irish students and a narration of the circumstances in which they were placed at the close of the seventeenth century.

Father Boyle has accomplished much more than the object he had primarily in view—to meet the desire of former students to know more of the history of their Alma Mater, the college which had for three centuries served the Church in Ireland so faithfully, and which numbered among its rectors an agent of the Confederation in Kilkenny, a confidant of Charles II. of England, and a counsellor of Louis XIV. of France, an establishment for which Bourdaloue preached and O'Connell pleaded.

Benziger Bros., New York. Art and Book Company, London. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

"It is time to write the history and the epitaph of the brave, lawless, generous anomaly on civilization," says Mr. Roche in the preface of the new revised edition of his "Story of the Filibusters," now republished from new plates and under a new name, "By-Ways of War." It will be remembered that this book was first published in London, in Fisher Unwin's Adventure Library, and the warm commendation of the critics indicated the degree of success attained by the author. Richard Harding Davis, writing to Mr. Roche, thus expresseso his opinion of the merits of the work:

"I don't know a book that I value more or one that has given me more pleasure in more different ways. Some of the lines and paragraphs are as vivid to me as the words on Shakespeare's tomb.

"The description of the Sonora expedition and the skeletons and revolvers marking its retreat, is as wonderful as any story of Stevenson's. * * * It filled me with awe and envy. It is romance, poetry and history combined as I do not find it in any other book."

A just criticism, as will be conceded by all who become possessors of this thrilling tale.

With keen appreciation of the splendid courage of Lopez, Crittenden, Raoussett-Boulbon, William Walker, Henningsen, and many another intrepid adventurer, Mr. Roche recounts their deeds, and persuades his readers, even those of most peaceful mind, to follow many an expedition of the "modern Vikings," whose epitaph he has written in such kindly words:

"The Filibusters were a virile race, with virtues and vices of generous growth. They played no mean part on the world's stage, albeit a part often wayward and mistaken. They were American dreamers. Had they been Greeks or Norsemen, or free to roam the world in the days of Cortez, Balboa, and Pizarro, victors like them, history would have dealt more kindly by them. As it is, spite of faults and failures, they do not deserve the harshest of all fates,—oblivion."

Small, Maynard & Co. Boston. $1.00

A very attractive Fourth Reading Book in the Columbus Series has been issued. The material is a combination of fairy lore and fact, with a due proportion of poetry—all calculated to give the pupil a taste for sound literature. The language lessons are intended to help the pupil along the road to composition proper, and the exercises on irregular verbs will aid in teaching correct form. There

are numerous illustrations to make the text still more pleasing, and the type is clear and large.

Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, New York.

In "John Gildart," M. E. Henry-Ruf fin tells in verse the story of the color bearer, who left his home and wife and child to give his services to his country. His brave deeds, the misfortune that befell his loved ones, the summons to his dying wife, his efforts to procure a leave of absence, and failing that his departure without leave, are woven into a pathetic tale that reaches a dramatic end when the soldier voluntarily returns to camp and is shot as a deserter. His wife and little son sought him and at last "Came to the nameless burden that was laid before the open grave."

The story is tenderly told, and with a gentle yet deft touch the word pictures rise before us from the happy home coming of John and pretty Ruth to that last scene—the color-bearer's last sad march, "the tall, still form upon the wagon borne."

Wm. H. Young & Company, New York. $1.50 net.

Such a clever writer as Alice Brown should not have produced such a purposeless story as "King's End," which neither entertains nor instructs. Those who remember the delightful "Tiverton Tales"—and it is difficult indeed to forget the daintiness and delicacy that marked those sketches—will be much disappointed in this later work by the same author.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass. $1.50.

Another novel of rural life is "The Road to Ridgeby's," by Frank Burlingame Harris, who gathered his material in the great west, doing for the wheat fields what Mr. Wescott did for rural New York, and Mr. Bachellor for the North country. Mr. Harris has taken for his story a typical Iowa farmer's family and their neighbors, and the result is a picture of real life, with a grouping of the principal characters under the hospitable roof of the Ridgeby homestead. It is a wholesome story of homely folks capable of self-sacrifice, and strong in sturdy American character.

Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, Mass. $1.50.

An American edition of "Drink and its Remedies," a temperance catechism originally written and published in Dublin, by Rev. J. A. Cullen, S. J., has become quite popular and widespread, several thousand copies having been sold. Six firms have published new editions of it: H. L. Kilner &: Co., and Joseph McVey H. L. Kilner &: Co., and Joseph McVey, of Philadelphia; Fr. Pustet & Co., and The Christian Press Publishing Co., of New York; Marlier & Co., of Boston; and The Catholic Union Store, Buffalo, N. Y. Archbishop Ryan has highly recommended it, and Monsignor O'Loughlin and all others that have seen the book are anxious to see it widely circulated. Besides helping the temperance cause in general, this little book will prove a special help in forming and encouraging total abstinence societies.

"Clearing the Way," by Rev. Xavier Sutton, Passionist, is a simple and yet comprehensive exposition of Catholic teaching on many dogmatic points. Its purpose is largely to clear away the prejudices and misconceptions in the way of a thorough understanding of Catholic doctrine.

Catholic Book Exchange, New York. 10 cents.

The report of the International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., proves that that organization has made rapid progress during the two years it has existed. Nor is this success a matter for surprise. Its far-reaching aims and practical, original methods have commended themselves to a large number of the ablest minds in the Catholic Church, who recognize the need and value of an organization with such a small but widespread membership, whose central bureau is becoming a sort of "clearing house" of Catholic ideas, issues, information, etc. Careful observers of the status of Catholicity in this country have not failed to recognize that one constant element of failure all along the line is to be found in the isolated, desultory, local character of Catholic action. Thus, an unjust, poisonous textbook will, after much labor, be ousted from the schools of a particular town; how much more profitable to refer the matter to the I. C. T. S., and thereby bring to bear upon the publishers such pressure as will result in emending the book for the whole country.

The President, Rev. William F. McGinnis, D.D., whose zealous efforts have been so wisely and successfully directed in the

interests of truth, impresses on members the duty of calling attention to anything which comes within the scope of this society, to offer suggestions, to point out new paths; in a word, to do all within their power to increase the efficiency of the International Catholic Truth Society.

"Catholic Education, Its Importance at the Present Day," a lecture delivered by Dr. Francis Barnes, in Boston College Hall, Boston, Mass., met with such warm approval from the Catholic press that it has been issued as a pamphlet for wider distribution. The sound truths that the doctor drives home in the course of his address should work a change of spirit in those whose tendency is toward the teaching of the public schools. In concluding, Dr. Barnes utters this warning:

"We are living in an age when false and pernicious doctrines concerning the most momentous questions in life are masquerading in the guise of science; when religion and morality are being defiled by the polluting touch of infidelity; when the ideals of Christianity are being replaced by the idols of materialism. Never has the faith of our people been exposed to greater dangers; never have the saving influences of Catholic education been more imperatively demanded. To Catholic education and to Catholic education alone, in the school and in the college, we must look for that training of intellect, that development of conscience and that religious enlightenment which will form our youth into noble, virtuous, Christian men, fearless in the defence of truth, loyal to the teaching of that one true Church which God Himself has established as the infallible guide of man."

A revised Catechism, graded to meet the needs of pupils in the primary and grammar grades of parochial and Sunday schools, has been compiled by Rev. Alexander L. A. Klauder, whose admirable work, "Catholic Practice," a compendium of Catholic information, merited and immediately received the commendation and support of the Catholic press and public. The same thoughful care and concise statement of facts that marked this book are evident in the preparation of the revised catechism, and the arrangement of the series is well carried out, the pictorial features being a valuable aid in impressing on children the names of the vestments, altar vessels, etc. Occasionally in the effort to impart information in simple language suited to juvenile intelligence Father Klauder employs phrasing that defeats his purpose, a fault common to erudite writers essaying to descend to lower levels. The supposition that children must be talked down to is too general, and only those in daily intercourse with them and forced into the study of their mental equipment seem to realize that they are always reaching up, eager to grasp facts just beyond their knowledge.

Benziger Bros., New York.

The "Vesper Book and Musical Guide," by W. P. Schilling, Scranton, Pa., contains psalms, hymns, versicles, responses, antiphons of the Blessed Virgin Mary, directory and hymns for Benediction. The scope of the work supplies the complete vesper service, and as far as is practicable is so simply arranged that it will be found very useful for congregational singing.

Union Music Company.

An interesting pamphlet issued by the Cathedral Library Association of New York defines the position of the Library with reference to the proposed action of the City of New York in the matter of the Carnegie Library proposition. The points taken up deal with the present status of the Cathedral Library, the changes anticipated, reasons against consolidation (very urgent ones), the importance of the work of the Cathedral Library, the anticipated action of the Legislature, and the remedy for the unfortunate conditions that must result.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review has published a General Index, containing sixty-four pages, a glance through which will give some idea of the varied and useful nature of the subjects treated by the Review since its inception. Complete sets and back numbers of this able publication are offered for a short time at a special figure. Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Eclipse Expedition of the Creighton University to Washington, Georgia," by Rev. William F. Rigge, S. J., has been reprinted in pamphlet form from the Technology Quarterly. Numerous diagrams illustrate the text, which deals with the work done by Creighton University in the scientific observation of the total solar eclipse of May 28, 1900.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has issued a number of valuable pamphlets. "The Life of St. Patrick," by Rev. Arthur Ryan, is a delight-

ful sketch of the apostle of Ireland; "The Catholic Doctrine of Indulgences," by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hedley, reprinted from the January issue of the Nineteenth Century; "The Gospel Story of the Passion of Our Lord"; "The Ceremonies of Holy Week Explained"; "The Triumphs of the Church in the Nineteenth Century," by Cardinal Moran; "The Christian Aspect of the Labor Question"; and "Father Rouellot," are some of the subjects treated, and readers will find in them a wealth of information.

A short life of Cardinal Newman by Rev. William Barry, D.D., has just been issued. For those who have not the time to read a more extended "Life," this little book affords an excellent opportunity to learn much of the great English Cardinal.

These pamphlets sell for five cents each and may be had in quantities at $2.50 or $3.00 per hundred copies. Copies may be ordered from Catholic Truth Society, Room 87, Flood building, San Francisco.

From Joseph Schaefer, New York, we have received "Blessed Mary Magdalen of Barco," "Rules for Child Training," "Novena and Litany," and Monthly Devotional Leaflets in honor of the Holy Ghost."

And from Benziger Bros., "The Rosary, the Crown of Mary," by a Dominican Father.

Price 10 cents.

Other instructive booklets received are, "Why Do Protestants Not Go to Confession?" by Rev. G. M. Godts, C.SS.R., Brandon, Man., and "Questions Asked by Protestants," by Rev. M. Philipps, Buffalo, N. Y.

Among the books for serious reading announced is "The Divine Plan of the Church," by Rev. John MacLaughlin. The preface is by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, who thus recommends the work:

"The author of this book has already merited well of the Catholic public by his well known work, 'Is One Religion as Good as Another?' In the present volume he has followed up the lines of reasoning laid down so clearly in the former, and has addressed himself to a further inquiry, as to the qualities which, by the very terms of her origin and object, must enter into the nature of the one and only true Church of Christ."

The Catholic School Journal is the name of a new monthly publication, issued from Milwaukee and designed for teachers and pastors. It is the first and only Catholic educational journal in the United States. Among those who have shown their approval of the undertaking by contributing to the first number are Rt. Rev. Monsignor Conaty of the Catholic University, Rev. T. J. O'Brien, inspector of Catholic Schools, Brooklyn diocese, and Rev. L. S. Walsh, Superintendent of Catholic Schools, Boston diocese, who writes on "Methods of Supporting Parochial Schools." A feature of the Journal is a 16-page department of practical aids and school-room methods for teachers.

Admiral Dewey, during the months after his victory at Manila and before the arrival of the United States Commissioners, found that he could obtain the most reliable information with regard to the Philippine Islands and the natives from the Jesuit fathers in charge of the observatory at Manila. The Commissioners asked the Jesuits to arrange all the data with reference to the Philippines and allow the United States Government to print them. This is the origin of two volumes (in Spanish) which have just been issued from the Government press in Washington, entitled " El Archipelago Filipino, being a Collection of Historical, Geographical, Statistical and Scientific Data concerning the Philippine Archipelago, collected by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in charge of the Observatory at Manila."

This account of science in the Philippines is the best possible evidence of the good work that the Religious Orders have been doing in the archipelago.

Of the 1,500 sets of the work (consisting of 2 Vols. and Atlas) issued, 500 were reserved by the Government for its own use, and 1,000 were given to Father Algue to be sold for the benefit of the famous observatory at Manila of which he is director. Of these latter, 200 sets will be disposed of by Father Algue from Manila: the remaining 800 sets have been placed for distribution with his agent, John J. Wynne, 27 and 29 West 16th street, New York City.

"The American Boy" gets out a very interesting list of features. The July number, in special honor of the Fourth, was an excellent edition, full of good things for boy readers.

The department matter contained one

of Aunt Em's Talks to Little Boys; How to Make and Save Money; Letters of George Washington Jones; The American Boy March and Two-Step; July in American History; Important Questions for Boys Who Want to Seek a Fortune in the City; Johnny's Trip to the North Pole; Experiments With a Home-Made Kaleidoscope; A True Fishing Story, by a 12-year-old boy; Fun and Profit With Homing Pigeons ;Stamp and Coin Collecting; Amateur Photography; Wrestling for Boys; Amateur Journalism and Puzzles.

Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan. $1.00 per year.

The Holy Father's deep interest in the success of the Catholic University which he himself founded, is manifested in the following letter. He is exceedingly pleased to note the generosity of the people towards it, as well as the success of his teaching, and he is anxious that nothing be left undone to make it worthy of the Church in America and of his Pontificate.

Leo XIII., Pope, To Our Beloved Son, James Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Titular of St. Mary's Beyond the Tiber.

Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing:

The great interest with which, from the very beginning of Our Pontificate, We have regarded the Church in the United States of America caused Us, among other things, to urge the speedy founding of a great University at Washington, and once founded to strengthen it with Our authority and every evidence of good will. For the needs of this age have been especially dear to Our own heart, namely, that the young men who are the future hope of the clergy should be most thoroughly imbued, first, indeed, with virtue, but at the same time with divine and human learning also. What We have learned from time to time concerning the Washington University has shown Us that Our confidence has not been misplaced; and now the report which you have just made to Us testifies that it is taking on a still more gratifying growth, both through the generosity of Catholics and through the skill and influence of its teachers. One thing still remains to be desired, and that is that this noble institution should increase in the number of its students, and this is to be effected by the interest and zeal of the Bishops. If, perhaps, by sending students to Washington, they seem for the time to be depriving themselves of useful workers in their dioceses, they will, in the end reap a far greater gain both for themselves and for the whole American Church, since the clergy shall be educated under one and the same teaching, and animated by one and the same spirit.

Hoping for the accomplishment of these good things, with the same desire with which you are striving for the good and honor of your Churches, We most lovingly impart to you, Our beloved Son, to the Rector, the professors, and the students of the Washington University, the Apostolic Blessing, as a pledge of Our love.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, on the thirteenth day of June, 1901, in the twenty-fourth year of Our Pontificate.

A CHARITY FOR MALE CASES OF CANCER.

St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer is established for female cases, but the usefulness of the charity is to be extended to male cases.

The struggle to establish a similar Home, close to the first (now free from debt) and to be under the supervision of the Dominican Sisters now working for women, is to be at once entered into.

The reason for this second endeavor is simply that the miseries of destitute cancerous men are known, and at present unprovided with kind relief or the consolation of a desirable home.

The Sisters of St. Rose's Free Home appeal for donations from business men for this charity, that St. Joseph's Home may be established in a house adjacent to the one just established for women.

Donations may be sent to St. Rose's Free Home, 426 Cherry street, New York, care of Mother M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O.S.D., or to J. Warren Greene, Esq., 3 Broad street, New York.

The first large donation, to aid in raising $40,000, is from George Warrington Curtis, $2,000.

Dominican Sisters of the Order of Chapter Tertiaries.

If you would have beautiful white teeth, use Charcoal. It is a splendid dentrifice for constant use. MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS are chemically pure. They whiten the teeth, neutralize the acid of the mouth, remove impurities and purify the breath.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Where do you learn that St. Peter was ever in Rome?

A. From historical evidence, that cannot be denied by anyone who accepts any of the ordinary facts of history. The testimony is not in the New Testament, except in St. Peter's First Epistle, V. 13, where he sends greeting from the Church in Babylon. By all the ancient writers, Babylon was accepted as meaning Rome. The testimony is in the writers of the earliest ages and from different regions. Dionysius, bishop of Corinth, about the year 170, mentions that the Roman and Corinthian churches were planted by Peter and Paul, and that these Apostles both died as martyrs at Rome and at the same time. Irenæus, about the year 190, bishop of Lyons, a disciple of St. Polycarp, who was a disciple of St. John, calls the Roman church the "greatest, most ancient, known to all, founded and constituted by the most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul." "Having founded and built the Church of Rome, the blessed Apostles entrusted to Linus the administration of the episcopacy." Tertullian tells us that Peter and Paul left to the Romans "the Gospel sealed with their blood," that Clement, bishop of Rome, was ordained by Peter, that at Rome Peter suffered like his Master. There is a uniform tradition that Peter preached and died at Rome. There is no *evidence* against this tradition.

Q. Does the Catholic Church teach in Canada that a Protestant minister's baptism holds good for only seven years?

A. The Church has but one teaching of faith and morals for all the world. Were she to teach one thing in Canada, and something different in the United States, the unity of her faith would cease. Her universal teaching regarding baptism is that the sacrament once received can never be again received, and that the character, the spiritual mark, imprinted by baptism remains on the soul not only for time, but for eternity. The Church recognizes any baptism that has been rightly conferred, and if one who has been baptized in a Protestant church becomes a Catholic, investigation is made as to the manner and matter of the baptism. If there is proof of baptism having been rightly administered, the Church stands by the validity and endurance of that baptism. If a reasonable doubt makes it her duty to have the convert baptized, she prefaces the baptism with the words, "If you are not baptized," knowing that if the person has been baptized, all the repetitions of forms and pouring of water will be in vain. A baptism, remains forever, no matter where given, no matter who baptizes.

Q. Has not the King of England as much right to be recognized as the Head of the Church as has the Pope of Rome?

A. Certainly not; Christ established the Church; Christ selected Peter in his own person and in his successors to be the Head of the Church. Christ did not appoint Henry VIII. or Edward VII. as Head of His Church. Christ, as St. Paul tells us, did not assume to Himself the dignity of the priesthood, but He was chosen by His Father to be a priest. And St. Paul extends the warning that as Christ came to the priesthood only by the will of His Father, so should it be for others till the end of time. "Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was. So Christ also did not glorify Himself that He might be made a high priest, but He that said unto Him: Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee. So he saith also in another place: Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedeck." Hebrews, V, 4-6. One made priest and bishop is head of the Church of Christ. Edward VII. is not priest or bishop. If our correspondent

means that Edward has the same right to be the head of the Church of England as Leo to be head of the Church of Rome, the answer is that there is, before God, no separate Church of England, no separate Church of Rome. There is the Church in England, in Rome, in America, in Africa. The Church of Christ is Catholic, that is, universal, belonging everywhere. Everywhere it is the same church. The title Roman Church as applied to the Catholic Church should be understood as to its correct meaning. Then it may be used: the Roman Catholic Church. This means the Church that Christ established to last for ever, to spread among all nations, but to have its centre of authority at Rome, in the person of the bishop of Rome. The visible head of the Church, Peter, or his successor, must live somewhere. Christ selected Rome for that residence. So in every part of the world, the Catholic Church is found, living by obedience to the bishops who reside at different places on the globe, who all in turn obey the great bishop of Rome, the Father of all, bishops, priests and people. We must take the Church as Christ has constituted it; one fold, everywhere; one shepherd, at Rome.

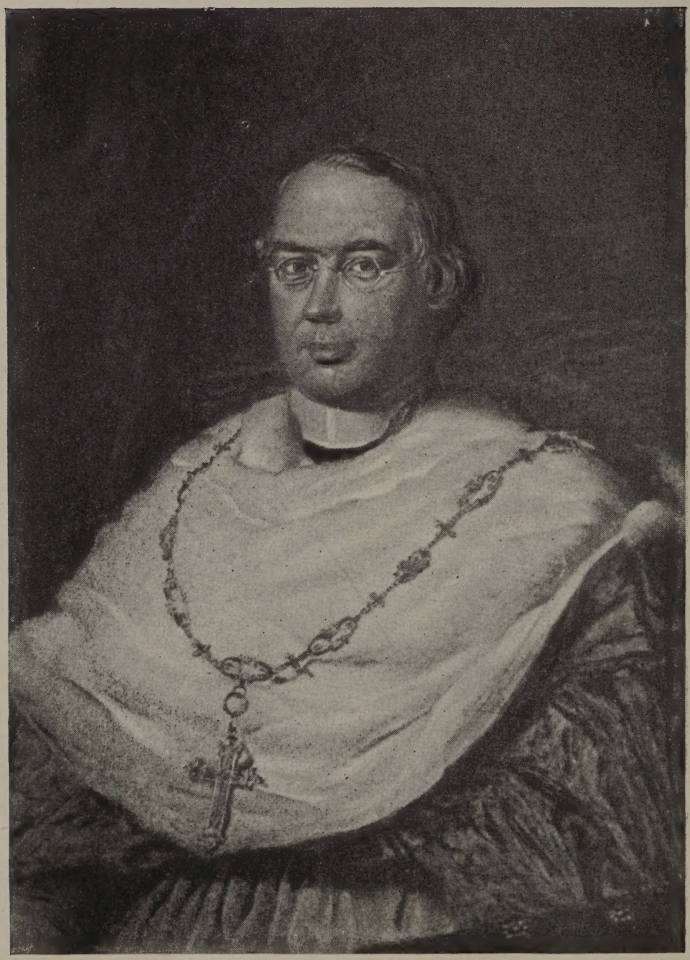
Q. Why is Easter Sunday a movable feast?

A. Because it is celebrated on the Sunday following the first full moon after the vernal equinox. Depending on the moon, the date necessarily varies.

Q. I have heard it stated recently by a Protestant that the Huguenots were treated with more injustice by the Catholics of France than ever the Irish Catholics were by Elizabeth. Kindly give your opinion on this subject.

A. The Huguenots, an oath-bound community, made themselves a faction in politics. Their attempts to control the king brought on the retaliation of their opponents. In three rebellions that they stirred up, the Huguenots were defeated. "The conduct of the Huguenots tended to exasperate the great majority of the nation. They gave up the ports of Havre and Dieppe to their country's hereditary foes, the English, and they invited German guerilla bands across the frontier to pillage Normandy. A Huguenot emissary from Orleans assassinated the Duke of Guise. Once again an attempt was made to kidnap the king of France at Monceau. Besides these things there were in the popular mind, numberless instances of Huguenot excess and cruelty. Brequimaut, the leader of the reformers, in 1568, wore a necklace composed of the ears of assassinated priests. Baron D'Adrets, after taking the fortress of Montbrison, compelled the Catholic prisoners to leap from the battlements into the surrounding moats, where they were caught on the upraised pikes of the soldiers. The Michelade, a massacre of the Catholics of Nismes, occurred in 1567; and similar acts of violence were perpetrated at Montauban, Valence, and even in Paris. Evidences of the burning of churches, plundering of monasteries, and hunting of priests were but too common." We have quoted this page from an excellent little book, "Mooted Questions of History," by H. J. Desmond. On this and kindred subjects our readers will find much of value. If the Catholics rose in persecution, or retaliation against the Huguenots, were they not goaded on by such conduct? This is not to justify their actions, but to point out that motives, other than religious, were at play. Guizot, a French Protestant historian says, "the rebellion of the reformers, their irregular political assemblies, their alliance with foreigners, occupied him (Cardinal Richelieu) far more than their ministers' teachings. It was a state within a state that the reformers were seeking to found, and the Cardinal wished to upset." Macaulay, English Protestant historian, writes: "For, beyond all doubt, the proceedings of the Huguenots, from the conspiracy of Amboise to the battle of Moncontour, had given much more trouble to the French monarchy than the Catholics have ever given to the English Monarchy since the Reformation; and that too with much less excuse." Compare then what the Huguenots suffered with such cause as they gave from their own fellow-citizens in what was rather civil than religious strife, with what the Irish received from the foreigner, Elizabeth, that she might rob them of their lands, their old faith, their liberties and their lives. Apart from the persecutions of the early Christians, the religious persecutions of the Irish by the English, and Elizabeth is not the least of the persecutors, are among the most persistent, and the most unjust in history. For injustice, as for anything else, there is no comparison of the persecution of the Huguenots to the persecution of the Irish by Elizabeth.

LOST IN THE CATACOMBS.

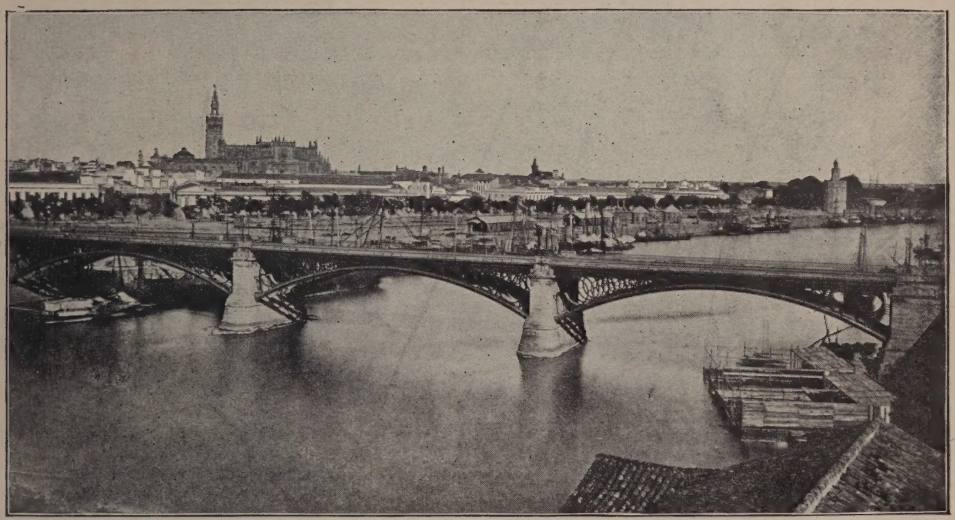


CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Aged 48. From a miniature after an oil painting at Oscott, by J. R. Herbert, R. A.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVI. SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 3



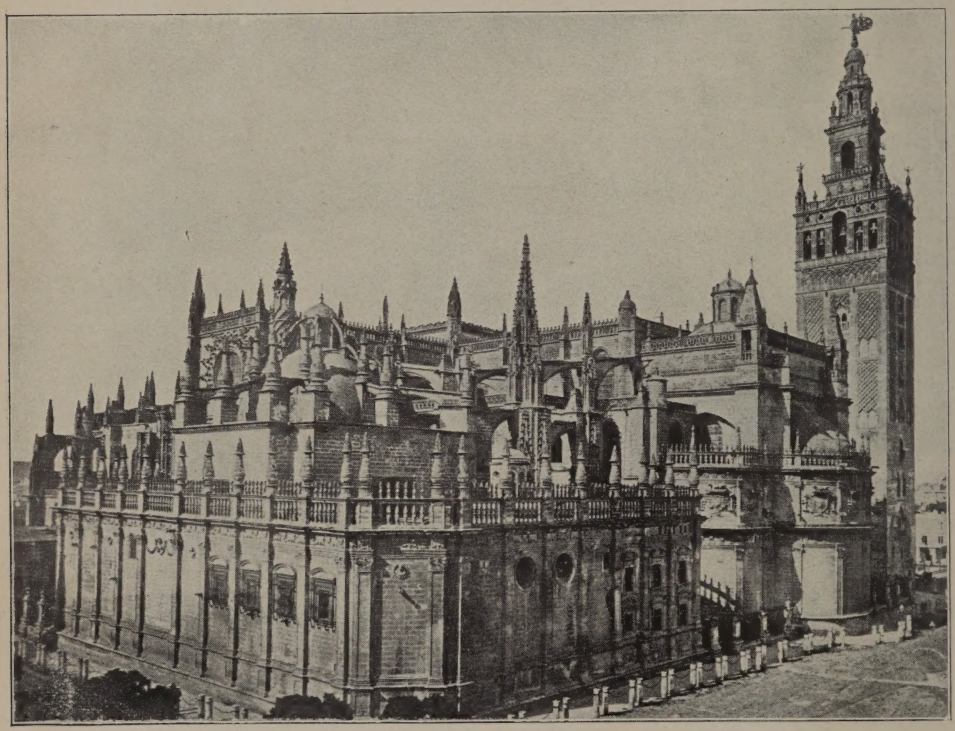
SEVILLE, WHERE WISEMAN WAS BORN.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

There is a fascination about the life of Cardinal Wiseman that finds its explanation, not alone in the glorious line of successful works by which it was marked, but more than all in the singularly democratic character of the man. There is an approachableness in him that seems to be wanting in all the other great leaders of English Catholicism. Faber in his saintliness is loved, but with the love of veneration and awe; Newman stood upon the heights of intellectual speculation, while Manning wore about him a cloak of asceticism and reserve that kept the world at a distance. In reading Wiseman we feel as if he were one of us, a companion, who, though he has drunk of the fountain of knowledge and glory with cup of genius, is pleased, nevertheless, to impart some of his gains to plainer people in a plain and comprehensive manner. And yet he was one of the men who have made the English history of the last century. As O'Connell through

the work of the Emancipation, struck off the shackles that had bound Catholicity, so did Wiseman, through his efforts for the restoration of the Hierarchy, lift her up from the ground and place her proudly upon a pedestal whereon she might be seen and loved by the passing world.



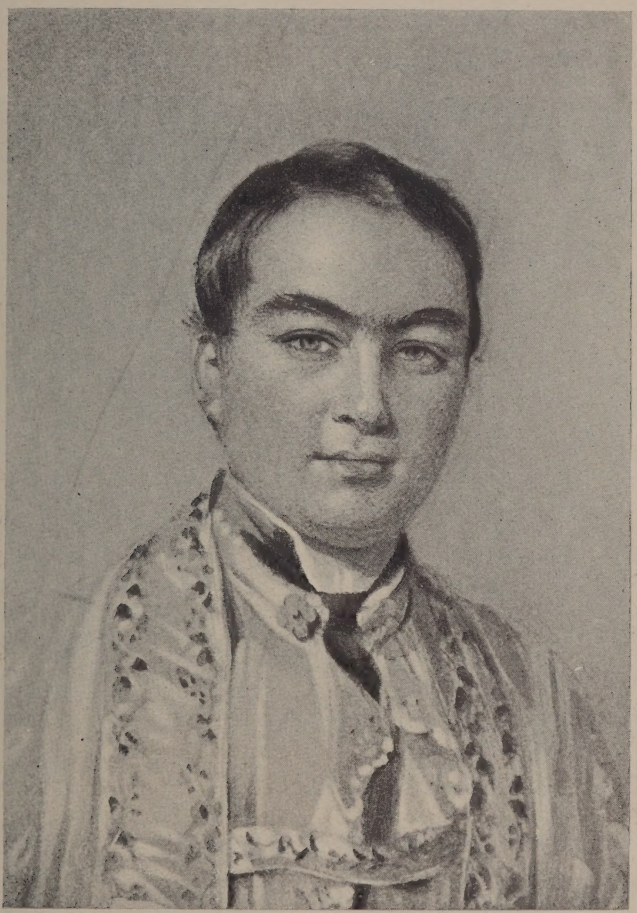
THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

Where Nicholas Wiseman was baptized in 1802.

Nicholas Wiseman was born at Seville, in Spain, on August 2, 1802. The accident of his birth, however, did not thereby make of him a Spaniard. The Irish blood of his grandfather and father and of his Irish mother, remained in his heart all through his life, and although his work and his sympathies were, through force of circumstances, expended upon the English people, the strength and the enthusiasm, and the deep faith that made him what he was, came from the inheritance of his old Waterford antecedents. An English Wiseman would be more like Newman or Manning; the real, genial, democratic, ardent Wiseman that we know, was the son of Irish parents.

When he was three years of age, upon the death of his father, he was brought to Ireland, where he passed the earliest of his schooldays in the county of Waterford. In 1810 he entered the Catholic College at Ushaw, near Durham, where he spent nearly

eight years. Here he had the good fortune of meeting with the last glories of the old Catholicity, Drs. Lingard and Milner. Dr. Newsham also, later



NICHOLAS WISEMAN.

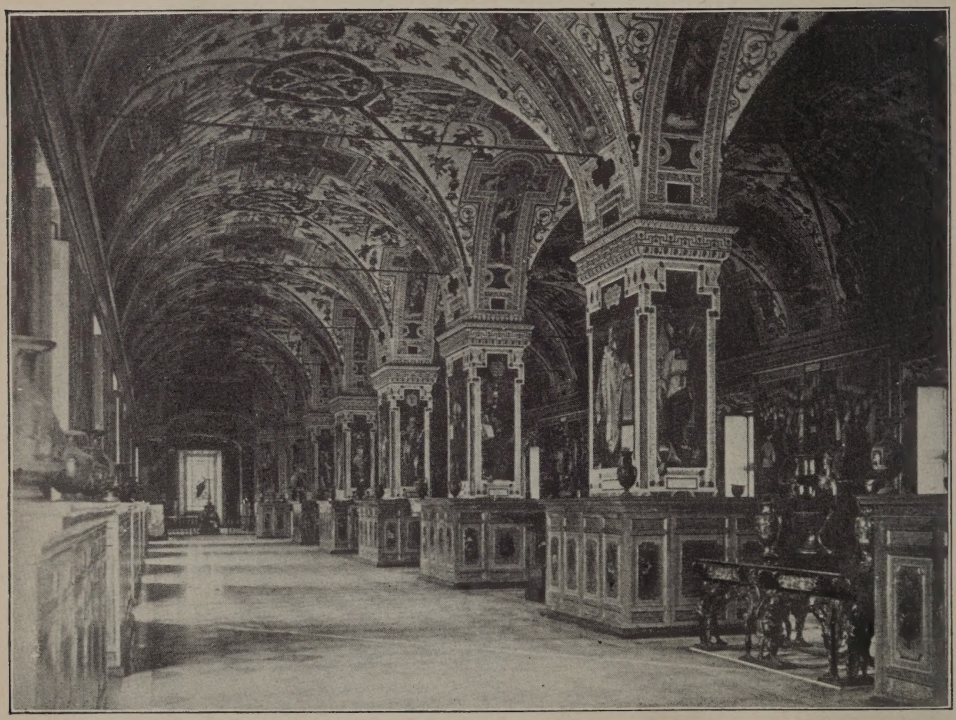
From a water color drawing by F. Rochard in the possession of Cardinal Vaughan.

a strong exponent of the Faith, was one of his professors.

The year 1818 marked the beginning of a period of rehabilitation in the scholastic world of Rome. Colleges in that city, which, since the domination of Napoleon, had remained with closed doors, were suddenly reopened, and bright students from different parts of Europe were hurrying to their lecture halls. Among these was the English College which had been closed since 1798. The faculty of Ushaw had long recognized the extraordinary talents of young Wiseman, and he was accordingly

chosen as one worthy of representing English youth in the Eternal City.

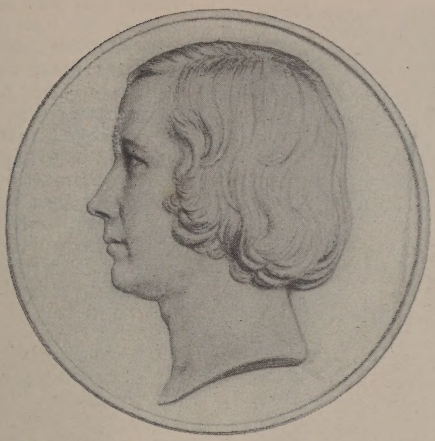
He spent six years as a student in the English College, during which time he was thrown much into the company of many men of distinguished abilities. The bent of his mind at this time was not so much toward theological or philosophical matters as towards the more fascinating fields of scientific and literary endeavor. Achæology especially laid a great claim to his attention, encouraged, as it was, by the presence of men to whom the Catacombs and the art treasures of Rome were familiar as everyday history. The faculty of language he developed to an extraordinary degree, especially in the study of those ancient, complicated tongues of the East which, at that time, were acquiring a new hold upon the minds of the learned. It was the age in Rome when Fea and Mai were in their glory; the age of Mezzofanti, the man of many tongues; when Bunsen and Niebuhr conducted salons resplendent in wit and learning; when Canova was carving immortal statuary for the Vatican; and when Overbeck and his band of Catholic Preraphaelites were discussing the claims of a



THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

Wherein Wiseman spent many studious hours under the tutelage of Fea, Testa, Mai, Mezzofanti and like men.

newer art. With all these influences about him, it is not surprising that a mind like Wiseman's, ever on the alert for the newest acquisitions of science and art, should have made itself an arsenal stored with resources for the future conquest of a nation.



COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

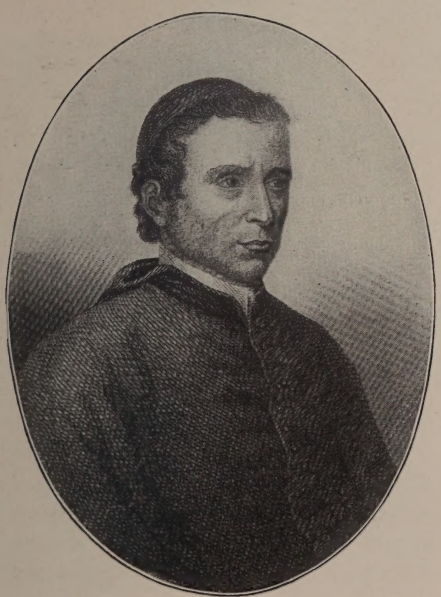
Author of the "Monks of the West." One of the young liberals with whom Wiseman came into contact frequently during his life.

Of his acquisitions in the field of languages, the Cardinal in later years, 1857, gives a very modest estimate in the following letter to Dr. Russell, one of the most esteemed of his friends. The letter is valuable in other ways also, as showing the Cardinal's opinion as to his value as a factor in the domain of literature.

London, W.,
Jan. 30, 1857.

My Dear Dr. Russell.

You must think me a very shabby correspondent. Nor will I throw the blame on the ill health of Mgr. Searle, and the lameness of Mr. Gewthorne, which throws an extra weight on me, though this is true, but I must here in part throw it on yourself. For I could not bring myself

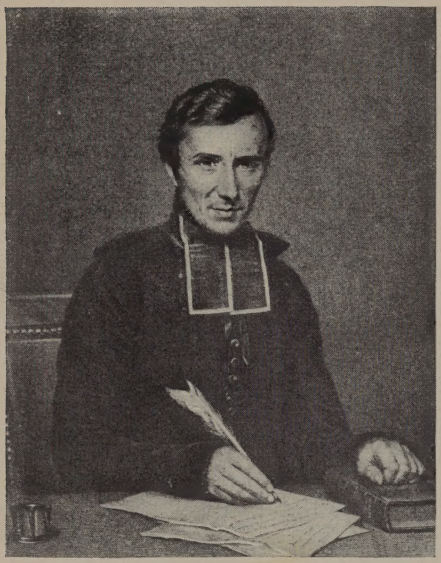


CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

The greatest of linguists, cherished the young Wiseman as a friend of the closest intimacy. It was doubtless from the inspirations of a presence like his that Wiseman was impelled to those linguistic studies that gave him also an European reputation.

FATHER LACORDAIRE.

Lacordaire with Montalembert and a host of like intellectual men of France looked to Wiseman as a kindred soul. The friendship between the French and English giants extended throughout all the struggles that marked the Church of France during those days.



DE LAMENNAIS.

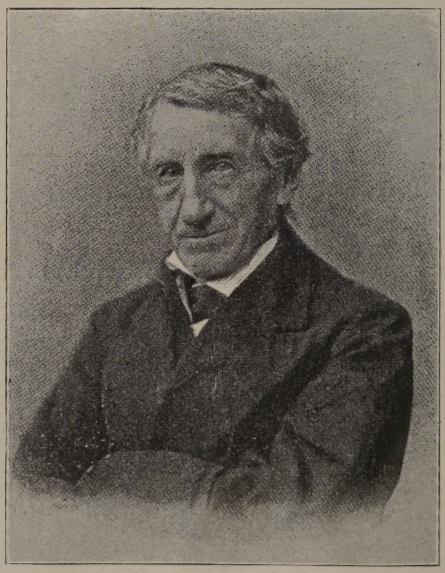
De Lamennais had an early acquaintanceship with Wiseman. He was present in 1823 when the young disputant was in the act of being publicly examined for the doctorate. No one sympathized with this brilliant intellect in its deplorable fall more sincerely than did Dr. Wiseman.

to answer the letter in which you told me you were going to introduce my name into the list of linguists, and asked me to give you a list of the languages with which I am acquainted.

I feel I should be entirely out of place in such a catalogue. I have no pretensions whatever to such a character. The few languages which I have learned merely to assist me in biblical studies are not more than a hundred German or other Scripturalists learn as a matter of course; indeed fall far below what many know now; *e. g.* Lagarde, Windischmann, Neva &c. I therefore do entreat you to omit my name altogether, except as a friend of Mezzofanti's.

To tell the truth, I have been long alarmed at the amount of exaggeration existing about myself. I can perhaps write popularly and fairly about a variety of subjects, there is what is commonly called versatility, or facility about me, and I can catch hold of a popular topic and treat it so as to give it some interest. But I have written nothing which will not pass away with the age, nothing of lasting grasp, or permanent utility. Nor can I ever persuade myself, that anything that I have written, or write could not be done quite as well, or much better by thousands. It is therefore merely a matter of self-love, entreating you not to put me forward as entitled to any reputation on the score of languages, at best very imperfectly known; for you will only increase the collapse in fame, which will one day happen in my memory. I often think about leaving my epitaph prepared, to prevent my friend making a fool of himself and me, by eulogies.

I have no distinct recollection of Mezzofanti's Syrian knowledge. Chaldee being a spoken language I imagine he knew that best. There were several good men in Rome, whose language it was; one old man in particular, whose name, Alenshi, you will probably know (he is now dead) a holy and learned orientalist. As Mezzofanti was best acquainted with spoken languages, I should think it probable that he knew less of Syrian than of Chaldean. Hebrew I have heard him speak fluently with a convert-



DR. DOLLINGER.

An ardent friend of Wiseman during his orthodox days. After the Vatican Council he became leader of the Old Catholic schism.

ed Rabbi, familiarly known in Rome as "Shalam," from his salutation. I will forward, or rather have forwarded, your letter to Card. Reisach, with a note from myself.

Now for self? I have undertaken to prepare a small volume on the four last popes: and I have written for material to Rome in addition. Can you suggest to me memoirs or other works on the subject—including, besides each Pope, Consalvi, Mai, &c.

Your affectionate friend,

N. Card. Wiseman.

Wiseman's career as a student was ended in 1824 with the reception of the doctorate. He went forth into the world a finished man, both intellectually and physically, and yet, though the object of the most intoxicating admiration and even flattery, he had so well grounded himself in the principles of self-government that he could hold his balance without falling into errors of pride. He might have rested upon his laurels, assured of preferment for what he had accomplished; but, being a man of character,

FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, 1849.

With whom Wiseman had two important interviews.

THE CHURCH OF THE GESU, ROME.

In this church in 1827 Wiseman was appointed to preach a course of English sermons for the benefit of English sojourners in Rome.

he determined to use his acquirements for the advancement of Catholic interests. After his ordination, in 1824, he began immediate preparations for his first important work, the Horæ Syriacæ, which appeared in 1827. It consisted of three dissertations upon Syriac studies in the Old Testament exhibiting, as Father Maher, S. J., avers, "his high critical faculty and his familiarity, as an expert, with Syriac MSS." The effect of this publication was to place Wiseman at once in the forefront of Oriental scholars, and as an acknowledgment of the high opinion with which he was regarded by the Holy Father, Pope Leo XII appointed him Professor of Oriental Languages in the Roman University. It was, indeed, a year full of honor for the young philologist. It was in that year that he was installed as vice-rector of the English College and as the English preacher in the Church of the Gesu, at Rome. The following year, 1828, upon the appointment of Dr. Gradwell, hitherto Rector of the College, to the post of Bishop in England, the young Wiseman was raised to the dignity of Rector of his old College.

Yet these years, so full of honor and success, were not altogether happy. There seems to have been a period in the lives of all great Catholics of the last century when their souls were weighed down with a great desolation. The shadow of sinister doubt for a time hangs around them afflicting the spirit and urging to revolt. Wiseman did not escape his share in this disquietude. The spirit of skepticism for some few years had entered his soul and filled it with the most dire temptations; but there was also a sustaining grace that strengthened him for the struggle, so that when, at length, about the years 1827 or 1828, he had cast forth the evil spirit, he could rest secure that its temptations should

troubie him no more. In fact it is to the graces obtained in battling against these desolating influences that he attributes his great constancy in the years that followed.

FABIOLA.

From the painting by Henner.

Wiseman's career as Rector of the English College extended over a period of twelve years, from 1828 to 1840. It was a term full to overflowing with business and energy, and that this was not unappreciated is attested by the acknowledgments that came to him from the most varied quarters. Thus in 1830 he was elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and in 1831 an honorary member of the

VERY REV. C. W. RUSSELL, D. D.

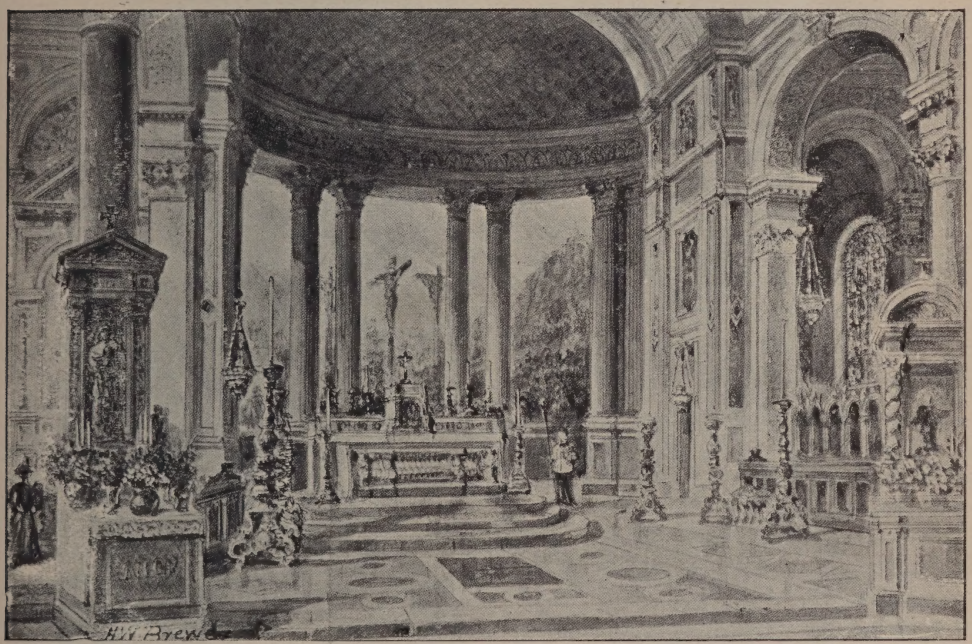
President of Maynooth, 1858-1880.

Dr. Russell remained ever a staunch friend of Wiseman. For many years he represented the Cardinal's views in the Dublin Review of which he was the editor. The "Life of Cardinal Wiseman," by Wilfrid Ward, contains much of the correspondence between these two friends. The letter reproduced in this article has been kindly loaned to us by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

Royal Society of Literature. His prominence and great activity now brought him into contact with the leading spirits of the day. The decade from 1830 to 1840 was one of Catholic revival all through Europe. It was the age of Balmes and Donoso Cortes in Spain, of Görres and Dollinger in Germany, of Lacordaire, DeLamennais and Montalembert in France, and in all the movements of the Catholic body under such leaders, Wiseman took an active interest. The liberalism of Montalembert he modified in its application to the Church in England, and made himself an ardent supporter, thereby, of the efforts of O'Connell. In this he scandalized in no little degree those leaders of the Oxford movement, in whose minds the liberalism of O'Connell and that of the French leaders was associated with hostility to the Church; but understanding his ground, as he did, he yielded in nothing in these principles until he had finally convinced even Newman himself, of their usefulness.

Wiseman moreover, may be said to have introduced the true ultramontane spirit into English Catholicism. Before his time Catholics of England had fallen into a species of Gallicanism, which manifested itself in a desire to be independent of the rulings of Rome in their domestic affairs. There was a fear in their hearts lest by introducing the practice of their Religion according to the ideas of the Italians, they might again stir up the bitter antagonism of their Protestant neighbors and endanger the civil rights they had but so lately gained. Thus there was so much opposition to the public exhibition of the Cross, to the statues of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, to the Rosary, and the

other devotions which, as public practices, had long fallen into desuetude. Even in his retreat in the English College of Rome, it was the darling idea of Wiseman's soul to bring all these back again to the English land, and to accustom the Catholic people a series of lectures in the Sardinian Chapel of London. They created an immense sensation, setting forth, as they did, the claims of the Catholic Church, especially in regard to the principle of Authority, as they had never been presented before. The



(*Loaned by Rosary Magazine.*)

ST. MARY'S, MOORFIELDS.

This spacious church was thronged every time that Dr. Wiseman preached.

there to look to Rome for all that was best and most sacred in their Religion. What it cost him to realize this desire comprises almost all the history of his life in England.

There were two works of especial import which Wiseman performed during his term as Rector of the English College. In 1836 he undertook

Oxford leaders, one and all, acknowledged their force, though repudiating their truth. Newman was more than the rest affected by them, and Pugin, the celebrated architect, at once offered himself for conditional baptism. The Catholics themselves were happily surprised to note their effects and in acknowledgment of the great service

POPE PIUS VII.

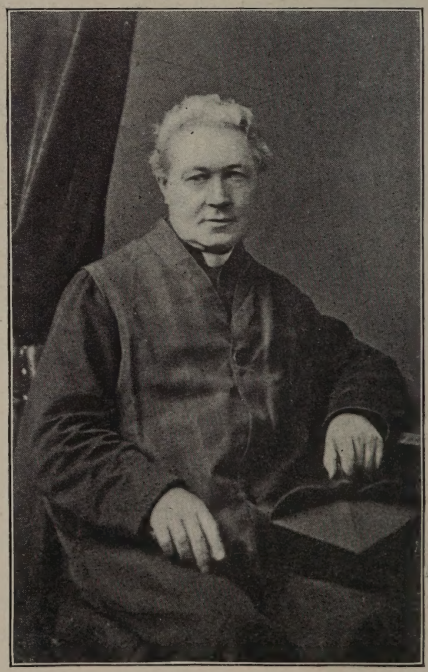
Writing of his audience with this Pontiff Wiseman said, "Whatever we had read of the gentleness, condescension and sweetness of his speech, his manner, and his expression was fully justified."

thereby accomplished, a gold medal was struck in his honor, bearing upon one side his bust, and on the other the inscription in Latin: "To Nicholas Wiseman, for his forcible and suave eloquence in vindicating our Holy Religion, the Catholics of London—1836."

It was in this year, also, that Wiseman in conjunction with O'Connell founded the Dublin Review, entering into the contract, however, only upon the condition "that no extreme political views should be introduced into the Review." It is safe to say that the Dublin Review has, up to the present, adhered faithfully to the lofty tone and the Catholic loyalty which characterized its first days under Wiseman.

In July, 1839, Wiseman published his celebrated essay on "St. Augustine and the Donatists," wherein he demonstrated that the position of the Oxford party in regard to the Catholic Church was identical with that of the Donatists of the fourth century in regard to the universal Church of that time. The position of Wiseman was irrefutable, and his argumentation threw the Puseyites into the greatest consternation. Newman, after reading it, declared that it was "the first real hit from Romanism which has happened to me."

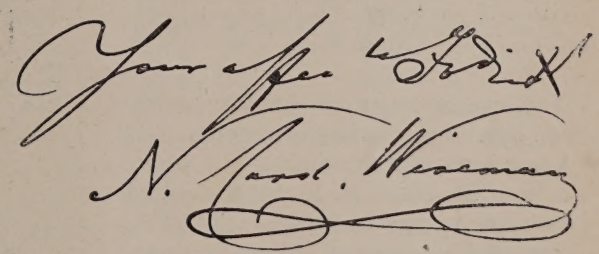
The great importance of Wiseman's influence in the conduct of the Church in England, made it most desirable that he should reside permanently



REV. ROBERT WHITTY, S.J.

Father Whitty rendered valuable services to Wiseman during the many years of their acquaintance. He was for some years the Vicar General of the London district, during which time he transacted much of the Cardinal's business.

upon the field of his operations. An opportunity to effect this purpose offered itself in 1840. The growing interests of the English Catholics rendered it necessary to increase the number of Vicars-Apostolic. Hitherto there had been but four in all the English territory; it was now determined to double the number. At the same time, the advanced age of Bishop Walsh of the Central District, called for the appointment of a coadjutor and Father Wiseman was selected for this



dignity. He was accordingly consecrated Bishop of Melipotamus, in partibus, on June 8, 1840, at the hands of Cardinal Franzoni, and almost immediately took his departure for England. To turn away from the scenes of his youth and manhood was difficult

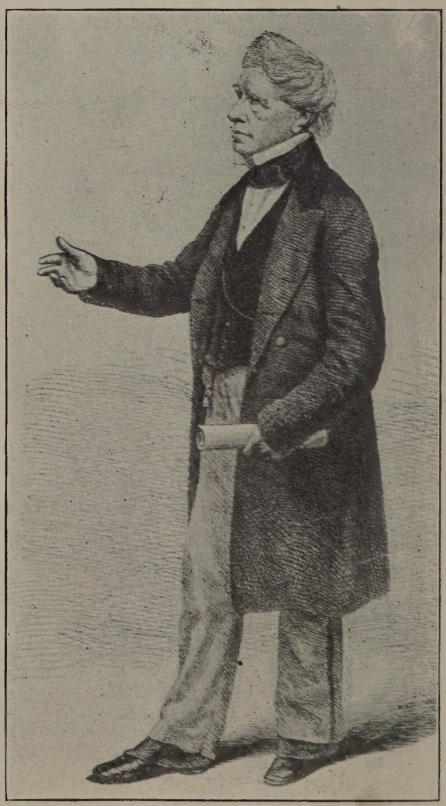
WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.

From a bust by Mario Raggi.

One of the Oxford converts and a life long friend of Wiseman. Though a layman he was appointed by the Cardinal to teach philosophy in the College of St. Edmunds, a circumstance that added to the differences between Wiseman and Errington. The large part he played in the Catholic movement in England has been ably recorded by Wilfrid Ward.

to a nature as impressionable as his. He describes it in his own words: "It was a sorrowful evening . . . when, after a residence in Rome prolonged through twenty-two years, till affection clung to every old stone there, like the moss which grew with it, this slender but strong tie was cut, and most of future happiness had to be invested in the mournful recollections of the past."

In the conduct of his office as coadjutor, Bishop Wiseman, at the same time acted as President of Oscott College, near Birmingham. This place he made the rallying-point in the great controversy which was then at its height between the Oxford leaders and the Catholic party. To him it meant more than a mere college for boys. "Often in my darkest days and hours," he said in one of his Memoranda, "feeling as if alone in my hopes, have I walked in front of it, and casting my eyes towards it, exclaimed to myself, 'No, it was not to educate a few boys that this was erected, but to be the



LORD BROUGHAM.

A devoted admirer of Wiseman and a constant listener to his sermons at St. Mary's, Moorfields.

rallying-point of the yet silent but vast movement towards the Catholic Church, which has commenced and must prosper. I felt assured of this as if the word of prophecy had spoken it." Nor was it an idle dream, for in a very short time the tide of religious interest turned thither as to a centre, and many hurried to it from the ranks of Anglicanism to find behind its doors the lasting peace of the Catholic Faith. Among the illustrious ones who thus sought its portals was John Henry Newman at his conversion in 1845. We find an account of the meeting of Wiseman and Newman on this occasion, in that admirable Life of the Cardinal, by Wilfrid Ward. "On October 31," he says, "he arrived, and the meeting between the two men was characteristic. The great Oxford leader, who had at last owned that Rome had conquered, had come, as it were, to surrender his own sword to the man who had so strenuously urged surrender as his only course. . . . . In company with John Walker and Ambrose St. John, he was ushered into the Oscott guest-room, and in a few minutes Bishop Wiseman with Mr. Bernard Smith and Father Spencer entered the room. The embarrassment was mutual, and Wiseman could scarcely find words for more than formal inquiries about the journey. Any touch of exultation, or any expression of commonplace and conventional congratulation, would, as all felt instinctively, outrage a situation in which the leading mind was so highly wrought that silence seemed the only possible course. The two principal figures sat almost silent, while the companions talked more readily to each other. A message which shortly announced that a boy was waiting to go to confession to the Bishop, gave Wiseman an excuse for retiring, which he accepted with significant alacrity." With the triumphs of 1845 the first great campaign of Wiseman, as a Bishop, was brought to a close, and he could thenceforth direct his attention to other and broader fields of endeavor.

The idea of re-establishing the Hierarchy in England now began to occupy the minds of the Church leaders. At a meeting of the English bishops held in the spring of 1847, the question was seriously considered and Bishop Wiseman was deputed to go to Rome and ascertain the views of the Holy See. Although he found Pope Pius IX entirely in accord with his ideas, Wiseman, nevertheless, encountered much delay in bringing the project into realization. It was a period of political ferment in Europe and especially in the territory of the Church. The Holy Father found that it would require all his energies to struggle with questions of life and death at home, and found little leisure to consider the difficulties of foreign churches. The question of the Hierarchy, however, once taken up in earnest was never definitely laid aside until brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Meanwhile the activities of Wiseman were not permitted to slumber. In 1847 after his return from Rome, he was appointed Pro-Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, which position became permanent two years later upon the death of Bishop Walsh. The same year he carried on diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the English Government. Since the

times of Elizabeth and of Pius V the English Constitution had forbidden any official representation of the British government at the Court of Rome. It was the hope of Pius IX that the English people attracted by his policy of liberality, and hostility to Austrian dominion, would waive for the time being the ruling of the Constitution and would, upon request, send an accredited minister to represent them at Rome. The negotiations of Wiseman, although not so successful as might have been hoped, were yet valuable enough to obtain from the English government some aid of that kind. Lord Minto was accordingly dispatched to Rome, not as an official minister or plenipotentiary, but merely as an agent, to act as the organ of the British government and to render whatever service he could within the terms of his commission. Other services of a semi-political character were also performed by Wiseman during those stirring times, about 1848.

The purpose that was uppermost in his mind, however, the re-establishment of the Hierarchy, was never for a moment abandoned. In 1848 the conduct of the question was placed in the hands of Bishop Ullathorne and came to a final issue two years later, 1850, when the establishment was at length proclaimed.

In the meantime, in the construction of the plans for this re-establishment, the Holy See had determined to make Wiseman the central and most important figure therein. It was he who had first sounded the views of the English leaders upon the admissibility of the action, and having obtained from some of them, especially from Lord Russell, the assurance that there was nothing in the English Constitution to oppose it, had recommended its immediate execution. Accordingly, in 1850, Bishop Wiseman was called to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat. He had at first been somewhat disappointed when the offer was made, imagining that his elevation would mean a permanent residence in Rome with the consequent abandonment of those great projects for the furtherance of English Catholic interests which he had ever at heart. He was, however, agreeably surprised when on reaching Rome he discovered that he was to return to England and continue there his labors, under the title of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

It was coincident with his elevation to the cardinalate that the Establishment of the Hierarchy was proclaimed, and Wiseman, in one of his first official acts in his new dignity, dispatched from Rome to the Church in England, a pastoral containing the terms of the new order of things. By the new dispensation the system of Vicars Apostolic was to cease; the whole of England was then divided into dioceses containing twelve bishops, together with the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. After sending away his pastoral, the new Cardinal immediately set out upon his homeward journey.

Those who had imagined that the introduction of the Catholic Hierarchy into England would meet with no solid opposition were destined to be sadly disappointed. Scarcely had Wiseman's pastoral, with its ominous title, "From out the Flaminian Gate," reached London than the storm which some had been expecting broke forth. The London Times published a lengthy and scathing criticism of the

pastoral, filled with ridicule for what it considered the impudence and effrontery of Wiseman and the Papal Court, and exciting in the minds of millions of Englishmen the old bogies of Popish domination and the destruction of English institutions. The popular mind became inflamed to the highest pitch, and as if to add fuel to the flame, Lord Russell, who but a short while before had practically encouraged the movement, now wrote in terms full of condemnation and prejudice.

In the meantime Cardinal Wiseman, after a triumphant journey through Austria and Germany, arrived in London. He had heard already of the commotion produced by his pastoral, and had been warned against exposing his person to the popular fury. But it was not in the heart of the great Cardinal to yield to motives of fear. On the contrary he hastened to London, already armed with an answer to the various follies that had been uttered against him and his order. He published in the London Times an "Appeal to the English People," a document so full of strong, convincing argumentation and explanation as caused the better class of his opponents to be ashamed of their precipitation, and which called forth an apology from the very Times which had first uttered the war cry against him. Nevertheless the great mass of English people retained their hostile attitude and made every effort to crush out from the very beginning, all possibility of action by the new Hierarchy. In 1851 there was introduced into Parliament an act entitled the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Bill. Notwithstanding the common-sense arguments against it by such men as Gladstone, the Bill passed. According to its terms it forbade, among others, that Catholic bishops should assume as the titles of their dioceses the name of any territory in England, and the penalty therefore was to be one hundred pounds for each offence. Though passed with a large majority, the Bill became, at its very birth, a dead letter, and in fact was later, in 1870, withdrawn from the books altogether. Another outlet for popular rage took the form of the Class and Convent Bill authorizing the investigation of religious houses for women, ostensibly to ascertain if anyone were detained therein against her will. This bill like the other suffered an early death, leaving its makers heartily ashamed of their hysterical folly.

The evils of this time had, however, their compensations. The Gorham case was already stirring up the wrath of spiritually-minded Anglicans, so, that in 1851, in the very midst of the hostile feelings against Catholics, there was witnessed an exodus from Anglicanism second only to that of 1845. Among the thirty-three ministers who then turned to the Church were Henry E. Manning and the Wilberforces.

Finally the brunt of the storm had passed away, and Cardinal Wiseman, secure in the authority for which he had so bravely fought, could deliver himself up to the more pleasant labors of reconstructing the great diocese over which he was placed.

The year 1854 was important in the life of Wiseman as marking the first publication of his "Fabiola," the masterpiece among his writings. A novel from the pen of a priest was at the

time an unheard of event. It was a time when the reading of such literature was looked upon as the dissipation of idle minds, and when novel writers were considered as men of but superficial intellect. That a bishop, therefore, and a prince of the Church should descend to such fields of literary endeavor excited feelings little short of horror, especially in the minds of his colleagues at Rome, to whom literature signified the severest kind of disquisition. When, however, the volume had gone forth, when it was read, a cry of admiration arose from all sides, and a new glory was added to those that already hung about the name of the writer. It was eminently proper that such a book should have been written by Wiseman. No one so well as he had lived through years of appreciation in the midst of the Catacombs, and none could so well paint the manners, customs, feelings, the loves and the disappointments of those who centuries ago had therein found their homes. In the preface to this admirable work he betrays almost unconsciously his qualifications for such a work. "He (the reader) will thus be led not to expect a treatise, or a learned work even, upon ecclesiastical antiquities. Nothing would have been easier than to cast an air of erudition over this little book, and fill half of each page with notes and references. But this was never the writer's idea. His desire was rather to make his readers familiar with the usages, habits, conditions, ideas, feeling and spirit of the early ages of Christianity. This required a certain acquaintance with places and objects connected with the period, and some familiarity, more habitual than learned, with the records of the time. . . . . And so such places or monuments as have to be explained should seem to stand before the eye of the describer, from frequently and almost casually seeing them, rather than have to be drawn from books."

The popularity of "Fabiola" became immediately evident. It was published in all the languages of Europe, while in Italy alone there were at least seven versions. Newman said of it: "It is impossible, I think, for anyone to read it without finding himself more or less in the times of which it treats, and drawn in devotion to the great actors who have ennobled them." The King of Prussia read it like an Eastern tale. One night when he could not sleep he sent for it and read it through at once. On the continent it was the topic in all Catholic circles, and found favorable recognitions in many Protestant journals. Orestes Brownson wrote of it: "It is a most charming book, a truly popular work, and alike pleasing to the scholar and to the general reader. It is the first of the kind that we have read in any language in which truly pious and devout sentiment, and the loftiest and richest imagination, are so blended, so fused together, that the one never jars on the other." What the "Dream of Gerontius" was to Cardinal Newman, such was "Fabiola" among the varied works of Wiseman, one of those books that appear only once in a century, but whose influence will last as long as the memory of their creators.

Among the events of great importance in which Wiseman took an active part during the remainder of his life, were the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, in Rome, on Dec. 8,

1854; the affair of the Austrian Concordat in 1855; and the Canonization of the Japanese martyrs in 1862. In the second of these he did much in a course of four lectures in London to soften the anger aroused in English breasts by what seemed a yielding of Austrian interests to the ruling of Rome. The lucid explanations of Wiseman served to demonstrate the reasonableness of the treaty, and thus again averted from English Protestant minds the rising hostility towards Catholicism. In 1858 he visited Ireland, where he was everywhere received with royal welcome. A description of his reception is thus given in a report of the time. "For five miles of road along which his Eminence had to drive, from Ballinahoun House to the railway, people were assembled in thousands, and as the carriages occupied by his Eminence and friends came up, the cheering was loud and general. In the town three triumphal arches . . were erected. As his Eminence approached, the cheering of the people became deafening, and as his carriage proceeded through the dense mass, men and women pressed around the vehicle, all appearing overjoyed at having an opportunity of testifying their love and veneration for a prince of the faith for which they, as well as their forefathers, had suffered so much. It was a most exciting scene as his Eminence approached the terminus. Not less than twenty thousand persons had assembled. . . . On arriving at the platform he was met by a number of clergymen and other gentlemen, who presented him with an address." The whole tour through the land of his fathers presented to the Cardinal, already weighed down with trouble and anxiety, so refreshing a picture of faith and affection that his heart received therefrom new energy to sustain him in the trials that were to follow.

It is sad to reflect that a life so noble, so manly, so generous, should be fated to receive its first prostrating blow at the period of its going out. Cardinal Wiseman who had lifted up the English Church to its position of independence and honor, was obliged to reel at the end under the crushing force of misapprehension. He had espoused a cause at variance with the ideas of the old generations of English Catholics. He stood forth as the champion of Papal prerogatives with all the vigor of one reared in the home of the Papacy. He had dared to introduce into England, institutions that had long been forgotten or unused; he brought back the religious orders, and opened up convents for women; he had endeavored to force his ideas gently but irresistibly upon a clergy and an episcopate that was not yet quite freed from the old semi-Gallicanism, and he had succeeded wonderfully as long as he had strength to hold the reins of government in his own hands. But in an unfortunate moment, feeling that he had need of help in the conduct of his multifarious affairs, he asked for, and obtained, a coadjutor with right of succession. Dr. Errington, once the friend and college boy of the Cardinal, was chosen as most suitable for the dignity. Errington however, like the greater part of the English Hierarchy, was strongly opposed to what was considered Wiseman's innovating spirit, and it was not long before it became evident that he

could not work profitably for the benefit of the Cardinal. A spirit of hostility arose between the chief men of the Archdiocese, in which Manning, then about to introduce the Oblates of St. Charles into London, took an active part. Party feeling for a long time ran high until it was even feared that schism was threatening the newly resuscitated Church. To compose matters it was arranged, at the urgent petition of the Cardinal, that Dr. Errington should resign his coadjutorship together with all the prospective privileges it entailed.

There can be but little doubt that the melancholy incidents accompanying this unhappy episode tended materially to shorten the life of Wiseman. He contrived, however, to override the discouragements thus occasioned, and during those very years gave to the world some of the most brilliant efforts of his pen. He was preparing a lecture on Shakespeare for the Royal Society when he died, in the year 1865.

We cannot better end this article than by citing the tribute paid to his memory by a Protestant journal at the time of his death, and quoted in his "Life" by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, "Pre-eminent as a scholar and linguist among the greatest scholars and linguists of the nineteenth century; Europeanly famous among divines for his knowledge of Canon Law and erudite familiarity with Holy Scripture in the Oriental languages; distinguished among authors and artists . . . and blessed with a capacity, a sweetness of temper and geniality of disposition which made his wonderful stores of erudition available for the instruction of men of all ranks, classes, and climes and creeds, Cardinal Wiseman occupied by general consent the foremost place among the intellectual luminaries of the age. Wherever he appeared, all unconsciously concurred in the all pervading feeling that how many claimants soever there might be for the second place, the first of right belonged to him."

ABSENT.

G. WONSON VANDEGRIFT.

I found a tiny dell,
More fair than words can tell,
And a rill
That babbled thro' the grass,
As I watched it slowly pass
Down the hill.

White lilies lay a-dream
On the waters of the stream
Far above,
To its bosom they were prest,
Like children to the breast,
Full of love.

The sparrows in the trees
Mocked the music of the breeze,
Piping high;
And their carols rich and glad
Were carried, music mad,
To the sky.

The sun was gleaming thro'
The leaves that lightly blew
To and fro;
And the sunbeams softly fell
On the flower-covered dell
Like the snow.

I lay upon the ground,
And the flowers prest me round
Tenderly;
But the joy of earth and sky
Woke no responsive tie
Within me.

For my soul was filled with strife,
And the promises of life
All had died.
I could bear no more of this
Mad mockery of bliss,
And I cried

"O happy birds depart,
You cannot ease my heart
With your cheer,
For the fairest one of all
Who my spirit would enthrall
Is not here.

"My soul will know no rest
Till her fair form I have prest
Once again;
Then your songs of joy and cheer
Will fall upon my ear
Without pain."

MODERN CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Fort Augustus, Scotland.

That the Catholic Church is fully alive to the dangers which beset the fervent practice of the Faith by the youth of the present day, is evidenced by the help and encouragement afforded by those high in authority to the various clubs, societies, leagues and brotherhoods established in the various European countries for the guarding of young Catholics from the Anti-Christian influences now so rife. As to Great Britain, there is reason to fear that the dangers, though different in kind, are certainly existent there also.

Half a century ago, the many irksome disabilities under which British Catholics were suffering, were swept away by wise legislation. It is, however, to be feared that the change has not had an altogether beneficial tendency upon the spirit of this generation. We enjoy, now, comparative freedom in the exercise of religion; education is in our own hands, the open and unimpeded practice of even the non-essentials of our Faith, in the display of religious vestments and emblems in public processions in our streets, and in the not infrequent wearing of the religious habit in public by men as well as women: such are some of the signs of this freedom. Catholics are able to take part with their fellow countrymen in artistic, literary, or scientific pursuits, and to practise with equal rights any of the professions. The Faithful of Great Britain, in a word, enjoy greater freedom than the dwellers in any professedly Catholic country of Europe, with the exception of the little island of Malta. For the majority of those amongst whom we live are no longer led by ignorant bigotry in their treatment of us; they mix with Catholics, as with others, in social functions; they will even speak, at times, with some enthusiasm, in admiration of the aesthetic side of our Faith. The change, it is true, has come rather from indifferentism than conviction, but still, such are its results.

Now, in the judgment of experienced men, it is this very toleration which, in many instances, has proved a curse rather than a blessing. Some of our younger Catholics, they will tell us, for the sake of the social advantages now within their reach, are at times tempted to pare down to a minimum the practice of such religious duties as might interfere with those advantages, or at least to keep studiously in the background any point in connection with Catholicity which might tend to their own disparagement by shocking prejudice or arousing ridicule. The result in such cases must needs be the weakening of faith and the loss of some of that staunch conservatism with regard to religion, which was so distinguishing a mark of their Catholic ancestors

three centuries back, and which lingered on unimpaired till within the memory of the oldest among us. This is to be seen, we are told, in the apathy displayed by so many of the younger generation towards the numerous branches of activity on behalf of the Church in which both sexes are able to find scope for the energy and zeal which staunch Catholics should always be willing to place at the disposal of their pastors. The complaint has often been made of young English Catholics; it is for us to examine how far the charge holds good with regard to the youth of Scotland.

It is necessary to bear in mind, from the outset, that the northern kingdom is greatly behind England in what we may style Catholic progress. One example only will suffice to show this. Whereas, England has already celebrated the golden jubilee of the establishment of her new hierarchy, Scotland has possessed her own properly constituted bishops for little more than twenty years. The wonderful advance made by the Church in the southern kingdom is undoubtedly due to the Oxford movement, and in the north there has been as yet no equivalent motive power. But there are other reasons for the difference. The Reformation in Scotland was far more radical than in England. Scottish Calvinists swept away, as far as they could, everything "Popish"; churches were ruined and desecrated, the priesthood abolished, ritual scorned—religious traditions, in short, completely ignored, whereas in England the professors of the new religion retained the material buildings, a smattering of the doctrine and ritual and, to some extent, the external government with the traditional titles of officials customary in the Catholic Church. The result was that while England, in after years, was to see Protestants claiming to be the lineal descendants of the Ancient Church, the majority of Scotsmen were to refuse to believe that their religious ancestors had ever been Catholic at all. It is easy to see why the Church has been of slower growth in Scotland; the scanty remnant of the Faithful there, while suffering the same penalties for their recusancy as their brethren in the south, had to struggle against a force of prejudice, comparatively greater, by reason of the wider gulf which lay between the beliefs of the opposing parties.

The Catholics of Scotland, at the present day, are made up of three constituent elements. There are the Highlanders, the Lowlanders and the Scoto-Irish; each group has its own characteristics, and each must be considered apart in estimating the quality of the Catholicity exhibited by the classes that compose it. With regard to the first of these elements, we may roughly specify as Highlanders the people inhabiting the western isles, and the midland, north-western and western counties of the mainland lying between the Grampians and the Moray Firth. Of Celtic race, they have clung with laudable tenacity to their ancient language, traditions and customs from generation to generation, and more praiseworthy still, have maintained in their remote islands and secluded glens the practice of the Ancient Faith, with a stubborn persistence that has been unconquerable. Consequently, we find to this day, whole districts and entire islands in Scotland where Catholicity is the only

religion to be met with, while across the Atlantic, thousands of the same race whose forefathers generously chose exile rather than apostasy, perpetuate the like characteristics in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

It is evident, at first glance, that such a people must be deeply religious. Persecution, indeed, induced a certain reticence with regard to outward demonstration of the faith rooted deeply in their hearts, and symptoms of it still appear in the conduct of most Highlanders whose lot is cast among Protestants. There is a shrinking from the mention of holy things before unbelievers, hence they will often veil under equivocal terms the practices of religion; to "go in" means to go to confession; to "go to church" or to "sermon" (even) means to hear Mass. Yet there is no shyness about such things between the dwellers in districts wholly Catholic, where each is perfectly outspoken to his neighbour regarding them. Indeed the familiar salutation of such is "God bless you," and the constant pious ejaculation, "God helping me," accompanies all their expressed resolutions. Nor is there any lack of appreciation on the part of all Catholic Highlanders as regards even the luxuries of religion—if we may style them so; for they have been known to walk gladly and voluntarily a distance of thirty miles to assist at Pontifical Mass at midnight on Christmas Eve.

No one who has lived amongst Highlanders and studied the character of the people, can fail to love and admire them. Their ordinary life—occupied in quiet, pastoral avocations—induces a shyness with strangers, but under the calm exterior there is a deep fund of emotion, ready to well-up when stirred by religious enthusiasm. For their Gaelic prayers are full of poetry and abounding with unction and are treasured up from one generation to another. Witness the beautiful hymn invoking the Blessed Trinity, St. Michael, St. Columba and "the golden-haired Shepherdess, Mother of the Lamb without spot," in which the people of Benbecula and the other Catholic islands publicly commend to God and the saints the welfare of their flocks and herds, as they lead them annually to the summer grazing grounds. Generous to a fault, they are ever ready to bestow upon the needy; staunch of purpose, they are a race given to undying friendships, even though, like all people whose affections are strong, they may be slow to forgive an injury.

The position of the priest in a Highland community is, as may be imagined, one of exceptional authority. The deep reverence and enthusiastic devotion with which the people regard their faith, extends to the person of the priest, and not only in spiritual things, but even in many of the everyday affairs of life which even remotely concern his interests, his will is obeyed with childlike docility. Examples will show this better than pages of description. The writer knows one Highland priest who has often driven from the public house, on a Saturday night, the too indulgent members of his flock, and that with a liberal use of his "pastoral staff"; nor was he ever gainsaid. Again, it is still customary in some parishes for the priest to call to the altar rails on Sunday, for public reprimand, the notorious delinquents of the week past. It is doubtful whether

such a survival of the discipline of the Early Church could be found in any other European country, except perhaps, in some of the more secluded parishes of the kindred race in Ireland.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that the temporal interests of the priest should be regarded as the proper object of his people's care. That it is so is shown by the fact that in the country districts the rougher part of the farm work is accomplished for him by his parishioners gratuitously. Should he need any carting done, he announces from the altar the different days upon which he desires the various farmers and crofters to assist; the whole parish again, will assemble to cut peat for fuel on the appointed "priest's moss-day"; and so with other matters of a like nature. Brought up in such principles, the young Highlander regards the priest's interests as his own, and is not likely to be wanting when his help is needed in things that affect religion more directly. Is there to be a special feast day—some procession of the Blessed Sacrament for instance—the priest simply announces that help will be needed and scores of willing hands are at his service. The writer can never forget an occasion of the kind in which he was privileged to take part, and in which the cheerful readiness with which the young men of the glen devoted themselves to the needful labour, was as edifying as their religious demeanour during the sacred function itself.

It is true that in such secluded districts as those we are now considering, the work required is very different in its nature from that so urgently needed in the cities and large towns; but whatever assistance the Highland priest may demand, there is always abundant good-will to supply it, and that, after all, is the question at issue.

The nature of the Lowland Scot is somewhat different from that of the Highlander. He, too, is somewhat reticent, and in religion, as in ordinary duties of life, betrays little emotion—far less than the Highlander indeed. He is less impulsive, too, and more inclined to reason out his course of action. Nevertheless, he is just as earnest with regard to religion, and looks upon it as the first and chief duty of life. He will sit through the most impressive sermon, and perhaps betray no sign of the fervour which really stirs him; yet that he loves sermons, and even long ones, is proverbial. Whatever he puts his hand to is well done; for he is above all things earnest and trustworthy. It used to be customary, not so long ago, for Scotsmen to approach the Sacraments twice or thrice a year only; then the preparation, on the part of some, occupied a whole day. Even now, when more frequent Communion is the more general practice, at least in the towns, it is not unusual for the penitent to spend half an hour in preparation, and a like space of time in thanksgiving, every time he confesses. Taking into consideration the difference in the nature of the people, there is practically the same diligent and careful exercise of religious duties and the same reverence for the clergy as among the Highlanders, even though it be less visibly expressed. The opportunities for any work of importance on behalf of the Church, are not numerous except in the cities, and of these we must speak later. Lowland Catholics, too, are fewer than those in the Highlands.

The third element which goes to

constitute the Catholic inhabitants of Scotland, is largely in the majority. The Irish settlers were attracted in the first instance by opportunities of employment which they were unable to find at home, and numbers cross over from the sister island year by year, led by like considerations. Coal mining, iron working, the manufacture of mineral oil and kindred works, afford employment to thousands in the southern counties, especially in the neighborhood of Glasgow and Edinburgh, in the mills of Paisley and Dundee and amid the mines of Ayrshire. Many of these emigrants have intermarried with the people of the country, but they perpetuate their national characteristics with—in many instances — their national family names. Those of mixed race unite the qualities of both peoples. The generosity and emotional fervour of the Celt is theirs by inheritance and the more practical and philosophical nature of the Scot is often wedded with the former traits. One may find many good examples of this Scoto-Irish race among the miners of the coal districts. They are generous, yet frugal; affectionate, yet not over demonstrative; but all of them are devoted to Church and priest, as an Irishman, worthy of the name, must needs be.

It is the custom in such districts to make a weekly collection from door to door for the support of the mission; for the congregation is of its nature migratory, depending upon the caprice of nature's generosity, and otherwise there could be no adequate provision made for priest and parish. It is characteristic of the miners that such collectors never fail. It is no easy matter to visit weekly a certain number of families, when the work has to be accomplished after long hours of cramped posture and constant muscular action in the damp atmosphere of a coal mine. Another way in which they show willingness to help in church work is by taking part in the choir; this is, indeed, in all the country parts of Scotland, the chief means of assisting the priest in the actual services. For the rest, these people are generous and loyal towards their Faith and all that concerns it. All classes of the community, young unmarried men and women, as well as the more elderly, exhibiting an example of fervour and devotion and of uprightness of life, calculated to edify their Protestant neighbors.

All that has been said of Highlanders, Lowlanders and Scoto-Irish, has been but an introduction to the real work of investigation. The bulk of the Catholics of Scotland must be looked for in the large cities of the south. The diocese of Glasgow alone, embracing as it does the counties of Lanark, Dumbarton, Renfrew and parts of Ayr and Stirling, contains as many priests and more than twice as many Catholics as all the other dioceses together. In 1900 the Catholic population of Scotland was estimated at 414,000, and of these 280,000 belonged to the diocese in question, while half of the remainder was supplied by that of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. Our enquiry as to the character of the young Catholics of the country is, therefore, chiefly concerned with the inhabitants of the two cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh; for, as to some extent in the past, so more certainly at the present day, the

youth of the Highlands and Lowlands drift into the cities to find surer and more remunerative employment than they can expect to meet with elsewhere. Moreover, the gathering together of Catholics in these centres of industry creates, at the same time, the necessity for church workers and the material from which those workers are formed.

A glance at the nature of the assistance required from the laity shows that it is threefold in character: work for the Church and its services, labour on behalf of the poor, and political organization. The helpers in each branch are chiefly drawn from the various Catholic confraternities; thus, for church work and for political energy there are the members of the widespread Catholic Young Men's Society, which, while it has branches in all the chief towns, has one attached to each of the parish churches in the large cities. Some idea of its development may be gained from the fact that one only of the many branches established in Glasgow—that superintended by the Franciscan Fathers—numbers some seven hundred young men. These large bands, when properly managed, are well calculated to promote and maintain a thoroughly Catholic spirit in helping on any work that may be required from time to time. An equivalent nucleus of female workers is to be found in the numerous bodies of Children of Mary, existing in all the towns and attached to most of the churches in the cities. Other helpers are of course to be found outside such confraternities.

It will be well to examine more in detail the three spheres of spiritual industry already alluded to. The first-named—that concerned more immediately with the Church and its services—is made up of many and varied occupations. One which affords scope to both sexes is—as mentioned before—that of singing in the choir; not only is this duty fulfilled in most churches without remuneration, but in some of the smaller places the organist's part, also, is rendered gratuitously. For the female portion of the community, the manufacture of vestments and preparation of altar linen is a work which is fostered all over the country by the various branches of the Altar Society, whose ends are charity to poor churches and promotion of the more devout worship of the Blessed Sacrament. Young men find occupation in showing strangers to seats, collecting the offertory as well as the pence in payment of benches, all of which duties are, as a rule, carried out by unpaid helpers. Sacristy work, too, is another field in which young men often give gratuitous help, and that not only on occasion of some great festival, but as a regular thing; for very few of our churches can afford to keep a professional sacristan. The serving at High Mass and Benediction on Sundays is often supplied by young men of eighteen or twenty, who have continued the practice from their school days; besides affording help to the priest, it is of the greatest importance to the youths themselves in fortifying them against the carelessness and neglect of religion which too often result from the dangerous temptations of life in a large city.

With regard to work undertaken for the benefit of the poor, this branch of Catholic labour is very charitably

and efficiently supplied by the Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul, which, as is well known, is bound to consist of laymen. At least twenty branches of this useful organization exist in the city of Glasgow alone, and the diocese numbers forty-five, while others are spread through most of the remaining Scottish dioceses. The members make a point of visiting the sick or needy and relieving cases of distress amongst the deserving poor; another, and a most important duty, is that of looking after the Catholic education of children. Kindred societies for female helpers have been set on foot in various parts of the country. They take the form of visiting the poor in their homes and the sick in the various hospitals. Some of these associations undertake the making of garments for the poor and work of a similar kind. Sunday School teaching is not often shared in by the laity; in most of the towns where the scholars are numerous, it is undertaken by Religious Sisters; in certain places some of the ordinary school teachers are assisted by a few lay helpers for the carrying out of this Christian duty.

There is much work to be done by the laity in Scotland, with regard to political movements in connection with religion. The gathering together of their fellow Catholics at meetings; canvassing for votes on behalf of the best candidates at election times, or of Catholics who seek for places on School Boards or Municipal or Parish Councils: such are the chief ways in which the laity are able to render material service.

The question now arises: in this varied field of labour, are the young Catholics of Scotland, as a rule, cheerful and energetic workers? The answer can be given from evidence obtained by the writer to supplement his own personal experience, from a number of persons conversant with the actual working of things in some of the chief cities. The members of the clergy and laity who were consulted on the subject, gave a pretty unanimous reply. From what they say it appears that young men belonging to the toiling classes, such as artisans, mill-workers, day laborers, miners, porters in business houses, and the like, are, as a rule, most generous with their help. Thus, an active layman writes: "The great majority of the young men who carry out the voluntary duties of collecting, canvassing, etc., belong to the labouring classes and are men who have very little leisure to devote to the work they so gladly undertake. . . . The majority of the active members of the St. Vincent de Paul brotherhood are working men." Another layman speaks still more definitely: "The backbone of all congregations must, of necessity, be the working classes. These (he is speaking of the young men,) I must commend very highly; they are always ready for any work about the church which they may be asked to perform—Sunday duties as passage keepers, weekly or monthly penny collectors for decorations, etc., canvassing at election times for school board, parochial or municipal elections and such like duties." A priest of much experience acknowledges that his young men "are anxious that good should be done," though he laments that they can never make a work succeed unless the priest takes the lion's

share. As his work lies amongst the lower classes entirely, the want of success on the part of the young men in question may be owing to no fault but rather to lack of the managing quality. A nun of an active Order writes: "During my twelve years in the land, I have always found our young Catholic people most willing to sacrifice time and pleasure when called upon to help with works connected with the Church and religion. . . . I think that a good deal depends upon the clergy. In parishes where societies are properly organized and the people visited regularly, you will not hear complaints as to the indifference or unwillingness of the young people to co-operate in such works."

As to young men of higher social standing the consensus is not so favorable. One authority says: "Young men who have had the benefit of superior education . . . . . are often quite useless for anything where real work is needed." But he goes on to remark: "There are exceptions, and when you find them, such men are 'as good as gold.' They will go anywhere and do anything. If they take up a work they make it succeed." Yet another witness, writing from the same city says: "I have nothing to complain of, as far as my experience goes. Any amount of good work can be got out of them if they are taken in the right way. The priest must lead them and never attempt to drive." It is noteworthy that the young men referred to by the latter authority are principally University students, some of whom are the most energetic workers in that particular parish. Still it is impossible to deny that young men of the better class are not so ready to undertake work for the Church. It is true that they are not so numerous as those of the working class, but still it would seem that there ought to be more evidence of their interest in labour for the good cause than appearances show. "No doubt," says an experienced layman, "There is good work done here and there, and zealous priests will generally find a certain number who will cordially enter into their views and do what they can. But, considering our numbers, the amount of such work done appears to me to be very insufficient and its quality unsatisfactory."

As regards the disposition of the gentler sex there is no dissentient voice. A Franciscan Sister writes for herself and the community of which she is a member: "We all think that the Catholic girls of the present day are most willing to make themselves useful in any organized work about their parish. Here, in a quiet way, my Children of Mary visit the sick, work for the Altar, etc., and are always ready to give their services when asked." She goes on to remark that in Glasgow and the south, great things have been accomplished by means of such help and concludes: "My experience is that our young people only require to have work appointed for them suitable to their circumstances, and that many more would join in such works, if asked, who would never think of offering themselves." A city priest, who has but scant praise for his young men, says: "The Children of Mary may always be relied upon for work that can be done by them. Generally speaking, nothing can be accomplished without them—they are indispensable." The willingness shown,

too, by the various branches of the Altar Society and by the members of the various charitable organizations in which women take the chief part, and the amount of valuable work thus done, are beyond all praise.

It would be invidious to speak of the upper classes, because Catholic families of rank are by no means numerous in Scotland. Yet one is almost tempted to break out in admiration of some among them who give evidence of the true Catholic spirit that is in them, by the self-denying zeal and untiring energy that appear in their numerous works. A straw shows the direction of the current, and an illustration of little moment in itself may serve to indicate the disposition of some of our nobler Scottish Catholics. Those of them who are now engaged in the South African war, have edified many by the straightforward, manly way in which, Sunday after Sunday, they have taken upon themselves the duty of Chaplain to their Catholic comrades when priests were not to be had. Constantly on board ship, and as often as it was possible during the campaign, these gallant young officers have taken care to read publicly the Prayers for Mass and Epistle and Gospel of the day for the benefit of their men. It is but a little matter, yet it speaks eloquently of their appreciation of their Faith and of their will to work for it.

Summing up the evidence, one is bound to confess that the verdict is, on the whole, a favorable one for the rising generation of Scottish Catholics. Even those witnesses whose testimony has been adverse, have generally added a saving clause, that if young men were more frequently invited to help, more workers might doubtless be found. To add to what has been said, there is another little point in their favour, known by experience to the writer, and that is the readiness with which so many of both sexes and of all classes have gladly undertaken to act as promoters for the League of St. Andrew, a confraternity of prayer for the conversion of Scotland, established in connection with the Monastery in which these lines were written. Hundreds of the youth of the country are thus engaged at the present time.

Taking all things into consideration, it seems reasonable to hope that as Scotland progresses in methodical organization with regard to her Catholic societies, for the benefit of Church and people, her children will advance more and more in that spirit of active charity which is of incalculable advantage to the Christian community.

RESCUE WORK IN LIVERPOOL.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

BOYS' BAND—INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.
STREET TRADING BOYS.
MAKING HAMMOCKS IN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Perhaps no city in the world has such well organized charities as Liverpool. Certainly no city can need them more. The great Docks, supplying so much unskilled labor, attract the poorest class of laborers both from England and Ireland. When the supply of work lessons for a time, "the hands" thus thrown out of employment, have no trades to fall back upon; they can find no other situations, and soon become dependent on charity. The wives and daughters are as ignorant as the men. Their work generally consists in "step cleaning," going from house to house to scrub the front doorsteps or the selling of flowers and small wares in the streets. Nothing could be worse for this class than such vicarious employment and the public life to which it leads. It is easy to understand how they fall under the temptations of drink. Once seen in this condition, a woman is classed among the most dissolute of her sex. Driven to despair by the cruelty of her neighbors, she drinks more and more, gradually losing all sense of shame until she sinks to the terrible level of those women whose faces, once seen, haunt you forever.

From this class of unskilled laborers the inmates of the Workhouse are yearly recruited. With few exceptions the children of the very poor are born here, and remain until two years of age, when they are sent to the Poor Law Schools. The Sister Superior of the Leyfield School who has charge of two hundred of these children, testifies to the good care which they have received in the Public Workhouse. She says that at their birth the mothers are well taken care of by

trained nurses. This is a wonderful advance from the state of neglect in which they were found fifty years ago. At that time all children born in the Workhouse remained until able to support themselves. They owe their deliverance largely to the genius and charity of Charles Dickens, who by his vivid pen pictures attracted the attention of all England to their sufferings. A law was passed providing separate houses for these waifs. Later the Poor Law Schools were established throughout the kingdom. The children in these schools are supported by the City Government from the Poor Rates, each householder being specially taxed for this purpose. The chief difficulty which arose was the finding of proper persons to take charge of these schools, men and women who would, indeed, be fathers and mothers to the poor children. The abuse of such responsibility led Cardinal Manning to devote much of his life to the children's cause. He fought long and hard before he could induce the Government to permit Catholics to establish their own Poor Law Schools where Catholic children should be sent by the *Guardians and paid for out of the Poor Rates. In 1866 this law was passed. It provides that when a Catholic School is certified to by the Guardians of the poor, as being a suitable place in which to rear children, it may receive those born in the Workhouse (of a Catholic father) who have reached the age of two years; and that the same sum paid for a child's maintenance in the Poor Law School of the Established Church of England, shall now be paid for each child sent to the Catholic schools. This was a great victory, as it enables Catholic children to be brought up by the Sisters or other devoted persons. Cardinal Manning at once bought an old barracks and established the first Catholic Poor Law School. Now there are

MOTHER TAKING HER CHILDREN TO DEMAND A LICENSE FOR STREET TRADING.

*Guardians are men appointed by vote in each district to look after the poor. All children born in the workhouse are under their care until sixteen years of age.

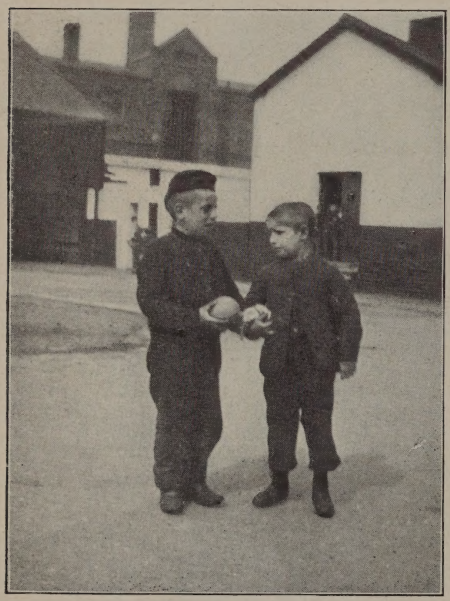
many throughout England. Indeed, such was his untiring zeal that at his death not one child born of Catholic parents was found registered in the Church of England asylums. This required great vigilance, as the law only says that the children *may* be sent to Catholic institutions. It does not command the guardians to send them. The law has since been extended so that it includes all industrial and reformatory schools. That is any Catholic child brought before a magistrate and sent by him to one of these schools goes to the Catholic industrial or reformatory, provided his father was a Catholic—his maintenance being paid for by the State.

LITTLE GIRL CHOPPING KINDLING ON SIDEWALK.

As there are thousands of children in Liverpool who come under these laws, it will be seen how gigantic is this branch alone, of Catholic charity. They are obliged to provide the buildings for these schools and keep them in repair, the Government paying only for the maintenance of the child or its funeral expenses in case of death. Then there are hundreds of Catholic children whose fathers have been Protestants. These would go to Protestant homes did not the Catholic charities support them. Some one must be constantly on the outlook for such cases. Here, then, is work for all who wish to help the destitute and fallen children of God. Introduced by Archbishop Keane to Monsignor Nugent and to the Managing Editor of the Catholic Times, Mr. A. Chilton Thomas, I was afforded, through their courtesy and influence, every facility for investigating the charities of Liverpool. Monsignor Nugent, whose name is a household one for Protestants as well as Catholics, took me through his especial district in the slums. It was wonderful to see the influence which this gentle, white-haired priest exerted over men and women whom you would be afraid to meet alone. Their dull, sodden faces lighted up with loving gratitude and blessed him as we passed. One poor flower girl begged him to accept a large bunch of lilacs. When he refused she insisted on my taking them. "Ah," he sighed, "if they would only keep sober, but what can you expect of girls who spend their lives on the streets, with no settled occupation. Look at the Public Houses, four on this one square. Work as we may we cannot counteract that influence."

In the cold, foggy weather the

saloon is the most comfortable place for the poor. The Catholics have evening clubs but they must close at a respectable hour, whereas the saloons can keep open until morning, and Monsignor Nugent attributes most of the poverty and crime to this baleful influence. "Come," he said, "I will show you a more hopeful side of my work," and he took me to Saint



JOHNNY HANDED HIM HIS BALL AND PAPER PARCEL.

Savior's to see the dear Sisters who have charge of the Home which he founded in the slums for the reception of any poor creature who has done wrong and wishes to reform. The sweet little Mother told me many heartrendering stories. No matter what the girl's past has been, she need only go to her and say that she wishes to be helped to lead a good life. The Mother alone questions her, admitting her on trial. They have fifty-three of these women and have established a large steam laundry for them, which almost pays the expenses of the house. The Sisters work with the women, teaching them how to manipulate the various machines. I was surprised to find here, many young, pretty girls, with bright, intelligent faces. The Sisters laugh and joke with them, trying to make them forget the past. Monsignor Nugent's visits are hailed with delight. The girls get up little entertainments to which they invite him, and he had to promise before leaving, that he would be present at their next dramatic performance. The institution is still so poor that the Sisters and girls are obliged to endure many hardships. For air and exercise they must go up on the roof, where they are surrounded on all sides by high, smoking chimneys. In addition to the regular inmates the Sisters admit all women who apply for a night's shelter. At one end of the building is a large room filled with cots. It has a separate street entrance which is kept open all night. As long as a bed remains no woman is refused. This branch of the work is in charge of a matron, a strong, fearless woman, who sleeps in a screened alcove at the end of the room. When we left, early in the afternoon, we saw a group of the most desperate-looking characters sitting on the pavement, waiting for the door to be opened.

The Head Constable of Liverpool had taken me under his protection and permitted Mr. Yates, chief of the detective force, to personally conduct me through certain sections of the city. At first I was overcome by the terrible poverty, but gradually I became in-

terested in all that was being done to help the people, especially the children, whose affection for Mr. Yates surprised me. Instead of fearing this officer of the law, they all seemed to love him and to realize that he was their best friend. He wore no uniform, but was well known to the slums where his especial work was to look after the children. "We have given up trying to reform the parents. After twenty-five years of close observation we have decided that the habit of drink is rarely overcome. With the children it is different. We can get some hold on them, and when able to remove them from low surroundings, we seldom fail to make good citizens of them. This is the hopeful side of our work and we all love the little ones."

BOYS CARRYING WATER TO SCRUB FLOORS.
WHEELING DISHES FROM KITCHEN TO DINING ROOM.

As we went on our way and found so many beautiful children patiently performing the drudgery that their drunken mothers neglected, I did not wonder that these big, strong men loved the sweet, unselfish little creatures and longed to rescue them from the life of shame into which, sooner or later, most of them descend. What better fate can be hoped for, when from their birth they see only vice, and are fed on gin in their mother's arms? But for a few years the pure nature of the child remains unsullied. You see the little girls sweeping out the houses, scrubbing the doorsteps, sitting in the street chopping kindling or nursing the babies, meanwhile instinctively striving to conceal the shame of their mothers. The boys assist them until old enough to sell papers, flowers or small wares on the streets. Unfortunately they are soon

joined by their sisters, whose pretty faces attract customers. This street trading is the curse of the children in Liverpool, as drink is the curse of their parents. Through the influence of such men as Mr. Chilton Thomas the City Council passed a law, in 1899, which empowered the Corporation to regulate the hours and conduct of Street Trading boys under fourteen and of the girls under sixteen years of age. Under this law they must all be licensed and wear badges. These badges can be taken away by any police officer who hears a child using bad language or finds a boy selling in the streets after nine, or a girl after seven P. M. The next morning the case is laid before a member of the Corporation who decides whether or not the child deserves to have his badge restored. In order to obtain a license the children must appear before this same officer of the Corporation and show that they are physically fitted to endure the hardships of Street Trading, and that they are sufficiently and decently clad. If they seriously infringe the requirements of their license, they can be sent by a Magistrate to an industrial school where they are kept until sixteen years of age.

The authorities have been greatly pleased with the success of this surveillance and are now striving to further improve the condition of these poor children by passing an act which shall read "In case of a child living with drunken or dissolute parents, or having no settled home, the Corporation shall be empowered to require, as a condition of license, that he live in lodgings approved of by the Corporation * * under the control of a person of the same religious belief as the child." For the insertion of this concluding sentence Mr. Chilton Thomas, representing the Catholic party, has worked long and hard. Through the influence of Cardinal Vaughan and other prominent Catholics, he hopes that the act will be passed in this form. He also hopes that all girls will be refused the license "on account of the special moral danger girls run who carry on this calling." Monsignor Nugent says that the streets of Liverpool are the nurseries of crime from which the jails are recruited. All the public spirited men with whom I talked deplored the fact that Street Trading must be permitted in this city. Yet in the absence of any organized employment for children, such as factories or mills, they feel that it would be a great hardship for the poor to be forbidden this means of earning a livelihood; and that until the children could be provided with some other occupation after school hours, instead of being Street Traders they would only become Street Loafers, a condition which, in Liverpool, is considered so much worse, that Dr. Chavasse, the Protestant Bishop, in speaking on this subject, is reported to have said that "were there to be an eleventh Commandment it should be "Thou Shalt not Loaf."

In order to save the younger children from the dangers that menace them in the slums, the Government and private charities of every denomination are now joining forces. A law has been passed "that no child over one year of age can be kept by immoral parents or in the same house with thieves or any bad character." "If a mother rents a room to a woman

BLIND CHILDREN AT WORK.

who is not moral," said Mr. Yates, "I take her aside and tell her that she cannot keep her children unless she gets rid of that woman. Two or three days later I drop in during the evening. The woman is still there. The mother is then summoned before the police court and given notice that unless she complies with the law within seven days, her children will be taken away and sent to an industrial school, where they will be kept until sixteen years of age. I have six or eight little ones that are to be taken to-morrow. If you will come to the court room in the morning I think they will interest you."

I arrived promptly at ten and found the poor, frightened children huddled together in one corner of the Police Court—Mr. Yates was with them—patting them on the back, wiping their eyes and describing the beauties and advantages of their new homes. "They have all had a good breakfast. We never bring them into court on empty stomachs, and I tell them that they will have still better dinners!" Their hearing was a mere formality as their fate had already been settled by the detective, who knew every institution in the city, public or private, and had a true genius for deciding which one would best answer the needs of each child. As soon as the necessary papers were signed, we followed the children into a large play-room where they were kept until some one could

take them to the different institutions. I was specially interested in a pale, sickly-looking boy whose father had arrived to take leave of him. The father was a respectable looking man with a very good face, and seemed devoted to his child. His wife was a drunkard and immoral, so the child had been taken away. "I am sending Johnny to the Catholic Industrial School where his brother is," said Mr. Yates; "George will look after him, so he won't feel strange." The child did not speak, his dark, sad eyes never left his father's face. In one hand he held a large ball, in the other a brown paper parcel. During the afternoon we visited this industrial school. Entering the garden the first person whom we saw was Johnny, his large ball still in one hand, his paper parcel clasped tightly in the other. "How are you, little man, have you seen your brother?" asked the detective. He shook his head in silence. "Why Mrs. Norton," calling to the matron, "did you know that this was Johnny O'Connor, the brother of George?" at which the kind-hearted matron immediately sent for George. When he approached, a light of intense joy suffused Johnny's face. Still in silence, he walked towards him holding out his ball and the paper parcel.

BLIND BOYS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION.

Then he began to rummage through his pockets—producing bits of string and various queer-looking treasures dear to a boy's heart. These he quickly handed to his brother.

This Catholic Industrial School of St. George is one of the finest in England. Everything is done to develop the individuality of the boys and to train them morally, mentally and physically. It is under the direction of a most efficient staff, one of whom is Monsignor Nugent. Their plans are ably carried out by Mr. Norton, the manager, and his wife, who have entire charge of the boys. Mr. Norton superintends their studies and work while his good wife sees that each boy has a share of mother love and care. These children are sent here under the act which provides "that any child under fourteen years of age who is found begging or receiving alms under any pretext whatever—who is found wandering without visible means of support—who is not under proper guardianship—whom parent or guardian is unable to control * * may be sent by a magistrate to a certified Industrial School." There are about three hundred boys here and Mrs. Norton told me that they had no trouble whatever in controlling them. Instead of a system of punishments they have a system of rewards. For instance, if the boys are uniformly good they win the right to serve as messengers for the school. This is considered a great treat. While on the street they are never watched having been put on their honor. They are encouraged to observe all that comes within their notice and to relate what they have seen on their return. This new method, adopted three years ago, when Mr. Norton took charge of the school, has proved of great benefit in stimulating intelligent observation and putting an end to the bad habit which the boys had of sneaking out of bounds. The front door now stands open but no boy has yet tried to run away. A certain number of good marks entitles them to be taken on picnics and to various entertainments. They are given extra time for practice in gymnastics, drills and band music—the last being their special delight and pride. Constantly employed in this way or at their trades and studies they have little time to concoct schemes of mischief.

They are given the ordinary elementary education, with singing, free hand drawing, carving, furniture-making, type-writing, tailoring, shoe-making, stocking making and mending, cooking and housework! They make all their clothes, hats and shoes, assist the one chef in cooking, wash the dishes, scrub the floors and make their beds. Since the introduction of our Boston School System of drawing and designing there has been such a marked advance in their mental development that James G. Legge, His Majesty's Inspector, closed his last annual report with these words: "It is to be hoped that the start which has been made in imbibing educational ideas from across the Atlantic, will be steadily kept up." The superintendent says that the boys have improved in every way—that they are quicker and brighter at all their work. Before they began to draw from objects and to make their own designs, the boys took little interest in the mechanical work of wood-turning or shoe-making. Now they enjoy mak-

ing designs and watching their ideas develop into tables, chairs or bureaus. They are eager to do the mechanical part of shoe-making, because they have studied the anatomy of the foot and designed a proper covering for it. Formerly, each boy's labor was apportioned him—one made so many table legs a day, another so many table tops, etc. Now a boy designs and makes an entire piece of furniture. One small lad showed us with much pride a gargoyle which he had designed, cast in plaster, and was then carving on the front of a bureau which he had made. The greatest gain is, that the boys are all so much happier and have learned to love their work. They really make beautiful, as well as useful articles. In a single year the institution realized from the sale of their work, three thousand six hundred and seventy-three dollars!! Yet these are all slum children who, most probably, would have developed into criminals had they not been rescued by the State. Evidently photography had not been included in the boys' studies, as my kodak created the greatest excitement. Mrs. Norton kindly permitted the children to stop their work, form in line and each take a peep in the reflector as I held it before him. Of the three hundred boys, not one failed to touch his cap and thank me as he passed!

The Sisters have charge of the Girls' Industrial School which is conducted on much the same principle. When about fourteen years of age many of these children obtain situations, others are sent to Canada through the "Catholic Children's Protection Society," whose Home I visited later. I found the little household in great disorder. They were packing the wardrobes of about fifty children who were to sail in two days. Miss Y— who had charge of the expedition, insisted on my remaining for afternoon tea, while she kindly explained the nature of this charity. Often a child leaving the industrial school must be thrown back among old associations where both faith and morals would be endangered. If the matron can convince the Guardians or School Board of this danger, they will send the child to Canada. When a Catholic, this will be done through Miss Yates, and the sum of $60.00 will be given her for the payment of the child's passage and other expenses. The society has an agent in Canada who secures good homes for the children. Each summer when a new party is sent out, the matron in charge investigates the condition of all children who have gone during the three previous years. The reports have been more than satisfactory. In many cases the children have been adopted by good Catholic families, in others they are earning fine wages. Any poor child whose friends can raise $60.00 may be sent to Canada under the care of this "Protection Society." It was established in 1881, under the patronage of the Bishop "For the protection of Catholic children in their religion, and from destitution by means of emigration."

In this, as in all charitable work, the Catholics of Liverpool are aided and encouraged by the Government. No distinction is made between them and Protestants as to the payment of teachers or maintenance of children that come under their Poor Laws. For instance, the Catholic Blind Asylum is "certified to receive pupils from the

Guardians of any Union or Parish in the kingdom," —also "to receive children under Elementary Education Acts." Thus the Catholic blind are sent here by the Government from all parts of England and paid for from the Poor Rates, whenever they come under the above Acts. Without the assistance of the State such institutions could not be supported, as there are so many more imperative demands on the charity of English Catholics. Of course the State is obliged to provide for all who come under their Poor Laws—and it costs no more to maintain the blind in a Catholic Institution than it would in one belonging to the Church of England. Yet that they are willing to assist the Catholics in any way, shows a sense of fairness and large mindedness not often found in Governments. All certified institutions are visited yearly by His Majesty's Inspector and a report sent to the Guardians. If the grade of work, in any one, is not up to the standard required, the Guardians will no longer certify to its fitness to receive children. It is needless to say that those in charge do not permit this to occur.

The Catholic charities of Liverpool would fill a volume, and there is need for many more. Never have I seen such awful poverty, such miserable human beings, yet never have I felt so hopeful for the future of this unhappy class, so convinced that the right methods are being used to bring about its permanent betterment. Some may think that the Government has too great espionage over the poor—that this tends to make them more dependent on charity. It must be remembered that few of these people are in a position to help themselves. The Government, in connection with private charities, is striving to so educate the children that they shall all be self-supporting. This is the end always in view—not to pauperize, but to teach and elevate the poor—to make them believe in the Brotherhood of Man, through which they shall come to understand the divine Fatherhood of God.

A DOMESTIC ENEMY.

BY E. G.

My little dwelling once was fair to see,
  When from the builder's hands it came to me:
Adorned with precious stones from Ophir brought,
  Fine gold and ivory with cunning wrought.
And oft the giver came unto his own,
  And sat, a cherished guest, upon his throne.
Ah! what has happened since that long ago
  To change it so, to change it so?

So high the walls and so well-poised their base,
  Time could not crumble, fire nor flood deface:
Yet is all beauty gone, all radiance fled,
  No gem remains where thousands lustre shed.
A tyrant sits upon the regal throne,
  And drives the gracious donor from his own.
Ah! who has caused a wreck so sad to see?
  Say, was it made by me, by me?

This hut of mine is cold and comfortless.
  The master's marks of special tenderness
Once made its charm. Now all, alas! is gloom
  He comes; but oh! how scanty is the room!
How cold the welcome, and how short his stay!
  The tyrant's presence darkens all the day,
And exiles him for whose return I pine.
  Yet is the blame all mine, all mine.

Yet though the blame is mine, be mine the will
  To look to heaven for light and guidance still:
For courage to dislodge that traitor bold,
  For hope to see my dwelling as of old,
The abode of faith and piety once more.
  Oh! let me beg my master to restore
Its ancient beauty, and upon his throne
  To reign alone, ah! yes, alone!

THE PARRISH LUCK.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

The road from Loneville trailed hot and dusty in the afternoon heat. That part of the world always got its full measure of heat, for there were no hills to temper the sun's rays, which shone down relentless upon the burnt fields. The sky was clear save for two long bands of white which stretched across the western sky, where a portion of the sun peeped between, like a prisoner behind bars. All the beauty there was in the surroundings lay in the sky, the air, and the fields, not in the dingy-looking house, considerably the worse for paint and general repairs. There was an air of desolation about the place that bespoke poverty or shiftlessness or both.

Suddenly a girl came forth carrying a pail, and walked slowly over to the well. Drawing the water she left the pail on the stone flagging, and came over to the sagging gate that barred the way to the road. Here she stood for a while, and one saw that she was tall and well formed. Her face was lighted by a pair of large brown eyes and her well-rounded arms were bared to the elbow. Were it not for an expression of weariness about the mouth —an anxious troubled look that lurked about her every facial movement—one would have termed her decidedly prepossessing. Suddenly below the bend in the road there emerged the figure of a young man, whom the girl no sooner sighted than her whole expression changed. The mouth took on the pretty, well-moulded lines that belonged to it by right, while the eyes brightened with a sudden welcome. A moment ago she was a listless, tired girl, now she was all alert. Smilingly, she awaited the newcomer, who came straight to the gate. He was a good-looking young fellow, with a bright eye and close curling brown hair. He worked in the country store, and his name was Ernest Thompson.

"Well!" he said, "I've done it at last."

The girl's eyes widened, as though this was not quite the greeting she expected.

"You have?" she asked.

"Yes! I quit this place tonight for good."

"Oh! Ernest!" It was almost a reproach and the man turned impatiently, oblivious of the girl's whitened face.

"Oh! what! I told you I was getting sick of it here—that I couldn't stand it much longer, and—"

"But you promised the other night you'd stay for another year anyway."

"Well!—I won't! that settles it," retorted he somewhat ungraciously.

The girl clasped her hands, while he averted his eyes, continuing hurriedly, "I hate poverty! and I hate Loneville! I am going tonight—on the 8.10 train. You won't mind, Em, will you? Why there ain't nothing for a fellow here. Out there," he waved his hand to the setting sun, "I'll get to be something. And then—you an I—Em, we can live as we ought to live, and I'll write

often and I'll come out whenever I can—and—" his farewell frittered away suddenly, while he took both her hands in his, stroking them in an absent sort of way. His eyes were filled with the ambition of other things and though he saw there were tears in hers it was with no great reciprocal sympathy.

"Then this is to be good-bye," she said after a moment, while the sun sank into the fields and a gray pallor spread over the landscape. She shivered slightly, as with a sudden chill, and the man looked away quickly.

"Yes, I suppose it is," he said. "It's getting dark, and I haven't much time left."

"Won't you come in and say good-bye to mother?" asked the girl, almost timidly.

"No," he replied, releasing her hands," what's the use. Why, you'd think I was going to the ends of the earth. I'll be back again, sure enough, —and I'll write and—well, good-bye!" He was off—gone!

The girl watched him with straining eyes till his figure merged itself in the gathering shadow. So he was gone. And how little he had seemed to care. How lightly he had said good-bye. And yet this man was her promised husband; they were to be married soon; it had never been said just when —but it had been understood in an indefinite sort of way that it might be in the fall. And now? A hundred things that she ought to have asked him, and that he ought to have spoken of leaped to her mind. What few words they had said, and how simple and ordinary the whole thing seemed. Of course he would do better in the town, but—but—oh, why did it have to come just now, on top of all the day's bitter experiences. For she had not time to tell him that their troubles, already great, had multiplied. That very day her father, who was slowly recovering from an attack of fever, had received a curt note from Wilson & Co., that the mortgage of five hundred would have to be settled in ninety days at the farthest. This being the culmination of many previous warnings to a like effect Emma felt that the worst was really come to them at last. With burning eyes she walked back to the pail, picked it up, and entered the house. Her mother had made a light, and soon observed the distress in the girl's face.

"Emmy—what is the matter now? Don't let your father see you with that long face or he'll give in entirely. Ain't our troubles enough without a dwellin' on 'em as if it was a treat? I seen Ernest out there, why didn't he come in?"

"Oh, mother he's gone—he's gone away to do better, he says."

"Give up his place in Saunders?" demanded the elder woman. "Well that's sense I do declare! If that ain't a shame—a good place too, and Mr. Saunders so nice to me. What possessed him?"

"He never liked it—he hates the place—he wants to do something to make money—"

"And he left you like that," questioned her mother, "without any plans made for you? Well! My opinion ain't the same of Ernest Thompson. Lord knows where he'll find us, if he ever comes back—I don't! *If ever* I say—for after that, he's likely to do anything."

Mrs. Parrish was one of those women, who, at the first hint of trouble became filled with dire prophecies as to the future. And yet she was fully convinced that she was the one member of the family who bore a cheerful air under any and all conditions. Mr. Parrish with his large and growing family, his ill-health, his wife and his demoralized farm, had a good deal to contend against. It was hardly a wonder he grew discouraged. Old Sol Hunter in talk at Saunders' store was wont to outline the poor man's difficulties in this wise:

"Parrish is one of them 'er durned critters what's allus up agin suthin hard and rocky the hull blamed time. I've knowed that feller years and years —and I never see'd him different. He's allus worked, yes, and worked hard—I tell yer mighty hard. I ain't done half as hard—and where's he today? up agin it with a dull thud! Yes sir, stacked up agin a wife an' five children an' a mortgage that's got to be paid—and can't be—an' him sick as well! It's a case of opportunity an' other things bangin' him on the head an' countin' him out every time. He's an unlucky speciment. Some is born that way, some gets it, an' others agin has it thrust upon 'em. Parrish is one o' the triple-plated kind."

And so it seemed. With all his efforts everything went wrong. He had foreseen the loss of the farm from the first. He had also struggled to lessen the danger but without avail. Now he was not bewailing or bemoaning. He was staring the issue in the face. It had to come—they would have to go—somewhere! It hardly mattered where, and he did not care to think too much about it. Emma was his constant help. She never despaired—to him anyway. His wife always did; so he got to confiding things to Emma who soon had her young shoulders burdened with the dreary weight. Emma was ambitious. She wanted to do a host of things. As a preliminary she had studied and worked hard to secure the appointment of teacher in the local district school but a personage with more influence and less brains had secured the place. There were two younger boys and two small girls. The boys were fifteen and sixteen respectively, bright and ambitious like herself; they did what little they could, but withal it was very little. It was Emma's constant regret that they could not receive more schooling, that they could not have many things. But there were limitations. She was thinking of all these things in a bitter way unusual with her as she went to her room that night. When she crept to bed it seemed as though the accumulated dreariness threatened to engulf her, and with a sudden sob she turned to her pillow and wept long and bitterly.

As for Ernest, he went "out there," which for him meant a large city with crowded streets and brilliant stores. In a week he was fortunate enough to secure a place as salesman in a leading dry-goods house. This was his element and he revelled in it. His first letter, telling of the glories of the present, reached Emma as he had promised. It disparaged everything relating to Saunders and the country store at Loneville, and it lauded to the skies everything in the city. Emma sighed and tried to picture him in his new environment, with the new manners and ways that he spoke of. An

unbidden thrill of resentment shot through her that he should so despise and belittle the past. There were some things in it that ought to be sweet to remember. They would never have changed with her. But Ernest's letter, explanatory though it was, did not tell her all. It could not tell her how quickly he picked up city ways, how well his new clothes became him, nor how fashionable in a small way his habits grew. A recital of them would have dazzled Loneville. He boarded at a rather well-kept boarding house. It was situated in a retired street surrounded by genteel neighbors, whose gentility impressed Ernest very much. So did Miss Ida Townley, the daughter of his landlady. Miss Ida was of the blonde type of beauty, the very reverse of Emma, who looked dingy by comparison. Ernest made that mental remark the first evening of his arrival, which was a dangerous beginning. He thought of Emma as he had seen her last, leaning with clasped hands on the rickety gate with the rickety house for a background and—contrasting her with this lovely creature in her frills and laces—he distinctly regretted ever being engaged. In his letters he adroitly avoided any mention of this circumstance, however, and when Miss Ida smiled almost forgot that he had ever known or cared for another girl. Being a bold and courageous young man and perceiving that Ida seemed not averse to him he redoubled his little attentions to her. Her mother remained a diffident observer not evincing any bias in either way, which proved her to be a diplomat. Not being in the confidence of his fellow-boarders, Ernest failed to hear the gossip which said that Miss Townley was only flirting with him for her own amusement and incidentally to tantalize another swain. He would not have believed it anyway, for his faith in Miss Townley grew day by day. Likewise his admiration. He was sure she liked him. If he might only claim her for his own he would be as happy as a king. He still wrote to Emma but it was a greater effort every time. The letters grew more and more uninteresting. He knew they must be, but he was growing reckless and did not care. The memory of his engagement galled him more and more every day. He had been an ass, a fool, to limit his prospects so. Meanwhile he took Ida to the theatre and whatever else his pocket could afford. Of course he had no time to run up to Loneville. Emma had looked for him at first, but gradually a conviction that he would not come came to her.

"Ain't it about time Ernest would come out?" her mother would say, and the poor girl's pride would force her to formulate some excuse that passed for the moment. Fortunately their troubles were great enough to take Ernest out of her mind at times. Their financial difficulties were as great as ever, and there remained but thirty days to pay the five hundred dollars. And they had not five hundred cents to spare.

"Guess be the looks o' things we'll be out o' this domicile by next month," her father said, one evening at the supper table. He had not eaten much and though he made the announcement as he might have discussed the weather, Emma knew it was breaking his heart. She looked away with a sudden mist of tears in her eyes. That

night she prayed as one prays once in a lifetime, and the next morning a letter came from Ernest. For a long time after she opened it she sat gazing stonily before her. It began:

Dear Em:—

You will forgive me when you understand as I do the necessity of this, but I find we two were not made for each other as we thought. I could never go back to Loneville under the same old circumstances. Time has changed everything for me, and I see now that we were foolish and unwise. It may seem harsh, but it is better so. I feel you will be far more happy with some one else. Under these circumstances you will surely agree with me that it is better to break our engagement now.

Ever your cordial friend,

Ernest.

It was her mother's step that roused her and caused her to gather her wits and the letter together. She hurried to her room, tied whatever little keepsakes Ernest had given her together for the morning's mail, and so tried to dismiss him from her life. As for Ernest, now that the disagreeable task was done with he felt relieved. Thenceforth Loneville for him became but an abstract theory, the only thing that filled his thoughts being Ida Townley. That young person still smiled sweetly upon him and even the gossips admitted it was a pretty long flirtation.

About a week after the receipt of Ernest's letter Emma was sitting drearily and sleeplessly by her bedroom window, which being in the rear of the house gave upon the farm. It was past midnight and a warm, moonlit night. The girl had crept to the window to soothe the pain in her heart, if possible. Suddenly a huge dark shadow shot up out of the earth some distance from the house. It went to a great height and stood shimmering and trembling in the moonlight. A dull rushing roar accompanied this uncalled-for apparition and served to convince Emma that she was not dreaming. Alarmed, she watched it as if fascinated, while the huge body changed its outline every moment. What could it be? She leaned out of the window, and felt her cheek touched with a sudden moisture. At the same moment her father stepped out from below. She called down to him.

"What is it father? It frightened me, it sprang into the night so suddenly. What a noise it makes!"

"Hush child, I am going out to see." He stepped into the house and reappeared with the two boys. Emma hurriedly dressed and was soon beside them.

"It's—it's a waterspout sure," said one of her brothers. "It will drown the house out."

"It'll spoil them potatoes," said the other. "It's just in the patch I put in shape today—see! it's flooded it already."

As they walked toward the towering column the wind carried a shower of spray which quickly saturated their clothing.

"Ugh! It's grease—not water," said Emma suddenly.

"There comes old Hunter to see what's up," said her brother, as the figure of that worthy came hurrying across the fields in the moonlight.

"Well neighbor—what the dickens d'ye call this?" he began. "The n'ise o' the thing woke me up, thinks I this is suthin' uncommon so I just lit out."

For a moment the party gazed at it in silence. A huge geyser of mud and some black oily substance that smelled strongly of petroleum was shooting up into the moonlit sky, with a roar that was momentarily increasing, while the low-lying land below was already a miniature lake. Emma turned and looked at her father. His face was strangely white. Old Sol Hunter gave a sniff or two, then a whoop.

"Whoo! It's ile! By Jingo—it's ile! Ile—a bustin' out o' this field like fireworks! Gallons o' ile! Bar'l's—Yes sir—Bar'l's! I'll bet there's just a thousand a minute goin' up in the air. Ile! smell it. The Parrish luck, by ginger! but good luck this time. Joel, I'm proud to know ye—ye'll be a rich man before mornin'."

After a time the group went back to the house, the two sons and the father and daughter. On the threshold they turned again to watch that wonderful column.

"It seems too good, father; an hour ago we were almost beggars, now—"

"Now," he repeated. "Now, we are rich, child. Do you hear? Rich beyond our wildest dreams—and most of all—I thank God for your sake." He bowed his head for a moment, while the girl kissed him.

"Now, daughter, try and get some rest. We must wait till morning, before we get too sure 'bout anything. It may not be all we claim for it—though I think it is. There's your mother. Don't let her get too excited."

Emma turned away. There was her mother with the two little girls.

"Well! Joel Parrish," she began, "of all things! Not a soul left in the house but me and the little ones—and it the middle of the night too! Whatever has happened now?"

"Oh, mother, it's a great good fortune this time," began Emma.

"My!" cried her mother, catching sight of the geyser for the first time. "Joel—what is it?" She looked terrified until they explained, then she sank down overcome.

"And we'll be rich you say? Joel! Emma!—your sure you ain't jokin'. We won't have to pay that mortgage and me a lyin' awake splittin' my head thinkin' how we'd do it. We won't have to pay, you say?"

"We'll have to pay," said her husband, "but if this is oil,—and it seems to be—payin' 'll be easy."

Soon the moonlight began to wane and the column took on a dull brownish hue in the ghostly light of the newborn day. The family did no more sleeping, but spent the time walking from the new wonder to the house. By daylight a crowd of neighbors had gathered about to wonder, to speculate, and to jubilate. "Ile! Ile!" was heard on every side. The Parrish luck had changed with a vengeance. By dinner time Joel Parrish was a person to be deferred to. His ideas had to be respected. Three of the wealthiest neighbors made him successive offers for the potato patch, that given a day before would have turned his head. But he waved them aside. "I ain't sellin'," he said calmly. By evening all the papers of the country had "Parrish" printed in large letters on their front pages, and the world

was talking of the new oil fields at Loneville. Before the week was out Joel had raised a loan and paid off the mortgage, while a horde of people,—speculators, gamblers, and what not—invaded the once lonely Texan farm. The "gusher" had come to stay. Experts pronounced the product petroleum of a good grade and marketable at a good price.

With the rest of the world Ernest read of the Parrish luck, and in the privacy of his own room adjudged himself an idiot of the first order. "I'd cut my hand off to recall that letter," he observed mentally. It plunged him in such painful reminiscence that he even forgot Ida. When he went to bed he dreamed of "gushers," and Emma, and himself walking off down the Loneville road. He grew desperate and had the bad taste to compose a letter to Emma. It came back two days later with this inscription written across in a strange scrawl. "Don't advertise your fool ways like this—I wouldn't if I was you." He knew Emma had never seen it then, but doubtless her father had, and this was the result.

One day he was riding his wheel home to dinner. It was a crowded street, with carriages, pedestrians, and bicycles all inextricably mixed in an effort to get somewhere. A team of spirited horses loomed suddenly upon him and to save himself he sprawled into the gutter with his machine. Angrily he looked up. There was an impressive-looking coachman in gray on the box, and behind, in luxurious ease, were—Emma and her mother! Yes, Emma! and looking like a princess, now—the girl who might have been his! Both women saw him, and knew him, as the elder woman showed by the scornful curve of her lip. As for Emma, her face whitened for a moment, then she gazed straight ahead without a tremor. Then Ernest knowing he had lost her forever, picked himself up and slunk off in the crowd. He went back to Ida, but she changed her mind and took the other gentleman.

Emma Parrish has gone abroad to complete her studies, her father, as treasurer of the Banner Oil Company, being well able to afford this diversion; the boys are at college—and Ernest is still drawing fifteen a week at the dry goods store.

THE POET-PRIEST'S TRIBUTE.*

To understand fully the following beautiful, and hitherto unpublished, poem of the illustrious Father Ryan, we must mention that it was written for the golden jubilee of that apostolic priest, Rev. Edward J. Sourin. This devoted guide of souls was born in Philadelphia, on Sept. 6th, 1808. His classical and theological studies were made with signal success in that home of learning, Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg. Here he was promoted to the rank of the priesthood in 1832. After arduous missionary excursions to various parts of Pennsylvania and of New Jersey, Father Sourin was made Rector of the Cathedral in Philadelphia. When Bishop Kenrick was transferred to the mother-see of Baltimore, Father Sourin was made administrator of the diocese, until the appointment of the saintly Bishop Newman. Shortly after this event, on Nov. 12th, 1855, he entered the Society of Jesus at Frederick, Maryland. After a life of constant toil and of self-sacrifice for the welfare of souls, Father Sourin was called away from the trials of earth to the peace of the saints. In 1882 he celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood, and it was this occasion which drew the following exquisite poem from the gifted Father Ryan:

A JUBILEE POEM.

BY REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

To-day—fifty years at the altar,
  Thou art, as of old, at thy post;
Tell us, O chasubled soldier!
  Art weary of watching the Host?
Fifty years Christ's sacred sentry,
  To-day thy feet faithful are found,
Where the cross on the altar is blessing
  Thy heart in its sentinel-round.

The beautiful story of Thabor
  Fifty years agone thrilled thy young heart,
When wearing white vestments of glory,
  And up the high mountain apart,
In the first glowing grace of thy priesthood,
  Thou didst climb to the summit alone,
While the feast of Christ's Transfiguration
  Was a sweet outward sign of thy own.

* We are indebted to the kindness of a friend of the magazine for the privilege of publishing Father Ryan's beautiful tribute to Father Sourin, now given to the public for the first time.—EDITOR.

Old Priest! on the slope to the summit
  Did float down and fall on thine ear
The strong words of weak-hearted Peter:
  "O Lord! it is good to be here."
Thy heart was stronger than Peter's,
  And sweeter the tone of thy prayer,
'Twas Calvary thy young feet were climbing,
  And, old, thou art still standing there.

For you as for him on bright Thabor
  Forever to stay were not hard;
But when Calvary girdles the altar,
  And garments the Eucharist's guard
With sacrifice and with deep shadows—
  To keep there forever a feast
Is the glory and grace of the human,—
  The Altar, the Cross and the Priest.

The Crucified's wardens and watchers
  Like Him must be heart-sacrificed;
The Christ on the crucifix lifeless
  For guard needs a brave human Christ;
To guard Him three hours—what a glory!
  With sacrifice-splendors aflame;
Three hours—and He died on His Calvary—
  How long hast thou lived for His name?

"Half a century," cries out thy crucifix,
  Binding together thy beads;
His look, like thy life, lingers in it,
  A light for men's souls in their needs.
Old Priest! is thy life not a Rosary?
  Five decades and more have been said,
In thy heart the warm splendors of Thabor
  Beneath the white snows of thy head.

Fifty years lifting the chalice;
  Ah! 'tis life in this death-darkened land;
Thy clasp may be weak, but the chrism,
  Old Priest, that anointed thy hand
Is as fresh and as strong in its virtue
  As in the five decades agone,
When thy young hands were touched with its unction,
  And thy vestments of white were put on.

Fifty years—every day passes
A part of one great endless feast,
That moves round its orbit of Masses
And hath nor a West nor an East;
But everywhere hath it pure altars,
At each of its altars a priest,
To lift up a Host and a Chalice,
Till the story of grace shall have ceased.

Fifty years in the feast's orbit:
Nearly two thousand of days;
Fifty years priest in Christ's priesthood,
Fifty years lit with its rays;
Lit with them—but to reflect them,
When the adorers' throngs pass
Out of thy life and its glory,
Shining each day from thy Mass.

Half a century's service!
Wearing the cassock of black:
O'er thy camps, thy battles and thy triumphs,
Old soldier of Jesus, look back
To the day when thou kissedst thy first altar,
In love, with youth's fervor athrill,
From the day when we meet and we greet thee,
So true to the old altar still.

Fifty long years! what if trials
Did oftentimes darken thy way!
They marked, like the shadows on dials,
Thy soul's brightest hours every day;
The sun in the height of its splendor,
By the mystical law of its light,
O'er its glories flings vestments of shadows,
And, sinking, leaves stars to the night.

Old Priest! with the heart of a poet,
Thou has written sweet stanzas for men;
Thy life many-versed, is a poem,
That puzzles the art of the pen;
The Crucifix wrote it and writes it,
A scripture too deep for my ken;
A record of deeds more than sayings,
Only God reads it rightly—and then

My stanzas are just like the shadows
That follow the sun and its sheen,
To tell to the eyes that will read them,
Where the purest of sunlight has been;
Thy life moves in mystical eclipse,
All hidden from men and their sight,
We look, and we see but its surface,
Only God sees the depth of its light.

Twenty-five years—highest honors
Were thine—high-deserved in the world.
Dawned a day with a grace in it flashing
O'er thy heart from a standard unfurled,
Whose folds bore the mystical motto:
"To the greater glory of God";
And somehow there opened before thee
A way thou hadst never yet trod.

Twenty-five years—still a private
In files, where the humblest and last
Stands higher in rank than the highest
Of those who are passing or passed:
Twenty-five years in the vanguard,
Whose name is the spell of their strength,
The light of the folds of whose standard
Lengthens along all the length

Of the march of the crucified Jesus
Loyola was wiser than most
In claiming for him and his soldiers
The name of the Chief of the Host,
His name and His motto and colors,
That shall never know any defeat,
Whose banner, when others are folded,
Shall never float over retreat.

To-day when the wind wafts the wavelets
To the gray altar-slopes of yon shore,
Each weaving an alb, foam-embroidered,
And kneeling, like priests, to adore
The God of the land, I will mingle
My prayers, aged Priest, with the sea,
While God for thy fifty years' priesthood
Will hear thy prayers whispered for me.

OUR LADY'S EXILE.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

Twelve years, and down on earth the time was long:
  She was dreaming all alone in her leaf-framed bower,
  What time the limes and almonds were in flower;
Outside the casement was a white bird's song
  Ringing and clinging; there was scent of spice
  From some far opening door in Paradise.

About her were magnolias, white and red,
  And palms like emerald flame went leaping up
  From the poor setting of an earthen cup,
Lilies grew pale, and roses crimsoned:
  At dawn a little angel like a child
Brought them to her, and kissed her gown, and smiled.

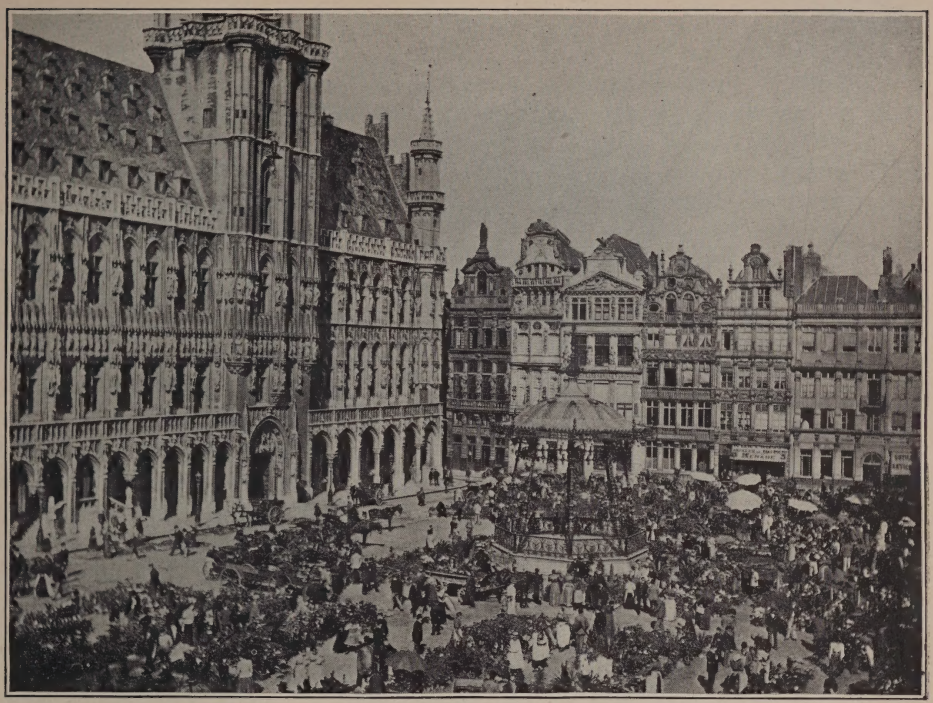
Such heavenly visitants were often here,
  For this one brought her flowers, and that one fruit;
  And here one sitting tinkled to his lute,
Singing the songs the Lord Christ loves to hear;
  And there one floated in the gathering gloom,
  Like a flushed lily or a rose in bloom.

Across the sun His birds, the cherubim,
  Went flying home like distant flakes of light,
  And a late lark was scaling heaven's blue height,
Seeking to trace the self-same path to Him;
  Then the sun setting caught her robe's white fold,
  And lit her mournful eyes with sudden gold.

"How long," she sighed. If but the door would swing,
  And Michael enter in his silvery mail,
  And the plumed helmet, where the ringed stars pale,
And glow about his curled hair glittering,
  And lean to her, and place the torch a-lit
  In her tired hands that ofttimes longed for it.

No sign! the red hearts of the roses burned
  Love-lit; a fiery moon was in the sky,
  And the night wind was trembling like a sigh;
Faint and far-off the ringdoves yearned and mourned,
  And from the olives came a voice forlorn,
  That bird who leans her heart upon a thorn.

—*From Ballads and Lyrics.*



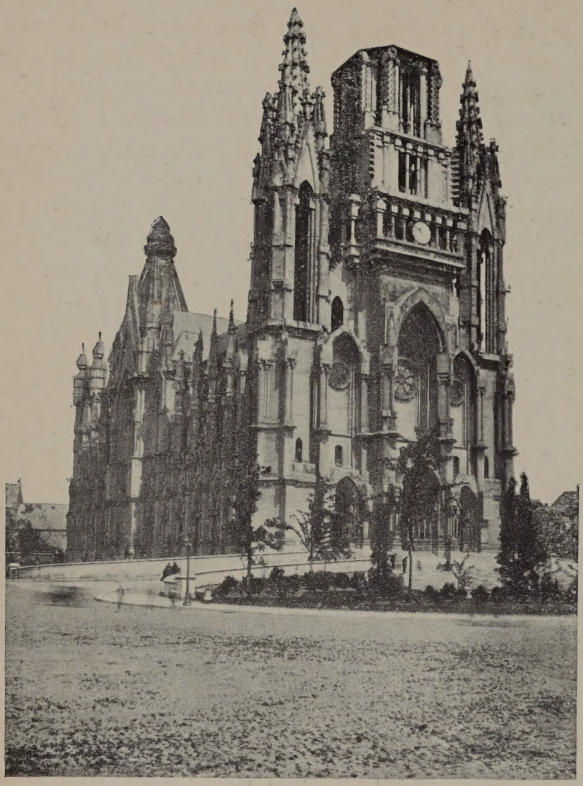
CITY HALL AND LA GRANDE PLACE.

THE BELGIAN METROPOLIS.

BY REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S. J.

The east-bound train from Ostende stops at the Station du Nord in Brussels. It was at this station that the Prince of Wales was assaulted, April 4, 1900, by a socialistic youth of sixteen. Ever since then the place doubtless has its terrors for royal visitors, and here more than elsewhere "uneasy is the head that wears a crown." But the ordinary tourist has nothing whatever to fear, and may view the Belgian metropolis in perfect security.

Just before entering Brussels the Ostende express passes through a suburb called Laeken, but does not stop there. This is the summer residence of the royal family and amply repays a flying visit. There are several ways of reaching the place from the North Station: we may take an accommodation train, a steam-tram, a horse-tram, or an electric car. For the sake of variety we shall go by one route and return by another. In front of the station there is a large square bounded on the opposite side by the Antwerp Boulevard. There we can get a steam-tram for Laeken—which, by the way, is pronounced as if written



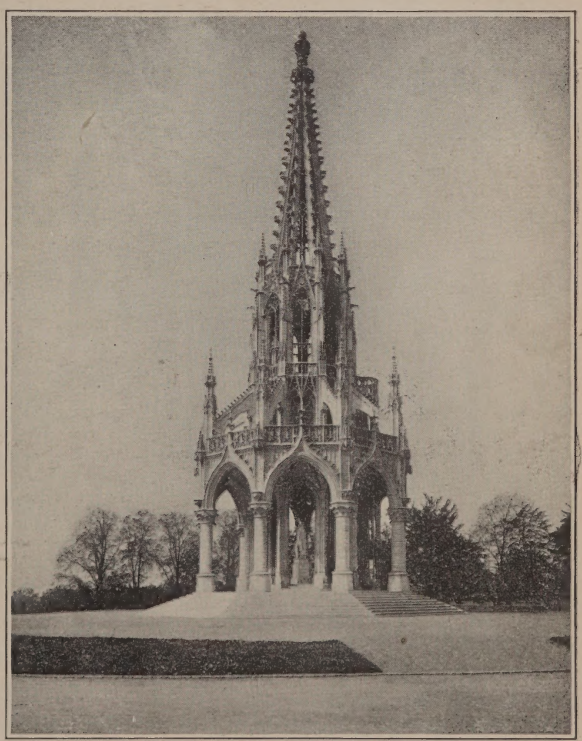
THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. MARY AT LAEKEN.

Lahken. The route bears westward for a short distance along the Antwerp Boulevard, and then northward on the Allée Verte for about three miles. On a fine day the trip is very pleasant. The road runs parallel to the Willebroeck canal, and so we shall see many a type of the Flemish peasant in all possible attitudes between repose and hard work, between lolling on the deck and bending to earth by dead pulling on the tow-path. Sometimes the father of a family rests himself by smoking a cigar at the helm, while the mother and all the little ones, arranged in the order of seniority, take his place at the tow-line; other boats are drawn by horses, and recently the automobile has come to be used as a motive power. In the Allée Verte there is a double avenue of limes, which were planted in 1707. This avenue was formerly the most fashionable promenade at Brussels, but is now comparatively deserted. Its beauty has been eclipsed by that of more recent boulevards; and, like so many other things in this world, its charms are forgotten, its faithful service is not remembered, and it is doomed to bow before more brilliant, perhaps, but less deserving rivals.

When the tourist steps from the tram at Laeken, the first object to arrest his attention—if the day be not over-warm—is the new church of St. Mary. The exterior is still unfinished, especially as regards its Gothic ornamentation; but the interior is very graceful and well proportioned. The place of the choir is occupied by a royal burial vault, which contains all that is mortal of Leopold I, Queen Louise, the Crown Prince of Belgium, and Prince Baldwin of Flanders. The adjoining cemetery can boast of several fine monuments and has sometimes been styled the Père-Lachaise of Brussels. A small chapel stands over the tomb of the singer Malibran, who died in 1836. The Galeries Funéraires in the southern part of the cemetery are constructed in imitation of the old catacombs.

The street east of the church leads up to the Mountain of Thunder, which is crowned by a monument of Leopold I. The statue of the king is surmounted by a lofty Gothic canopy resting on massive pillars, somewhat after the style of the Walter Scott monument at Edinburgh or the Albert Memorial in London. A winding stair ascends to the base of the spire, from which point the tourist can get a splendid view of Laeken and Brussels. The monument is surrounded by parks and gardens and public pleasure grounds, all well kept and artistically designed. To the south-east rises the royal château erected by Archduke Albert when Austrian Stadtholder of the Netherlands, 1782-84. From 1802 to 1814 it was in the possession of Napoleon I, who dated here his declaration of war against Russia in 1812. The table on which that document was signed is still preserved, although almost every other relic perished in a fire which laid the edifice in ruins January 1, 1890. The King and royal family at the time were in Brussels holding their New Year's reception. The grenadiers on guard at Laeken, seeing that the building was inevitably doomed to destruction, and knowing how highly Leopold II valued the table of Napoleon, did not hesitate to expose their lives in order to rescue the precious relic; they forced their way through fire and smoke and falling ruins and finally rescued the table before any appreciable damage could be done to it. Among the many objects of historic interest destroyed by the unsparing flames, were Napoleon's library, valuable tapestries, and paintings by Van Dyck. The palace has since been rebuilt in its previous form.

With this hasty glance at the royal pleasure grounds, let us return to Brussels by the Rue du Progrès. We can take the tram directly in front of the church. This line of cars runs to the North and South stations, and affords a good view of the inner boulevards. Three of these are built over



LEOPOLD'S MONUMENT, LAEKEN.

the river Senne, which was arched by an English company in 1867-71. These boulevards are flanked by a variety of handsome buildings, the architects of which vied with each other in order to win the premiums offered by the municipal authorities for the twenty finest façades. The first prize was won by a building which appears in our illustration. It stands a few doors beyond the Café Métropole, on the same side of the street, Boulevard du Nord, No. 1. The monument in front of the Hôtel Métropole was erected in honor of the burgomaster Anspach, who died in 1879, and was remarkable for his "liberal views,"—which too often means hostility for the Catholic faith. The square on which the monument stands is called Place de Brouckère, and is the beginning or the end of the Boulevard Anspach. Proceeding along this boulevard for about four squares, we come to la Bourse de Commerce, the new Exchange building. It is an imposing edifice in the style of Louis XIV., and was built in 1874 from designs by Suys. Its ornamentation is almost excessive; the roof is disfigured by telegraph frame-work, and the walls are defaced by a coat of paint which was rendered necessary by the friable nature of the stone. The principal façade has a Corinthian colonnade, and is approached by a flight of

THE ANSPACH MONUMENT.

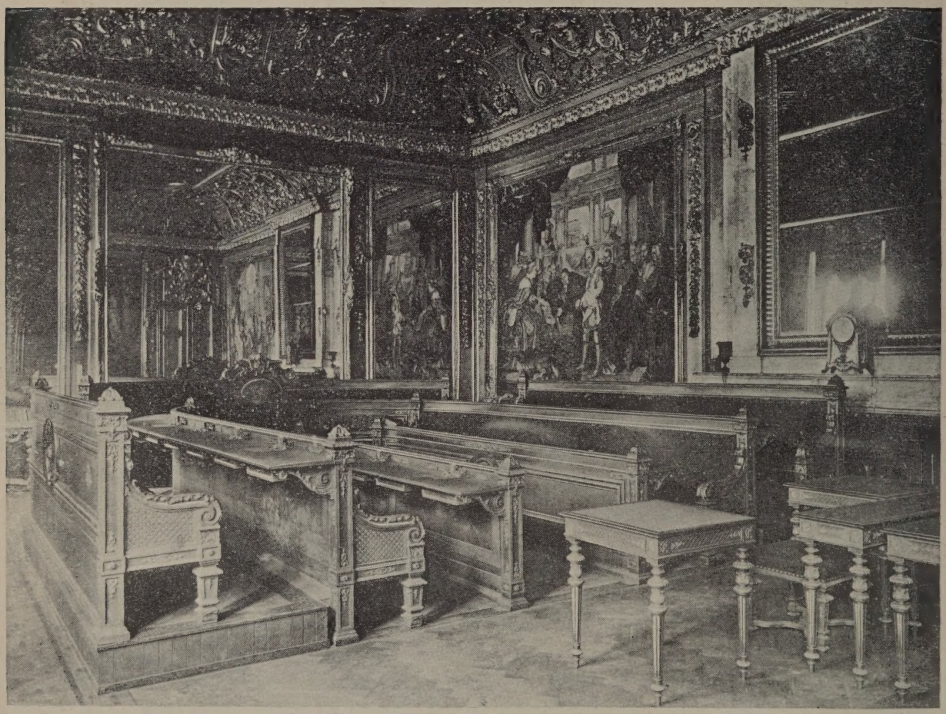
NEW EXCHANGE BUILDING.

twenty steps. The reliefs in the tympanum represent Belgium with Commerce and Industry. The two stories of the building are connected by means of Corinthian pilasters. Above the cornice runs an attic story embellished with dwarfed Ionic columns. The principal hall is cruciform and covered with a low dome. The building cost about a million dollars, and is worthy of a great commercial centre like Brussels.

Behind the Exchange stands the church of St. Nicolas, and a little further to the southeast is La Grande Place, encompassed by the City Hall and several old guild-houses of historic fame. This is one of the finest mediæval squares in existence, and occupies an important place in the annals of Belgium. It has been the scene of many a revolution and of much bloodshed. In 1568 twenty-five nobles were beheaded here by order of the Duke of Alva, who watched their execution from a neighboring building, now known as the House of the King. The most distinguished of these victims were Lamoral, otherwise called Count Egmont, and Philip de Montmorency, whose title was Count Hoorn. Their only crime seems to be that they loved their country not wisely but too well. It was on the site of their execution that their monument was first erected, but it was afterwards transferred to the handsome square of the Petit Sablon, directly in front of

Count Egmont's residence, which is now the palace of the Duke of Arenberg. My article in the April DONAHOE contains an illustration of the monument, the pretty square where it stands, and Egmont's palace in the background.

a graceful tower 370 feet in height. The eastern half of the building was begun in 1402, the western in 1443. The south wing and the tower are overladen with modern statues representing the Dukes of Brabant. The building suffered severely during the

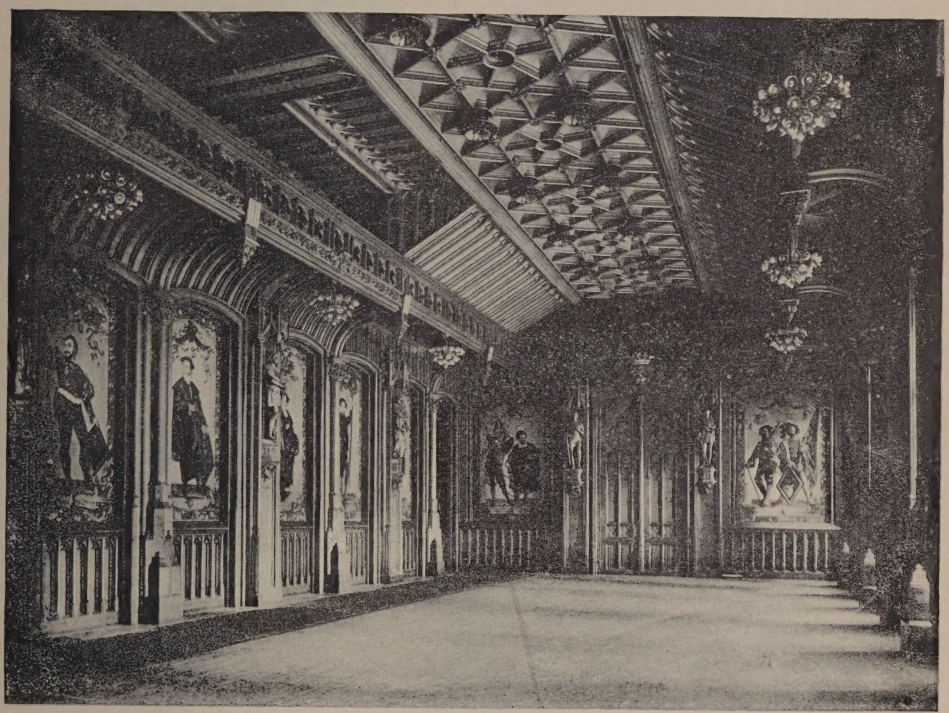


BANQUET ROOM IN CITY HALL.

The Hôtel de Ville or City Hall is on the west side of La Grande Place. It is perhaps the most interesting building in Brussels, and one of the most beautiful of the kind in Belgium. It is of irregular quadrangular form, sixty-six yards in length and fifty-five in depth. The principal façade towards the market place is in the Gothic style, and it is surmounted by

bombardment of the city by Louis XIV in 1695, but the injured portions have been carefully restored after the original designs. The interior is richly decorated, and every apartment has an interesting history. The large banquet--room, which is adorned with fine oak carvings, once saw the rich Flemish burghers, and the Guilds of Brussels entertain, with proverbial

hospitality, their distinguished guests from foreign lands. It was here, too, that Henry M. Stanley in 1890, after his return from Africa, was entertained by the King of Belgium. In the spacious salle du conseil communal artistic development. The most interesting as well as the most imposing of these buildings is the House of the King already mentioned. The name does not indicate a residence of royalty in the usual sense of the word, but



COUNCIL CHAMBER, CITY HALL.

In this Chamber Counts Egmont and Hoorn were condemned to death.

on the first floor Counts Egmont and Hoorn were condemned to death.

Over against the City Hall, on the other side of the square, there are several imposing buildings with elaborate façades and Gothic roofs. Many of these were erected by the Flemish Guilds when they governed Flanders and brought their country to a high degree of material prosperity and merely signified the official residence of the King of the Guilds, who, as the chief of the municipality, lived there and entertained the city's guests with lavish hospitality. It is now occupied by the city officials. Counts Egmont and Hoorn passed the night previous to their execution here, and they are said to have been conveyed directly from the balcony to the fatal block by

THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT.

means of a scaffolding, in order to prevent the possibility of a rescue by the populace.

Near the northeast corner of La Grande Place is the entrance to the galerie St. Hubert. This is a spacious arcade roofed in and flanked with tempting shops. There are several others of the kind in that neighborhood. When we reach the northern end of the St. Hubert passage, let us turn to the left down the Rue de l' Ecuyer, and then take tne first street to the right, the Rue Lèopold, and continue in a straight line until we reach the Place des Martyrs. In the centre of this square rises the Martyrs' Monument, which was intended to commemorate an important event in the history of Belgium. A few words by way of explanation may serve to quicken dormant memories. The Netherlands at various times belonged to Spain, Austria and France. After the wars of the French Republic and the First Empire, Belgium and Holland were united into one kingdom, and Brussels alternated with the Hague as the seat of government and the residence of the king. The revolution which ended in the separation of Belgium and Holland broke out at Brussels in 1830. On September 23 of that year Prince Frederick of the Netherlands entered Brussels with an army of 10,000 men. A sanguinary conflict ensued which lasted for three

days, and on the 26th the invading army evacuated the town, and the victory of Belgium was complete. In memory of this victory the Martyrs' monument was erected in 1838. It represents liberated Belgium engraving on a tablet the heroic deeds of those three eventful days. At her feet are broken chains and fetters and a recumbent lion. At the sides are four reliefs in marble. The one in front represents a grateful nation; that on the right, the oath taken in front of the Hôtel de ville at the beginning of the contest; on the left the conflict; at the back the consecration of the tombs of the fallen. The marble slabs immured in the sunken gallery record the names of the martyrs, 445 in number.

Leaving the Place des Martyrs and wending our way eastward, we soon reach another monument with a kindred signification. This is called the Colonne du Congrès, and was erected to commemorate the Congress of July 4, 1831, by which the present constitution of Belgium was established, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg was elected king. The foundation stone of this monument was laid by Leopold I, in 1850, and the inauguration took place in 1859. The column is of the Doric order, 147 ft. high, and is surmounted by a bronze statue of the king 13 ft. in height. The nine figures in relief below represent the provinces of Belgium and are the work of Simonis. The female figures in bronze at the four corners typify respectively the Liberty of the Press, the Liberty of Education, the Liberty of Associations, and the Liberty of Public Worship. The names of the 237 members who formed the congress and provisional government of 1830 are recorded on marble tablets. The summit,

COLUMN OF CONGRESS.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

which is reached by a spiral stair-case, rewards the climber with a magnificent panorama. But even those who have no taste for mounting stair-cases can get a fair view of the lower city from the base of the monument. The two bronze lions at the door are also by the famous sculptor, Simonis.

The avenue in front of the monument is called the Rue Royale. Turning to the left on this street, and proceeding northward for a short distance, we come upon the Botanical Gardens, which extend from the Rue Royale towards the North Station. The corner nearest to us as we view the picture stands directly opposite to a building which has been immortalized by the genius of Byron. I refer to the house where the Duchess of Richmond gave her famous ball on the eve of Waterloo.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamp shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

* * * * * *

Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago

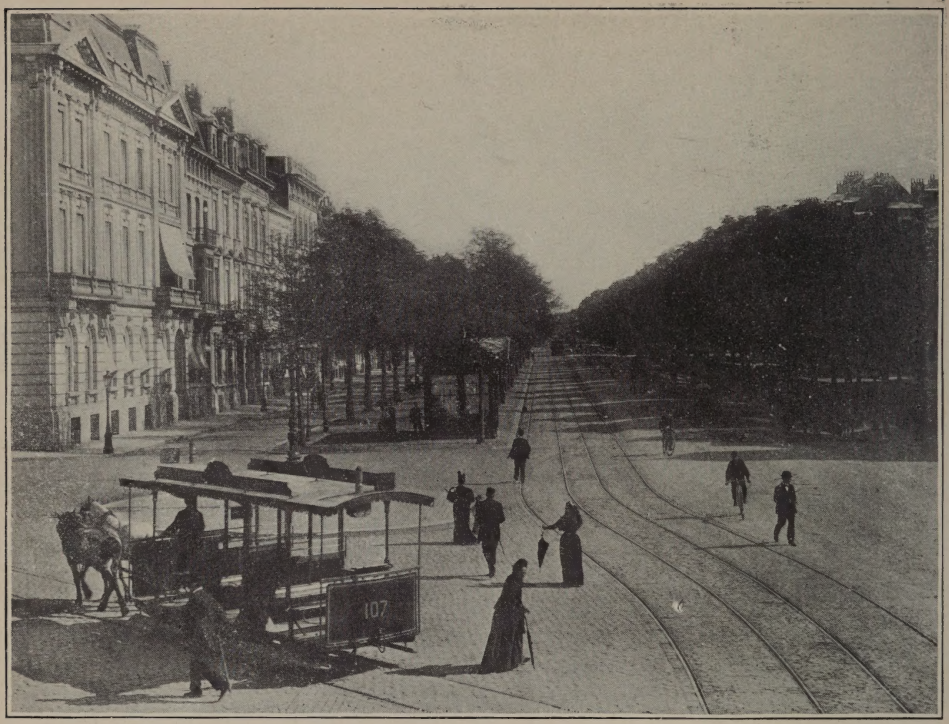
BOIS DE LA CAMBRE.

Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips: "The foe! they come! they come!"

The poet here supposes, whether for effect or through ignorance, that the Duke of Wellington was surprised in the midst of his merry-making. But this was not so. The Duke had previously received intelligence of Napoleon's plans, but he desired that the ball should proceed in order that the people of Brussels might not become acquainted with the course of events. Acting under instructions from their general, the English officers appeared at the ball, but quit the apartments as quietly as possible at ten o'clock, and went to join their respective divisions.

To the east of the Rue Royale, directly opposite the Botanical Gardens,



AVENUE LOUISE.

there is a handsome Jesuit Church, which deserves a passing visit. It is built in the early-Gothic style by the architect Parot. The Bollandists have their headquarters at the College of St. Michael, half a mile from the Botanical Gardens. Though their name and the general scope of their work are well-known, nevertheless a few details of their history may not be without interest for the average reader. The Bollandists are named after the Jesuit, John Bollandus, who was born in the Netherlands in 1596 and who died in 1665. He settled at Antwerp and opened a correspondence with learned men all over Europe in order to collect materials for writing the lives of the Saints. The plan prospered, and in 1635 Father Bollandus required and received the assistance of a brother-Jesuit, Father George Henschen. In 1643 two large folios appeared containing the lives of the saints commemorated in January; they were followed in 1658 by three more folios containing the saints for February. As time went on, the dimensions of the work increased, and new workmen were added to meet the new demands. At the suggestion of Pope Alexander VII, the fathers engaged on the work travelled throughout Europe, and found many valuable manuscripts. Even after the Society of Jesus was suppressed, the work was continued by ex-Jesuits, until in 1794 the French Revolutionary troops en-

tered the Netherlands and put an end for the time to this great undertaking. At that date the "Lives of the Saints" had reached the fifty-third volume. Some of the documents collected were destroyed, others were preserved in the royal library at the Hague, and others still in the Burgundian library at Brussels. Napoleon tried in vain to have the work continued. At last, in 1837, the Belgian government entrusted the prosecution of the work to the Society of Jesus, and the folio volumes published since then attest how well those Belgian Jesuits have discharged their duty.

If we be not already surfeited with sight-seeing and if, moreover, we have a taste for botany, we may step from the residence of the Bollandists into the green-houses at the northern end of the Botanical Gardens. There we can spend hours and days amid the endless variety and astonishing luxuriance of tropical vegetation. These hot-houses were erected in 1826, and are now considered among the finest in the kingdom. From there to the North Station is but a short walk across a public park. Half an hour is quite sufficient to transfer luggage from the North to the South Station, and to catch a train bound for Southern parts.

If, however, we have plenty of time on our hands we can spend a delightful afternoon in the Bois de la Cambre, which lies a short distance to the southeast of the city. At the east of the Botanical Gardens on the Rue Royale there are at least two lines of cars that go to the Bois de la Cambol. One of these runs along the handsome Avenue Louise, the most fashionable boulevard at Brussels. The Bois is part of the Forêt de Soignes, and covers an area of 450 acres. It was converted into a beautiful park resembling the Bois de Boulogne at Paris under the auspices of M. Keilig, a landscape gardener. A carriage-drive through the park or a trolley-ride around it, will make a pleasant ending for a day of sight-seeing.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Mr. Martins made no reply beyond slightly elevating one eyebrow, and his son continued:

"I felt that it was to you I should first speak. Perhaps it was in the hope that I might have the assistance of your advice at least, in helping to bring to righteous punishment this persecutor of women and assassinator of men."

"My son is the first one yet to suggest to me that I should fail to assist in this duty which every citizen owes to the commonwealth," remarked Mr. Martins, with the dignity which so well became him.

"I beg your pardon," said Preston. "Still, I cannot but perceive that you are not inclined to take my view of this matter;—rather the contrary one."

"True," said Mr. Martins. "I cannot condemn a man, even by the suspicions of my thoughts, on the idle stories of slaves."

"But these 'idle stories' may be facts. You admitted that possibility a few minutes ago."

"Yes, there is a possibility, but you must see that the probabilities are all against it," commented he. "Does it seem reasonable to you that Senor Martinez would persist in seeing a lady after her refusal to meet him, or that he should express that intention to a servant?"

"Is Senor Martinez a reasonable man?" quietly inquired Preston. His father shrugged his shoulders slightly and said,

"You should not allow national prejudices to fall into the scale when you come to weigh a man."

"I have no national prejudices, unless you so call our acceptance of history's verdict on the character of a people," he made answer.

"And your implication is that the Spaniards are an unreasoning race?" There was a shade of raillery in his voice, though in his heart he was glad that the drift of the conversation led away from the suspicious character of Senor Martinez.

"I imply nothing of the sort, although I doubt not but Cervantes knew his countrymen," returned Preston. But I question, is Senor Martinez a Spaniard?"

George Martins felt his eyelids move, because of the unexpectedness of the question; but he returned indifferently,

"He says that he is."

"Oh!" That was the reply his son made, but he recalled his own similar expression of doubt of the moment before.

"And his name confirms his statement as does his personal appearance," continued George Martins, more to draw out his son than to seek to overthrow the disbelief of the exclamation.

"His name proves nothing. It may not even be his name. Or it may be the English Morton or Irish Martins Spanishized. Nor does his appearance add to the truth of his statement. There is more red in his skin than olive; and not all the years of care, such as it is evident he gives it, can turn the natural wiry texture of his straight black hair to the silkiness of the Spaniard's. He may be the offspring of Spanish and Indian, in which case, the boy out there walking my horse is more to be depended upon to act according to the white man's method of reasonableness, than is he, whom we know as Senor Martinez."

"Is he shooting at random?" asked George Martins of his sinking heart, "or is hidden knowledge directing those shafts?" But when he raised his eyes to the tall figure, leaning, with graceful Southern indolence, against the corner of one of the bookcases, to the face, chiseled after the bold lines of Roman statuary, he knew that his lifetime estimation of the character of that son was correct. He was too proud to take advantage of an adversary; too brave to shoot from cover.

"You have not given me proof," he then went on, "why Senor Martinez may not do a thing contrary to what we expect of a reasonable man. I ask you now, does it appear reasonable to you that Mrs. Halpin's servant could manufacture a story which tallies so

well with what Senor Martinez might be counted upon to do, when laboring under strong emotions? or that a woman of Aunt Dilsey's clear common-sense would accept that story as true?"

"You must remember the Negro's imagination and unreliability," he said.

"Permit me to recall to your mind your previous counsel to me about yielding to race prejudices when we come to deal with the individual," said Preston, with the shadow of a smile on his countenance. "I have made all allowances, yet before me are these undeniable facts: A servant, who knows nothing of him, shows us Senor Martinez as we might expect to see him, when frustrated in his desires; a few days later, this lady who has refused to see him, is interrupted in her walk home by a man whose company evidently is so distasteful to her that she is forced to cry out for help; the man who goes to her rescue, familiar as he is with all the people of this community, states that the person who struck him down was not a Negro, and yet was unknown to him. Mark, Worthington has never said that he had never before seen his assailant, that he was an absolute stranger to him, but the qualified expression 'unknown' to him. This may simply mean that the man was personally unknown to him. I am of the belief that this is Mr. Worthington's meaning, and that his purpose in screening the criminal is because the similarity of their names, coupled with the circumstance of their being there alone, has led him into the delusion that Teresa and this man are relatives. A sense of honor thus keeps him silent until she is able to give the full details of the event."

"And pray is Preston Martin's sense of honor less delicately poised than St. John Worthington's?" The old irony was back in the voice and in the smile, but he passed it again unnoticed, and merely observed:

"I am in possession of facts of which St. John Worthington is ignorant. Not to regard them would be for me, as it would also be for him, dishonor."

"Facts?"

"Facts," repeated Preston Martins. "Is it not a fact that no less than four innocent men have been arrested on suspicion and their lives thereby placed in great jeopardy owing to the feeling that is prevailing among the people? They have escaped their peril. But can any one assert that if others are arrested—as they are almost certain to be—they will pass the trial, an uncalled-for trial at that—as safely? It is a man's duty, both as a citizen and a Christian, to bring the guilty to punishment; doubly his duty to do so when innocent persons will be freed from grave dangers. Sir, honor and duty are identical. There can be no conflict between them."

"But before acting," began George Martins, "you must consider the complications which may arise, complications which may embarrass not only us, but the Government. We are not dealing with a countryman, but with the wealthy, influential subject of a nation with whom our relations have not been hitherto entirely harmonious."

"We do not know that Senor Martinez is the subject of Spain," threw in Preston Martins. "But if he is, is that any palliation for his crime? Are the people of Kentucky to see one of their best men struck down by a Spanish intruder, and a countrywoman

brought to death by his savagery, and yet remain passive through fear of a tricky, unreasonable king? No, sir! The fate which we would mete out to a citizen, were he the perpetrator of this foul deed, we shall give to this claimant of Spanish protection, even though the troops of His Catholic Majesty were marshalling against us on the shores of the Mississippi!"

"Yet have you forgotten, my son, that he is a stranger among us, far from home and friends? St. John Worthington is not mortally injured; his recovery is assured. Teresa is not dead, nor do I think she will die. Shall we not wait until they, the sufferers from this act, can throw their voices into the scale for justice or forgiveness?"

"And in the meanwhile, permit him, this stranger who deliberately and unprovokedly lifted his hand against human life, enjoy freedom and secure his escape, while our own innocent citizens are being arrested for his crime, honorable members of our party branded with countenancing, or being accessory to, this assassination? Never! If he were my own brother I would not spare him!"

At the closing words, George Martins' white hand, lying on his scattered papers, trembled perceptibly and a paleness showed for a moment on his brow. These signals of emotion did not escape his son, and the marvel of them, made him say:

"Father, what is this man to you, that you thus seek to screen him, even defeat the ends of sacred justice for his sake?"

"What I have been myself: a stranger in a strange land, without friends, unacquainted with its ways and its people."

George Martins rose as he made that pathetic statement and gazed full upon his son.

"Again, he is the guest who has broken bread at my table—his claim on my hospitality being the claim of the son of—of one who was kind to me, when I was that stranger among strangers."

Dignity was now blended with pathos, and both sat well upon George Martins. Words and voice and expression touched the noble heart of his son; but he did not hesitate to say,

"I am sorry that I cannot respond to the appeal of such sentiments, which I appreciate and respect. But there are higher and holier sentiments; and the command of those admits of no wavering, no delay."

As he listened, the father rested his hand upon the back of the chair and thought of the other son who, not long since, had stood in this speaker's place, also sending his defiance across this long table. And with this thought there was borne in upon him with full bitterness the knowledge that the son he would not own would have been more loyal, more filial, more loving, had he the place of this one in his father's heart and home. He bent his head before the thought in his own mind not less than the words of the speaker. When he again raised it, he was the man who had entered the room half an hour ago, cautious, cold, ironical.

"Then, I have nothing more to say, except this: that you must do all this upon your own responsibility. I, as private citizen and public man, refuse to be associated with the ferreting out of criminals, the ground for suspicion against whom are the words of a Negro. I will have no part in preferring the charge of criminality

against a freeman on the advice of a slave."

"When Justice selects her instruments there can be no question of high or low, bond or free," said his son. "The brute instinct has been set up against and has confounded the wiliness of the human intellect in her most sacred cause. Here I again assert my belief in the slave's words and the slave's suspicions, and reiterate my determination to confront Senor Martinez with them, and to hold them against him as evidence of his crime, until he has proven them to be false and groundless. Whatever responsibility comes with the performance of duty, I accept, nor do I ask another to bear for me."

A smile, not the familiar, winning smile he knew so well and which could soften the harsh sense of their separateness, but one, half-ironical, half-cunning and wholly hard, greeted the words; and Preston Martins felt all his soul turn in revolt from the soul of the man who was his father. This strange, powerful revulsion made him quit his place by the table and turn from the room. But the courtesy, which was an inherent part of his nature, caused him to say, as he went,

"I know that you are busy, sir, so I will no longer detain you with this matter."

CHAPTER XXV.

GERALD MARTINS' WILL.

George Martins sat for a moment in deep thought; then, he ordered his horse and rode to Lexington. It was early in the day and the streets were deserted, save for a few Negroes and white laborers. He passed through the quiet town until he reached the hotel. Here he dismounted and entering said to a porter whom he met:

"Did Colonel Ingram get down from Frankfort last night?"

"No, sah! Least-a-ways, he didn't come hyah," returned the boy. Mr. Martins made a gesture of annoyance. It was evident that he was at a loss to account for the non-arrival of his colleague and friend. After a moment, he again spoke: "How long until the stage arrives? An hour? My man doesn't open up my office until eight, and I have some important letters to write; can you find me a room, Dave, where I won't be disturbed?"

"Dah ain't a spah room in de house, sah, 'ceptin' de fron' pahlah upstahs, an' de Spanish genulm'n's usin' dat. But he won't rize foh an houah yet, an' ef yoh cah to write yoh lettahs dah, I'll show yoh up, sah."

Mr. Martins seemed to hesitate for a moment, then said, "See if the parlor is ready. Senor Martinez may have risen early this morning."

The boy obeyed and presently returned with the information that the gentleman had not left his sleeping apartment. Mr. Martins went up stairs, and the Negro, after seeing him seated, closed the door, and returned to his sweeping. When he knew himself to be free from surveillance, Mr. Martins crossed the room to the door which connected the parlor with Senor Martinez' sleeping room, and tapping on it, said, in a low voice, "I wish to see you immediately!"

Even as he spoke, the lock was turned, and the gentleman was beside him. They greeted each other coolly, but George Martins saw, with a

sense of shock and surprise, the ravages which harrowing thoughts, remorse and suspense had wrought upon his companion. If he had needed confirmation of the truth of his son's story, he found it on this face.

"In less than an hour, the stage from Frankfort arrives," began George Martins, "when I must go down to deliver these letters," taking two bulky envelopes from his pocket, "which the Negro supposes I am up here to write. I have business with you, as of course you have surmised. It must be dispatched in that length of time."

"There are two minutes of the fifty wasted already by your preliminaries," remarked the other, who was fiercely resenting his visitor's too close scrutiny of his altered face. "My American dispatch is as ready for my use, sir, as is my Spanish leisure."

Mr. Martins smiled and wasted another of the precious minutes in silent observation of his first-born; then he said, lowering his voice: "It has been discovered. I have come to warn you."

The hearer was about to utter a haughty interrogatory, when George Martins lifted an authoritative hand:

"American dispatch, remember, not Spanish leisure—or lies! Before half-past nine o'clock the sheriff and his deputies will be in from their country homes. This house will be surrounded, and you will find yourself in the clutches of the law, charged with the attempt to assassinate the Democratic leader, St. John Worthington. Your life, then, will not be worth this!" and he lifted from the table a candle, burnt down to the socket. All the blood left his hearer's face, but instantly he regained command of himself and smiled his bitter smile.

"What's your game now, my father?" he sneered.

"I wish to save your life. I do not want that document to be found upon your dead body. Now listen to me. This is Saturday, which brings to this town the people from the country and from adjoining counties. Among them there will be wild and lawless men, with as little regard for human life—"

"As Mr. George Martins or his Indian son," supplied the hearer, and at the words Martins' face darkened.

"If," continued Mr. Martins, "it had not been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Frisbie was innocent of this deed, it would have been the duty of the sheriff to have taken him yesterday to Frankfort. To have left him in Lexington jail, with those hillmen coming, would have been to criminally expose his life to their fury, which has, before this, prompted them to take the law of punishment in their own hands. You are unknown here, except as a friend of mine. I, according to their light, would profit by the death of St. John Worthington. They will not see in you, as the citizens of this town do, a Spanish gentleman, but a hired assassin, brought here by me, or other members of my party, to remove their leader, and our hated foe. I need not tell you that human nature, unrestrained, is the same, whether under a red skin or a white one. Revenge makes men mad. I tell you that you will never see the rise of another sun, if the hill men come to town today in numbers and begin to indulge in liquor."

There could be no mistaking the sincerity and emotion of George Martins' voice and words; but what they aroused in the heart of his hearer it

was not easy to say. He was beginning to regain his habitual calm or indifference, which intercourse with men ever brought to the surface. It was only when he was alone that he was long in tumult.

"This is a queer harangue, and, if you will pardon me for saying it, a rather weak attempt to frighten me. I see no purpose in the one, no need of the other. Mr. Worthington has not spoken, I am sure. He will never speak until she gives him permission—and," his voice broke completely, "she will never speak."

"True," said George Martins, "you have closed her lips as effectively as you did her mother's."

"Is she dead?" He gasped over the question, and George Martins, making him see that he noted his emotion, replied:

"Not yet. She was only breathing this morning."

"Mon Dieu!" Then, as if angered by the holy name, spoken in the language of his saintly teachers, he broke out: "And how the devil do you know anything about what happened! What brought you here, you cunning dog, with your web of lies?"

Mr. Martins was getting his "American dispatch" with a vengeance; but the clock on the mantlepiece showed that ten minutes of the precious fifty were spent, and profitlessly.

"Before I say more, let me ask you to answer this question. Did I not deal candidly with you in our last meeting? Did I deceive you? Did I make any false statement? I am come to deal as candidly with you this morning. I do not deny that my own interests were the prime motives which sent me here; but you must believe that I am sincere, that I am speaking the truth, else I am wasting time; and, unless you follow my advice, the time thus wasted you require to prepare for your death. It is known upon reliable authority that you persecuted Miss Martinez by your attentions, and when she refused to see you, you sent her a threatening message by the servant. Mrs. Halpin, who overheard you, will confirm the evidence of the Negro. You were observed by several to watch for Miss Martinez. On that particular evening you were seen to enter the street half an hour before the discovery of the bodies had been made. It is known that you were absent from the hotel for that length of time. Worthington has never said that he did not recognize the man who struck him, but that he was unknown to him. You and he are not acquainted, which is his meaning of the word. When asked directly, he will not equivocate. If you were certain of a trial before judge and jury, the case might not be a severe one. St. John Worthington may not prosecute you. But," and he paused effectively, "knowing the excited feelings of the people, I am convinced that this is a matter which St. John Worthington's friends will take out of his hands and the law's hands. And," he paused again, longer this time, "should you escape the wrath of those admirers and the natural resentment of Mr. Worthington, there is still Preston Martins to be reckoned with. Let Teresa die and he will pursue you throughout the earth to bring you to justice, for you will have taken from him something far dearer than life, the woman he loves—his affianced wife."

"Was it he who discovered this?"

The words were fairly hissed out, and although he feared for the white son with the red son's enmity against him, the father answered,

"Yes."

The red of anger mounted to the face of the listener, leaving the scar on the nose outlined in dull white, but he gave no expression to the passion which was tearing his soul, and instead, asked coolly:

"And confided his knowledge to you?"

"And his intentions also," supplemented the father.

"They dare not arrest me! I am a Spanish subject."

"Are you? Residence in a country, alone, does not make a man a subject of its government." By the blackness that showed for an instant upon the face before him, he shrewdly guessed that his clever son had forgotten to secure the protection of the country he so admired. "Yet, even if you could produce the necessary evidences, and had a body of Spanish soldiery to protect you, in addition, what effect, think you, would they have upon an angry mob? They would say hang him first, and then let the country settle with Spain."

George Martins paused, and his son sat in silence, his eyes fixed on the wall. His observations of the people during the past few days, assisted by the recollection of many scenes witnessed in Cuba and the South American states, made him know that George Martins spoke truthfully when he warned him that it is difficult to restrain men, maddened by what they rightly, or unrightly, consider the outcome of plotting against their rights. He knew that if arrested his life was only worth the strength of the jail door—and he had seen the jail! But was he to be arrested? He had only this man's word for it and no means of having it confirmed unless he chose to run the risk of seeing it disproved by the non-arrival of the sheriff. He had sense to see that the way of prudence led him from Lexington, yet his heart was held to the spot. But free, he could plan and execute; imprisoned even if he escaped peril, he was handicapped.

"I will spare my hospitable country a future reckoning with Spain," he said. "Although I know that I am playing into your hand by absence and consequent delay, I will still do it. That stage goes from here to Paris, I believe, thence to Maysville on the Ohio? It will carry me away from here; but remember that it will also carry me back on another day."

He was turning hastily away to make ready for the stage coach, but George Martins interposed.

"Our interview is not yet over. I am not so foolish as to make myself accessory to my enemy's crime by warning him of his danger, without some powerful incentive. You are virtually a prisoner. You can purchase your freedom with that document which you carry in your pocket!"

Then, under the lightning flash of certitude, all was plain to his hearer. He saw the truth in every word that his father had spoken, and knew that he could secure liberty only in the relinquishment of his birthright. For a moment he stood appalled. Fate was still on the white man's side, and he unclosed his lips and swore such an oath, that, godless man though he was, it froze the blood in the veins of

George Martins. Then he stood perfectly still and looked upon his father, who remembering that he was alone with this enraged creature in a sleeping house, quailed.

"Now I've heard you!" at length the son commanded "do you hear me! I am caged, whether by your machinations, or your son's, I do not know. My birthright, the sacrifice of my revenge, in exchange for my release! The former leaves him in the possession of wealth which rightly should be shared with me; the latter secures you immunity from disgrace and punishment. Sooner than yield, I'll take my chance of trial by a judge, if I can get it; death by a mob, if it must be. But whether a judge sentence me, or a mob hang me, be assured that I will not depart with my revenge unsated. In the court-room or under the gallows tree, I shall proclaim the story of your shame, and demand of those who condemn me that they shall punish you as they will have punished me."

For another moment he gazed with hatred on the face of his father; then, turned and walked slowly back to his bedroom. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked out the minutes; sounds of re-awakening life came from the various apartments; then, over the morning air broke the clear tinkle of bells, which announced the coming of the stage-coach. It would wait at the hotel twenty minutes for breakfast, after which time the long journey would be continued. Five minutes later, the bells ceased at the door beneath, and then the porter mounted the stairs with the information for Mr. Martins that his friend had not arrived, and to remind him that the coach would leave in a short time. Then the door closed and again Mr. Martins was alone. The clock ticked away five minutes; ten minutes, fifteen minutes; then the stage-driver blew his horn, but still George Martins hoped that love of life was stronger in that maddened heart than love of revenge. As the last notes of the clearly-blown whistle died upon the morning air, the door unclosed, and his son stood before him. There were tears in his eyes and sobs in his voice, as he said:

"Revenge is sweet, but life is sweeter. And Fate is still on your side! I am handing over my all, my all, to save the life you gave me. I did not ask to come, neither did you seek my permission. But you cursed me with the nature of the superior race. My life has been crimsoned by crime—crime of your fostering, my father! And my future will be cursed because of your unrelenting cruelty! Here it is, my all! my birthright, my inheritance," and he took the leather case from his pocket, opened it, drew out the precious document, gazed upon it through his tears; then, returned it to the case, and held it toward his father.

"Am I craven to love life better than my rights?" he asked, bitterly. "Then look into your own heart and there see where I get that base spirit!"

He thrust the packet into his father's hand and turned abruptly to the inner room for his hat and valise. As he passed the elder man on the way to the stairs, and noted the poorly concealed joy and triumph of that hated face, he paused for a moment, and hissed out:

"We part with victory on your side. But remember that now I am a secret foe where I was before an open one. We shall meet again."

He hurried downstairs and meeting the surprised proprietor announced his intention of paying a flying trip to the neighboring town of Paris. "I will be back the day after tomorrow," he added. "Yes, a cup of coffee, that is all I have time for," as mine host ushered the polite Spaniard into the dining-room, while outside the driver was blowing his last horn. The host's orders sent the servants flying hither and thither. It was a pretty state of affairs that a guest, and such a guest should have to rush off in this fashion, after scalding his throat by hastily swallowing the hot coffee, because an unreasonable stage-driver insisted upon starting at eight o'clock. In the meanwhile the porter was hurrying upstairs to remind Mr. Martins that the stage was leaving, and if his letters were to go by it they must be given to him that very instant. "Yes, boy, just through!" and Mr. Martins hastily stamped the important looking envelopes and thrust them into the black hand. If the porter's usually observant eyes had had time to take in details, they would have seen that the ink had not been uncorked nor the pens moved from their places. But when the door closed after the Negro, George Martins took the stopper from the inkstand, and dipping in a pen left it standing in the bottle. Then he rose and looking down upon the street saw the gaily painted stage-coach drawn by six horses, saw the Negro give the two letters, saw the hotel keeper unfasten the door and assist Senor Martinez into the vehicle. The driver cracked his whip, setting the bells a-jingling as the horses with one accord started into a quick trot down the deserted street. Then the watcher turned from the window. He clasped his hands over the document in his pocket and all the joy of his heart showed itself on his handsome face. Free! free! it mattered not whether Teresa lived or died; he need never again know a pang of fear; he would go down to his grave blessed by his wife's love and untortured by their son's merited abhorrence. As he was about to take his chair, the thought suddenly occurred to him that the wily departed guest might have left a criminating document behind. He noiselessly unfastened the door and entered the bedroom, but there was no scrap of paper visible, not even a writing implement. He noticed, however, that a candle was burning on a stand. Mechanically he extinguished it and returned to his place by the table in the front parlor, waiting the hour that brought in his servant to make ready his private office. As the clock struck nine, he left the hotel, unseen. On his walk to his office, a horseman passed him on the street, the sheriff, to meet whom he knew his son was then riding over the white country road. When he was alone in his rooms he drew the precious document from his pocket. He thought he would re-read it; but as his eyes met the first sentences, the paper fell from his hands. Instead of the carefully penned letters, he saw his cousin's white dead face, and the white dead face of his cousin's wife. Then another face rose from the paper, the face of Teresa Martinez, also white and dead. Then two other faces crowded in—the living, tortured faces of his two sons as he had seen them that morning. He bounded from his chair, snatched up the document, and went to the wide-mouthed fire-

place. He knelt on the hearth and laid it upon the scraps of papers which the servant had forgotten to destroy. He lighted a match, applied it to the paper, and watched the tiny flames curl around it, and as he watched he noticed that the writing which was uppermost was the writing of his Indian son; those condemnatory revengeful words were traced with the blood fast congealing on the frozen plains of Raisen. The suction of the air up the chimney fanned the flames and in less than five seconds all that remained of Gerald Martins' will and the Indian's poor claim to his rights was a little heap of gray ashes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A QUESTION OF RIGHT.

Teresa did not die, however, and when the turn of her illness brought life, she rallied back to health quickly, and it was observed that St. John Worthington's recovery was correspondingly rapid. As soon as the physician declared his patients out of danger, both urgently requested to be removed to their respective boarding houses, realizing that their long illness had been a severe tax upon the hospitable Boyles. But Mr. Boyle set his verdict against their wishes.

"Man alive!" he said to Mr. Worthington, "do you care so little for your life as to risk it in the relapse certain to follow a change of room and bed? When you are able to walk without assistance to the carriage, you may leave us; not before. Trouble? Don't speak that word to me sir! I am honored, St. John, in being of any service to you and that lovely girl! All the thanks I want, or will accept, is for you to remain my willing guests until you are completely restored to health. But," and he laughed, "willy nilly, you remain anyhow."

So St. John bowed to the inevitable, and when the master's will was delivered to Teresa, she smiled faintly. But the day came when both patients could go downstairs to dinner, and sit for sweet long hours on the shaded veranda; and then, with regret, Mr. Boyle saw that his time as warden had expired and he begged them to permit him to become their host. But Mrs. Martins, who was present, declared that Teresa's room had been waiting for her for weeks; and St. John Worthington remembered all the undone work of the rapidly approaching election, and was forced, also, to decline the invitation. When the warm afternoon made the others seek their siesta and sent the slaves to sleep under the long grape-covered arbors or on the shaded back porch, Teresa and St. John sat together in the cool, dim, dreamy old parlor. One window, looking to the east, was open, and before it those two, brought from the strange outer court of death, sat, drinking in the rich, languorous glory of the summer day. The window looked first upon the flower garden, then on a strip of orchard, heavily set in red clover, beyond which was a field of Indian corn stretching up a slope to the deep, darkly green woods. The man and girl sat in long, deep silence, glad with that unutterable gladness which comes with returning life.

"It compensates for illness, such a getting well," said Teresa, gently breaking the silence. "You never realized how transcendently lovely are

the flowers you grew up with until now. A clump of spiked larkspur made a charming bit of coloring in your garden and the bed of hardy phlox pleased you with its dainty ærial beauty, nothing more. You did not consider the yellow lilies and hollyhocks separately and gave the sunflower only the attention it extorts. You approved of the honeysuckle for its fragrance, admired the forget-me-not because of its sentiment, and loved the rose for its queenliness. The sweet-william and the pink and the morning-glory were dear because of childhood's association, and the geranium was your earliest flower friend. But now, coming back to life, which is precious, and finding the flowers before you, part of earth's wonderful loveliness, you marvel at your former blindness in not having seen them to be what they really are—the finishing touch of God's hand upon His sublime creation. O the beauty, the wonder of the flowers! Henceforth I shall walk among them humbly, knowing my unworthiness."

"It is sad to think that it takes the dew from death's hovering wings to wash this blindness from our eyes and leave them clear-visioned to the goodness of our Maker," replied Mr. Worthington. "Look from the garden to the orchard! There grows the clover, winter food for the cattle. What a royal web that crimson-crested meadow shows! Lift your eyes to the trees. There the red of the peach, the purple of the plum, the yellow of the apple, the olive of the pear, defy the skill of the artist's brush. Look beyond to the corn, the army of the corn! gold-plumed, green-weaponed, carrying on their loyal breasts the great Father's provision for His children. Around all, guarding all, are the circling woods, and His sky spread over all, the beautiful and the useful, the fragile and the strong; and His love folding all—sky and garden, trees and corn and crimson covered meadow!" He paused, then added: "Yes, it is worth while coming back, to even a life of pain, thus clearly to realize that the law is love-directed."

(To be Continued.)

IN MEMORY OF THE MANCHESTER RESCUE.

BY MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO.

It was just thirty-four years ago this mellow month of September. The place was a big, smoke-stained city in Saxon Land, and the time during the "Fenian scare."

Thirty-four years, and the scythe of the ruthless old Reaper has swept sad gaps in the ranks of the Old Guard of Irish nationalists. Happily some of the leaders still remain; to the present Hibernian generation, the reminiscences of the veterans are thrilling as those of a pikeman of '98 to O'Connell's young Repealers.

Let the "shoneen" sneer as he will, and the hereditary enemy hector and deride, there will ever be a fond interest and charm in the history of the Ireland and the Irish patriots of 1867. It is a story of manly courage, noble

daring, chivalrous devotion and self-sacrifice, generous enthusiasm pitted against deadly odds. It is fraught with the glory of gallant effort, with the pathos of a good old race, all too vainly straining at its chains.

Fenianism in Ireland! A mental panorama passes of ardent young soldiers, their bravery well proved on American battlefields, trooping merrily across the ocean to strike a longed-for blow for the emerald isle they loved, of secret moonlight drillings "by the singing river," of bold night raids for arms, of the sudden guilty alarm of the alien enemy and the wild new-sprung hope of a people for their early redemption from the grinding tyrant of centuries.

And then, alas, across the picture crawls the slimy array of vile informers, Nagle, Massey, Corridon, Talbot, Gillespie, Buckley, Devany, Warner, Dixon—"will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"—and there come memories of partisan judges and packed juries and savage sentences, of proud and fearless declarations from the dock by brave men testifying to the deathless faith burning within them, of the dungeon cell and the scaffold!

It is a story rich and racy in episodes, on one of which I will briefly touch.

In the middle of the Fenian alarm, there visited the west of Ireland, on a leisurely recuperative tour, "a young Scoto-Spanish gentleman named Mason J. Walters." He spoke Spanish fluently, was a good all-round sportsman and displayed much interest in the various proselytizing schemes for weaning the benighted Irish Papists from the "errors of Rome." He was cordially received by many of the local gentry and government officials. At Belleek Castle, overlooking the murmuring cascades of the fishful river Moy, he was the guest of Captain Howell of the Tenth Hussars. In Sligo he was the boon companion of the resident or Crown-paid magistrate and some of the local land magnates. In fact this genial, affable, well-traveled and generally fascinating young tourist established himself as a special favorite with many of the Connaught "upper crust."

One day in May, 1867, Mr. Walters, who was sailing in a hooker in the bay, which was one of his favorite recreations, noticed a newly arrived brigantine, of about two hundred tons burden, and boarded her—from a motive of curiosity, as he told his crew, who were mostly Orangemen, and also because he wished to obtain some tobacco.

Now, if Mr. Walters' magisterial and other influential acquaintances ashore, overheard the conversation that ensued, and witnessed the relations that existed between him and some of the passengers on the brigantine, they would have felt doubtful as to his character and his objects. On board the vessel were General Thos. F. Kavanagh, General Jas. E. Kerrigan, Colonel S. R. Tresilian, Colonel John Warren, Lieutenant Augustine E. Costello and some forty or fifty others, nearly all of whom had seen military service in America. Stowed away in the hold, in piano and sewing-machine cases, were about 5,000 stand of arms, also many revolvers and about a million and a half rounds of ammunition. There were three pieces of artillery, three-pounders, and these

had been used the previous Easter Sunday, April 29th, in mid-ocean, firing a salute to the green, sunburst-blazoned national flag of Ireland, when, amid an aureole of gunpowder smoke over the sparkling billows, the name of the vessel was changed from the Jackmel to the Erin's Hope. For this was the famous Fenian, Flying Dutchman, destined to demonstrate the facility of throwing an invading army and military supplies ashore in Ireland, despite the vigilance of the British navy.

The members of the little filibustering expedition were rather disappointed when Mr. Walters informed them that that particular locality was not ripe for insurrection. Some of them protested and urged, that, as a matter of business and principle, they should land and dispose of some English soldiers, if there were any available in the neighborhood, or, failing to find any redcoats, to at least kill off the forty or fifty native constabulary, or Royal Irish janissaries, stationed in Sligo. This proposition was, however, overruled; Mr. Walters returned ashore, and the brigantine sailed away to other latitudes. Saucily passing several British men-of-war, when capture on the high seas might have meant death at the yardarm for all her passengers, she landed more than half of the latter near Dungarvan, and returned with the rest and her cargo of war material to America.

Soon afterwards that affable and interesting young Scoto-Spaniard, Mr. Mason J. Walters, disappeared from Sligo, leaving no address, but it was understood, in some circles, that he had gone to assist at nocturnal parades of Irish volunteer gardes mobiles in the pleasant valleys of Munster. The authorities were deeply anxious as to his whereabouts, and they pursued their inquiries so diligently that in the middle of the Irish Channel, on the deck of a schooner bearing with swelling sail for Wales, Mr. Walters was discovered by an observant government detective. Said the latter: "You are Colonel Burke, the Fenian, and I arrest you in the Queen's name." Whereupon Mr. Walters immediately covered the man with a revolver and produced a pair of handcuffs.

"I am on to your little game, Colonel Burke," he said, "it is a bold one, but I am not surprised at it, knowing as I do your character. It is I who am the detective and you the prisoner, and if you attempt resistance I'll blow out your brains."

And Mr. Walters marched his astonished captive below and handcuffed him, for security, with his arms around the mast.

"If I'm Colonel Burke," urged the prisoner, "take me back to Ireland."

"What—to give the Irish police the credit of your arrest. Oh, no, the reward offered for your capture is mine alone, and you will kindly come with me to Scotland Yard."

The arrest caused a sensation among the crew, some of whom were Fenians or Fenian sympathizers, and there were threats of throwing that clever "detective," Mr. Walters, into the sea and releasing the supposed revolutionist. But after some mysterious conversation with the former, the Irish mate of the vessel became loyally, facetiously, uproariously resigned to the state of affairs. He would look down upon the helpless captive hugging the mast, clap his

horny hands in gleeful approval, and exclaim:

"Och, anam an diaoul, Colonel Burke, so 'tis caught at last you are, and divil mend you! Now will you be good, you spalpeen, and give up your foolish nonsense about makin' war on the Queen and freein' Ireland? Ha, ha, 'tis me that's glad to see the steel bracelets on you."

Similar hilarious satisfaction conveyed itself to the rest of the crew. Ere the wharf of Cardiff was reached, they lowered a boat and rowed Mr. Walters ashore, presumably that he might have a suitable guard of local police in waiting for the desperate Irish rebel. Strange to say, Mr. Walters failed to return, and when at length the cramped arms of the prisoner were unfettered from around the mast that personage stamped, foamed and fumed in fiercest wrath, and threatened them all with the direst vengeance of the law for treason and rebellion.

"I am really a detective," he declared, "a bona fide police officer from Waterford, you asses or rebels, and that man that has just got away is Colonel Burke!"

I recently met this identical Mr. Mason J. Walters, of '67 fame, or, to call him by his right name, Colonel Richard O'Sullivan Burke. I met him in the office in the Chicago city hall, which he occupies as harbor engineer of that great western metropolis. Time has bleached his locks and given bourgeois corpulency to his figure, but his spirit in 1901 is the same that animated him in 1867.

Probably there is no man living better "posted" on the circumstances of the celebrated Manchester rescue than Colonel Burke, former alias Walters.

Before day break, September 11, 1867, the policeman on beat noticed some men loitering in Oak street, Manchester, England. "Burglars," conjectured the sagacious officers, and after a fierce struggle they got two of them and "ran them in," men calling themselves Martin Williams and John Whyte, carrying loaded revolvers and claiming to be American citizens, but who were afterwards recognized by detectives as Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, "Deputy Central Organizer of the Irish Republic," and a brother revolutionary officer, Captain Deasy.

It was a heavy blow to the revolutionists. Colonel Burke, who was in London, was immediately wired for from Manchester. He came, and the Fenian executive appointed him temporary commander-in-chief. He was a native of Coachford, county Cork, had led a life of wild and picturesque adventure among Pacific smugglers and Mexican contrabandistas, and though young, had earned brilliant military laurels as captain of engineers during the American civil war. He had energy, coolness and enterprise, and a firm hand for the reins.

What to do in this grave emergency was the vital question that confronted the Fenians—as I may call them for short. "Rescue the prisoners," urged Daniel Lavery of Manchester, and, the motion adopted, he promptly proceeded to arrange the preliminaries. Michael Davitt was sent to Birmingham to purchase firearms for the rescue party. Volunteers were called for. Fifteen cool, determined men were selected, and Burke instructed them in the methods of street fight-

ing, to enable them to effectively cover a retreat. It was a very critical proposition, this of bearding the British Lion in his den, and tearing his destined victims out of his claws; it was to be Irish wit and grit against English strength.

Kelly and Deasy were brought up before the magistrate in the Manchester courthouse, Sept. 18, for a preliminary hearing. Two of the men selected for the "specially hazardous work," namely Thomas O'Bolger and Peter Ryan, were present with loaded revolvers, ready to shoot down the informer Corridon or Corydon, should he appear to give evidence against the prisoners. But the proceedings were merely formal, the prisoners were remanded and hustled into the black prison van, which drove off towards the borough jail, about two miles distant. Five policemen sat on the box seat, two stood on the step behind, Sergeant Brett was inside with the keys, four other policemen followed in a cab. The English government knew the value of its prisoners.

Colonel Burke, who had been in the courthouse at the hearing, took a cab and followed at a distance sufficient not to excite suspicion.

It was about 4 P. M., when the van rolled along the Hyde road, out from under the city's smoky pall, out into the open, or partly open country, a sordid wilderness of brick fields and clay-pits. One-fourth the distance is passed—one half—and the hideous black box on wheels rumbles under the railway bridge that gauntly arches the road at Bellevue.

"Pull up!" commands a voice. A man standing in the road presents a pistol, highwayman-wise, at the driver. Several other men suddenly come rushing and surround the van. The police driver, amazed, hesitates, then shakes his reins and swings his lash.

Bang! bang! He tumbles to the ground in terror and with him his companions, who all scramble to their feet and run as if for their lives, realizing that the terrible Fenians are upon them. One of the horses falls wounded, kicking in his traces. There is a tremendous pounding and clattering on the van as the rescuers assault it, roof and sides, with large stones, anything, in order to break it open. "Where are the axes and crowbars?" Pshaw, not to be found!—the man told off to provide them has neglected to do so. And every moment is precious—so precious! "Hand out the keys through the grating"; but Brett refuses; the van is staunch and stout, and help may arrive any moment. The fugitive policemen have returned, backed by a rapidly increasing mob of astounded and indignant Britons, wrathful at the daring of the group of "Irish rebels"; the circle of black revolver muzzles cannot hold them off much longer.

Another shot—a groan and a scream. One of the rescuers—it is said Peter Rice—has fired at the lock with the object of blowing it to pieces, and the bullet has inflicted a mortal wound on Sergeant Brett.

An unhappy and unlooked for incident; but time is up already. The hand of an unfortunate female prisoner passes the keys through the grating. The door is hastily unlocked, also other doors inside, and two handcuffed men step out and are hurried away. The Fenian chief and his aide are free, snatched away from John Bull even

PETER RYAN. THOMAS O'BOLGER. JOSEPH KEELEY. R. O'S. BURKE.

SURVIVORS OF THE MANCHESTER RESCUE OF 1867.

in the surging heart of his dominions!

Some of the rescuers wait a little longer with leveled pistols to make sure the rescued have a good start. Then they too retire, and now at length, with a great howl of vengeance, the mob starts out to find victims. There is a likely one among them, but they don't know it: "Rick" Burke presents himself on the scene, pulls out a pencil and a wad of paper, and assumes the role of reporter, and proceeds to interview police and others for details of the affair; he will make a "scoop" for his afternoon paper.

One-third of the chosen men who surrounded the prison van that day in Manchester are still living. Of these Thomas O'Bolger, Peter Ryan and Joseph Keeley held a reunion with Colonel Burke some time ago in Chicago, and received hearty reception from a large Irish meeting. The others are Capt. Edward O'Meagher Condon (originator of "God save Ireland"), James Cahill and John Stonham. Capt. Michael O'Brien died nobly with Allen and Larkin on the scaffold of Salford jail. James Lavery, John Neary, William Melvin, Peter Rice, Patrick Bloomfield, Timothy Featherstone, Charles Morehouse and John Ryan sleep in honored patriots' graves the solemn sleep that knows no waking.

The triumph and tragedy of Irish patriotism in that event, and its mournful sequel, is now annually commemorated by the Irish race, to whom Manchester has become a word of even greater significance than Limerick or Fontenoy.

RT. REV. P. J. MULDOON, D. D.

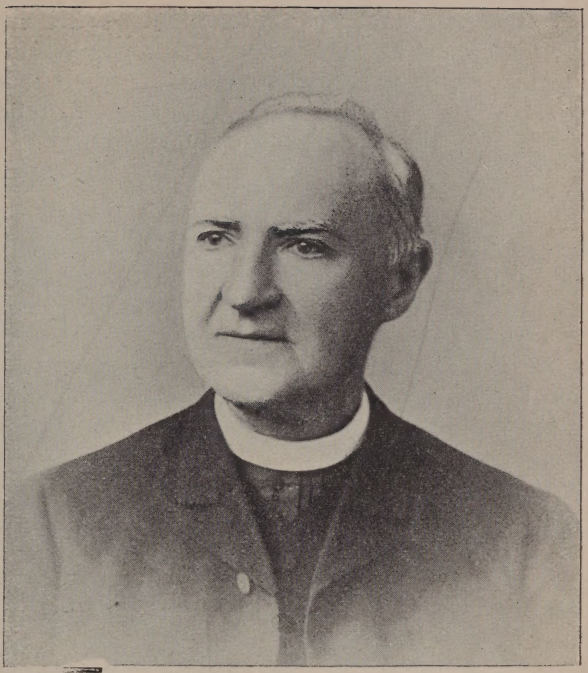
PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Announcement is made of the elevation of Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, former chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, to the dignity of auxiliary bishop to Archbishop Feehan. Under his new appointment, his official title will be "Bishop of Tamasceris and auxiliary to the Archbishop of Chicago."

Bishop Muldoon will succeed Right Rev. A. J. McGavick, whose ill-health compelled him some time ago to resign his high office. The crozier has been committed to worthy hands as is shown by this sketch, penned by his neighbor and associate, Rev. Thomas E. Judge, pastor of St. Finbarr's church.

"There is one unerring test of character, namely, the judgment of those with whom one is brought into intimate relations of authority, or of obedience. It would be difficult to discover another person in whom this test has been so conspicuously satisfied as it has been in the case of Bishop Muldoon. Above all, his archbishop, who has closely followed his career since the very day that he commenced his ecclesiastical studies, and who had ample opportunity of judging of his ability, energy and integrity, while he held daily intercourse with him on



VERY REV. JOHN B. HOGAN, S. S., D. D.

(Courtesy New York Education)

REV. FREDERICK Z. ROOKER, S. T. D.

the most important affairs of the archdiocese when Bishop Muldoon was chancellor, has signified his complete confidence in him by asking the Holy See to appoint him to the high office of auxiliary bishop of Chicago."

The new bishop is a man of the strictest business methods. When he was chancellor, Catholics and non-Catholics alike were charmed by his courtesy, and impressed by his promptness and methodical habits.

Notwithstanding his rare mental endowments and enthusiastic zeal, Bishop Muldoon could not have accomplished a tithe of his record but for his splendid physique and rugged health. He has never been seriously ill, and today he is one of the finest types of physical manhood in Chicago. His powerful voice and distinct articulation have helped

in considerable measure to win for him the high standing as a pulpit orator which he enjoys in the archdiocese.

The Very Rev. John B. Hogan, S. S., D.D., whose retirement from the presidency of St. John's College, Brighton, has caused such deep regret, is widely known among the Catholic clergy of the United States and in lay circles.

Father Hogan was born in Ireland, but lived a great portion of his life in France. In 1852 he was ordained priest and became a member of the Sulpician congregation, and for many years taught at Issy and Paris.

In 1884, when Archbishop Williams opened the seminary at Brighton, Father Hogan was selected to govern it, and was sent by his superiors to America. In 1889 he was selected by the Archbishop as one of the governing board of the Catholic University at Washington, and remained there until 1894, when he resumed the presidency of St. John's.

REV. T. F. KENNEDY.

Last year Dr. Hogan suffered from

acute bronchial trouble, and for a long time was confined to the hospital. It is on account of his poor health that he gives up the government of St. John's. He will be given a six-months' vacation abroad among his religious brethren to recuperate.

Under Father Hogan's rule the Brighton seminary has been very successful, and has achieved a name as a mother of priests of the most zealous and practical kind.

The hope that he will return in better health will temper the sorrow of his friends in Boston and the other New England dioceses.

New honors have come to Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker, D.D., of Washington, D. C., who has been made private Chamberlain to the Pope. Dr. Rooker is a native of Albany, N. Y. He was graduated at the high school in that city, and afterwards completed a course at Union College. Later he went to Rome and studied for the priesthood, was ordained, and afterwards made vice president of the American College at the Italian capital. When Cardinal Satolli was appointed the first Apostolic Legate at Washington, Dr. Rooker was named as secretary, and has continued to serve in that capacity under Cardinal Martinelli. The learning, efficiency, and faithfulness which have marked his service at Washington and elsewhere have secured for Dr. Rooker his latest distinction.

Rev. Thomas F. Kennedy, D.D., of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, has been appointed to the Rectorship of the American College, Rome, made vacant by the elevation of Right Rev. William O'Connell to the Bishopric of Portland, Me.

Dr. Kennedy was born in Conshohocken, Pa., March 23, 1858. His early education was received at the parochial school there, of which he later acted as principal for four years. Having determined to devote his life to the Church, he entered St. Charles Seminary in September, 1879, where he developed such marked ability that the rector of the college sent him, in 1882, to the American College in Rome to complete his studies. He was ordained to the priesthood in Rome, July 24, 1887, and a year later returned to this country. In September, 1888, Dr. Kennedy was appointed professor of mathematics and Latin in St. Charles seminary. In 1893 he was appointed professor of higher dogmatic theology, and the present rector, Dr. P. J. Garvey, upon assuming charge of the institution, made him master of discipline, which position he held until the present time.

Dr. Kennedy is of an affable disposition, and it is needless to say his appointment is a popular one. At the closing exercises of the Seminary he was the recipient of hearty congratulations from his brother priests. He has always been in demand as a preacher on important occasions, and delivered the sermon at the consecration of Bishop Sbarretti, of Havana.

IRISHMEN AND CATHOLICS IN A FAMOUS CONQUEST.

BY EDWARD FITZPATRICK.

Catholics and Irishmen have been ignored or only incidentally mentioned as such by historians who have written of the conquest of the Territory North-west of the river Ohio, whereby the great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota were wrested from the British and Indians in 1778-9, and forever secured to the United States. This is probably not due to prejudice, but to oversight, for such broad-minded men as William H. English, sometime Democratic nominee for the Vice Presidency, and the distinguished incumbent now in that office, Mr. Roosevelt, have written entertaining histories of that great conquest. While they have ignored, they have given no offense to Catholics.

The capitulation of the British took place in the old St. Francis Xavier log church in Vincennes, at 5 P. M., February 24, 1779. Governor Hamilton turned over Fort Sackville to General Geo. Rogers Clark, and they retired forever from a territory which is now inhabited by over seventeen million people. For accomplishing this great military feat General Clark and his few soldiers received from the State of Virginia one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, situated in what is now Clark County, Indiana, opposite Louisville, Kentucky. The Catholic missionary who had more to do with bringing about the surrender than any other one man received nothing, for he was not an enlisted man.

The so-called historic novel sometimes serves to draw attention to such important events as these in a way more forcible than dry history, and notably is this the case in the story entitled "Alice of Old Vincennes," written by Maurice Thompson, lately deceased. Had Mr. Thompson only added to historical fiction this one work, he would have been entitled to the esteem and gratitude of posterity. So much of the novel is not fiction that the adage about truth being the stranger of the two, is brought forcibly to the attention of the reader who is acquainted with the history of the expedition. It also serves to call attention to one of the oldest Catholic missions in the West, for Vincennes was permanently settled in 1702, and there had been missions there by the Jesuits in 1683, the year after Philadelphia, the first capital of the United States, was founded. In his novel Mr. Thompson pays a high tribute to the Catholic missionaries. While these were mostly French, at least one of the heroic characters, Simon Kenton, was a Celt. There are many others who were at the taking of Vincennes who bore Irish names, as shown by the official records.

General George Rogers Clark is conceded to be the hero of the expedition which started from the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, on June 24, 1778, to reduce the British and Indian possessions at Kaskaskia and Vincennes. Father Pierre Gibault was, to say the least, his chief lieu-

tenant, and many Irishmen, and two companies of Clark's small force, were of the Catholic faith. Had it not been for Father Gibault, General Clark would not have taken Vincennes, and probably would have had serious trouble at Kaskaskia. When Clark reached the latter post with his small force he met with no resistance, for the reason that Father Gibault, the pastor of the church, and the adviser of the people, was friendly to the Revolutionary cause. He came out to meet him, and, being assured that the religious liberty of his people would not be interfered with, he made it easy for Clark to capture the place.

Kaskaskia was taken on July 5, 1778, but Vincennes was not reduced until February of the year following. Father Gibault, who was the missionary priest at both Vincennes and Kaskaskia, had induced the people of the former town to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and Captain Helm had taken charge of the old fort months before General Clark came there. General Hamilton, the British Lieutenant Governor at Detroit, later with four hundred Indians, thirty regulars, and fifty volunteers, took the fort from Captain Helm, December 15, 1778. It was to retake it that Clark marched from Kaskaskia to Vincennes. He says in his memoirs, which are printed in President Jefferson's correspondence:

> "Everything being ready on the fifth of February (1779), after receiving a lecture and absolution from the priest (Gibault), we crossed the Kaskaskia river with 170 men, marched about three miles and encamped."

When General Clark came near Vincennes he made the inhabitants and those in the fort believe that he had a large army. He marched them around hills, with banners flying, so that they might be counted, two or three times, and then sent in the following message:

> "Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens to remain in your houses. And those, if any there be, who are friends of the King, will instantly repair to the fort and join the Hair-buying general and fight like men."

In this "army" of one hundred and seventy men, blessed by a priest, were seventy privates and eighteen officers who were of Irish birth or descent. The writer, being a member of the American Irish Historical Society, has taken the trouble to take their names from the official records, and they are printed below. They were:

Lieutenant-Colonel John Montgomery.
Major Thomas Quirk.
Captains Richard McCarty, John Rodgers, John Williams.
Lieutenants Valentine Dalton, James Montgomery, James Robertson, Lawrence Slaughter, John Swann.
Sergeants John Brand, James Brown, Michael Miles, John Moore, John O'Rear, Robert Patterson, John Vaughan, John Williams.
Privates John Ash, Thomas Batten, William Bell, James Bigger, John Boyle, James Bryant, Edward Bulger, Nicholas Burke, John Campbell, Andrew Conore, Thomas Clifton, Dennis Chohern, Cornelius Copeland, John Cowan, James Curry, Robert Davis, Frederick Doherty, Neal Doherty, Patrick Dorn, John Duff Edmund Fear, Samuel Finley, James Finn, John McFlannigan, Michael Glass, David Glenn, Francis Godfrey, John Green, John Grimes, William Gwin, Silas Harland, Hugh Henry, Barney Higgins, John Hughes, Edward Johnson, Matthew Jones, John Joynes, William Learne, Richard Lutterell, John Lyons, Joseph Lyons, Isaac McBride,

Francis McDermott, David McDonald John McGann, Alexander McIntyre George McManus, John McManus, John McManus, Jr., Samuel McMullen, James McNutt, Florence Mahoney, Patrick Marr, Charles Martin, John Montgomery, John Moore, Thomas Moore, John Murphy, Edward Murray, Peter Newton, Michael O'Hara, Daniel O'Rear, Peter Priest, William Purcell, William Slack, Francis Spellman, John Talley, Joseph Thornton, Daniel Tiger, Barney Whallen, Dominick Welch.

The private soldiers each received two hundred acres of land, worth about two dollars an acre, for their services on this memorable occasion. The officers received from two thousand to six thousand acres. Some of them settled on this land, and their descendants, in a few instances, retain it. Captain Richard McCarty led the attack on Vincennes. He was born in Ireland, and in his youth had served in the British army. Major Thomas Quirk, Colonel John Montgomery, and several of the others, afterwards distinguished themselves fighting Indians at other points, but it would take too much space to here record their deeds of valor. Suffice it to say the above list demonstrates that Irishmen took no mean part in reducing Vincennes, and acquiring for the United States a vast territory. Their names should be handed down to future generations to be revered. General Clark is honored with a statue at Indianapolis and another in the Court House yard at Vincennes. He deserved this and more too. Father Gibault is forgotten, and even his burial place is not known to a certainty. As for the Irish soldiers who were with Clark, few would believe it if you told them that there were any of that nationality along with him, for they have never seen it mentioned in history. A bronze tablet, at least, ought to be erected to their memory.

The part taken by the early missionaries at Vincennes is indeed romantic and volumes could be written about their labors and works, equally as interesting as the incidents mentioned by Thompson of Fathers Beret and Gibault in "Alice of Old Vincennes." In the official church records Father Gibault is mentioned as having been the missionary at this post from February 10, 1770, to July 25, 1775, and was the resident priest from 1785 to 1789, when he signed himself Vicar General. His successor, about 1782, was Benedict Joseph Flaget, who was at Vincennes for two years and a half. Of the latter it is recorded on a marble tablet in the Cathedral at Louisville:

Here lie, expecting a glorious resurrection, the remains of

BENEDICT JOSEPH FAGET,

Bishop of Louisville, who was born in France, November 7, 1763. As he lived, so he died, holily in the Lord, on the 11th of February, 1850, full of days and labors undergone for Christ, at the age of 87 and of his episcopate the 40th. His successor, with the help of the faithful people, erected this cathedral over his ashes.

The writer of the inscription on this tablet was a distinguished clergyman and Kentuckian, Martin John Spalding, once Bishop of Louisville, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore, and uncle of the present Bishop of Peoria, Ill. How few Catholics know that the first Bishop of Louisville was a missionary among the Indians contemporary with George Rogers Clark.

Recurring to Father Gibault. He was no ordinary character. He would have been a marked and influential

man at any time, and in any place. He was a man of refinement and culture, and very precise in the discharge of all the duties devolving upon him, as shown by the records kept by him, and preserved to this day in St. Francis Xavier Cathedral. Judge John Law, a distinguished jurist and Indian historian, who made it a labor of love to look up pioneer history, wrote many years ago:

"Next to Clark and Vigo, the United States are indebted more to Father Gibault for the accession of the States comprised in what was the original North-West Territory than to any other man."

And again:

"It is a historical fact, whatever we Protestants may say to the contrary, that the influence of Catholic priests, particularly the Jesuits, in the Eighteenth century, over the tribes which surrounded them, and for whose conversion to Christianity they labored with unceasing devotion and energy, was much greater than any other religious denomination that ever ministered to their spiritual wants."

The Honorable Henry S. Cauthorn, once speaker of the Indiana House of Representatives, writing at a later day on the same subject, says: "Without wishing to detract from the deserved honor and praise due to Clark and Vigo, I claim that the first place of honor is due to Father Gibault, and that it was more through his exertions and influence than that of any other man that this happy result was accomplished."

Mr. Cauthorn then goes on to show that the original campaign of Clark only contemplated the capture of Kaskaskia. His instructions from Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, were only to that effect. Continuing he says:

"Imbued with the spirit of Lafayette, Father Gibault called the people together in the old fort in 1778, told them of the Revolutionary war, hoisted the flag over the fort for the first time, at great personal risk, for he was a subject of Great Britain. He had almost unlimited influence over the people of Vincennes, and was Vicar General under the authority of the Bishop of Quebec."

General Hamilton had still another opinion of Gibault. He wrote a letter to his superior officer at Quebec, which is still preserved in the Canadian archives, and which was looked up by the Honorable William H. English. He quotes the letter in his interesting history of the conquest of the Northwest. Hamilton blames Gibault for the revolt of the French at Vincennes and the taking of the fort by Helm, and says he deserves to be hung, another evidence that he was a patriot, devoted to the American cause, and a thorn in the side of the British.

In a letter to General St. Clair, Father Gibault calls attention to the fact that he was not backward in venturing his life in the cause of the conquest of the Northwest Territory. He says he parted with his beasts and his slaves and his money to the amount of 7,800 livres. In return for this he asks the Government to grant him a small portion of land to support him in his declining years. The letter in full is published in the book of the diocese of Vincennes recently printed by Bishop Alerding, of Fort Wayne.

General St. Clair recommended that Gibault be given the land he asked for, but this was never done.

It was Father Gibault who induced Francis Vigo to enlist in the cause of Gen. Clark. Vigo was a trader at St. Louis. He died in Vincennes in 1835, aged 96 years. He had been one of

the trustees of the old church. Vigo advanced $8,616 to Gen. Clark to help him feed his soldiers while taking Vincennes. On June 8, 1872, Congress passed an act giving his executors $49,898.60. Of this $41,282.60 was for interest. Long after he was allowed to die in want, his country recognized his great services. Vigo county, of which Terre Haute is the seat, was named in his honor.

Vincennes was named for Morgan D. Vincenne, who was massacred by the Indians in 1736. Bishop de la Hailandiere, who was a Frenchman, and who investigated the subject in his native country, says he was of Irish extraction. So much of the early history of Vincennes is made up of the doings of the missionaries that it is hard to dissociate the civil history from that of the church up to and after 1800, when General William Henry Harrison came there as the first Territorial Governor, and where he lived for eleven years. He was afterward the ninth president of the United States. The first white men to visit Vincennes were Jesuits, and the history of the place for many years was the history of old St. Francis Xavier church. Vincennes for one hundred years was quite different from the city of ten thousand inhabitants to-day. The Anglo-Saxon has supplanted the Indian and Frenchman, but many of the ancient landmarks remain. Fort Sackville and the old church near it, where Clark and Hamilton met to fix the terms of surrender, were all as set forth in the novel. The site of Fort Sackville was sub-divided and sold between 1830 and 1840. The fort remained standing until after 1829, when it was abandoned. The old St. Francis Xavier church was built of logs and stood eighty yards from the fort. The logs stood on end, and the interstices were filled with adobe. It had no windows or lights other than the lights on the altar. The door was in the northwest end, facing the fort and the Wabash river. The second church of the same name was built near the same site as was also the present cathedral. Indeed it seems a pity that this old cathedral was abandoned, and the Bishop moved to Indianapolis. There are many interesting historic events connected with the early missionaries and with the old church. There is enough material in the old records preserved in a tin box to keep a historian busy for a long time. Part of these records consist of documents from 1783 to 1814, and the names of all the missionaries from Father Gibault down are given. Several of these missionaries were eminent men and afterward distinguished themselves in the history of the Church

Of the old post under French control Judge Law says:

> **"From 1768 to 1776, Jean Baptiste Racine was the principal officer at Post Vincennes, while it was under the domination of the French. He granted many lots of land to the French settlers. The population enjoyed almost unrestrained freedom. Living in the heart of the wilderness, without taxes, and in friendship with the Indians, they passed their lives in hunting, fishing, trading in furs, and raising a few esculents and a little corn for their families. Many of them had intermarried with the Indians, whose amity was by these ties secured and strengthened."**

Of the missionaries other than Gibault much could be written, would space permit, but it will only be possible here to refer to a few.

Reverend Gabriel Richard was a

missionary priest at Vincennes in 1821. He was a very learned man, and wrote and spoke several languages. He was afterward, in 1823, elected to Congress from Michigan, being the first delegate from that territory where he had been so long a missionary. He was the only priest ever in Congress. After being elected he was sent to jail in default of a civil judgment for damages secured by one of his parishoners whom he denounced for obtaining a divorce. He was released, however, when the time came for the meeting.

The Reverend I. E. Reynolds, afterwards Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, was at Vincennes as a missionary in 1813. He was from a pioneer Kentucky family.

St. Michael V. E. Edgar Shawe, M. A., was a missionary at Vincennes for ten years. He came of a noble English family, was a captain under the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and was highly educated, speaking several languages.

Simon W. G. Brute, who was a man of letters and a physician, before entering holy orders, was the first Bishop of the diocese, assuming the duties in 1834. He was a prolific writer and has left an interesting account of his missionary labor which serves to show the habits and manners of the people in and around Vincennes during his residence there. After being consecrated Bishop at St. Louis he rode to Vincennes on horseback. He writes that on a trip of over six hundred miles he seldom came to any regular tavern. Often he was compelled to sleep on the floor. Describing his visit to the village of the Chickakos, on the Tippecanoe River, he says the missionary in charge, M. de Seille, had baptized one hundred and twenty Indians and the Bishop confirmed thirteen. There was difficulty in making the Indians understand instructions because M. de Seille was not a master of the Indian tongue, but this was overcome by the aid of an interpreter. This interpreter was a Canadian woman, born of an Indian mother. "She was seventy years of age," he writes, "but preserves a strength and activity truly wonderful." She followed the Bishop and the missionary on horse-back and was ever ready to assist. When all the Indians were assembled in the chapel the Bishop was introduced as the head of all the other Black Robes. The Bishop addressed them and his remarks were translated by the Indian Canadian woman.

Bishop Brute not only was a missionary among the Indians, but was the first to start free schools in Indiana. He established free schools in 1834 at Vincennes for boys and girls, and conducted these schools day and night. This was twenty years before the public free school system was established under the present constitution of Indiana. The money to start these free schools was obtained by Bishop Brute from wealthy relatives in France.

These are a few of the incidents connected with the early settlement of Vincennes and the territory of which it was the chief post, up to and including 1800, long before Chicago or Indianapolis was thought of. There was no Catholic church in Indianapolis until after 1840, and the Bishop of Indiana for many years was the head of all the territory, from the Ohio river to the Lake region.

There are those in the States now comprising what was formerly the Northwest Territory, who affect to believe that Irishmen and Catholics have no claims as American patriots. This was evidenced in Know Nothing times, and later in A. P. A. times. Let these read up.

THE BEST WAY TO SETTLE LABOR TROUBLES.

BY H. M. BEADLE.

The belief that injustice, greed, or both, are the motives which control the actions of employers and employees in dealing with each other, is a prolific cause of labor troubles. Establish justice among men and overcome the greed of the human heart, controlling its suggestions by principles of love, and there will not be many labor troubles. Injustice and greed projected into the affairs of men cause nearly all the contests which arise in human affairs.

In contests between employers and employees many laws are suggested as a means of determining them, but how seldom do we hear that any one has proposed to adjust them by applying to them the principles of the Christian religion. Yet it is clear to the most ordinary mind that the application of the commandments of Christianity to labor conflicts would soon cause them to disappear.

To regulate the relations of men to one another Christ laid down this law: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Apply this to any labor quarrel and a settlement of it must soon be reached, for no dispute could go on when Christian love ruled the actions of men.

Christian law, following the requirement of natural law, compels men to do justice to their fellows. If the rule of justice were applied strictly in all matters affecting employers and employees, there could be no enduring conflict between them.

The Golden Rule which our Saviour commanded all of His followers to observe, to-wit: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them," would settle in a short time any labor or other dispute between men. It embodies both the rule of justice and of love, and therefore would be all-powerful both in lessening disputes among men and in settling those that should arise.

Disputes only occur among Christian men when Christian principles have been forgotten. Where Christianity controls and directs the actions of men, it is impossible that there should be serious disputes.

One of the principles which would prevent disputes between men is that of man's stewardship to God for the goods he has possession of in this world. If men looked upon their property as a trust reposed in them by God, to be administered according to God's law, no disputes could arise over what was to be done with it.

Each would be entitled to use sufficient out of his income to support his family, but what was over and above would be used for the good of his neighbor, for the support of the state and of religion. Men following this rule would not take from their neighbors anything which belonged to them to give themselves a better support, and they would be eager to spend the means they did not use to relieve the wants of their neighbors. They would fulfill the law of God that in the sweat of his brow man should eat bread, and earning sufficient to support themselves they would have no need to exact any part of the labor of another to satisfy their own needs. They would be ever ready to share their earnings with those of their fellow-men who were unable to earn their own living, as well as to support religion and the state. There would be no disputes among men mutually upholding this principle, for there would be a desire to win the approval of God by generously obeying the rules laid down by religion for governing their conduct in dealing with others. If the commandments of God were obeyed it is seldom, indeed, that divisions would occur among men, for love and justice and obedience to God would govern all the actions of men in dealing with each other.

The principles herein laid down have been the rule of Christians in their dealings with their fellow-men since Christ's time. Yet when conflicts have arisen which could be so easily settled by the application of these principles, force has been called in almost invariably to settle them. Force is war, and it always decides in favor of the stronger, though the weaker may be in the right. Why do we teach these Christian principles if they are not to be obeyed when occasions arrive for their application? Are they something to amuse us, as a child is amused and quieted by a toy, and not a rule of life to be followed when divisions arise between men? We pretend to be Christian, yet when the time arrives for an application of our principles we set them aside and appeal to force, knowing that force never determines issues according to what is right or what is wrong; when religion always decides according to the right of the matter.

The strifes which followed the demands of laborers and capitalists in the last century have caused those engaged in them to lose hundreds of millions of dollars, to say nothing of the bloodshed occasioned by them and the legacies of hate they have left behind to be reckoned with in future disputes. How easily they could have been settled if the principles of Christianity had been applied to them. The money loss in that event would have been trifling, and there would have been no bloodshed and no legacies of hate to set these classes of people at each other's throats in the future.

In a land at least nominally Christian it is remarkable that the principles of Christianity have been so seldom appealed to to settle labor disputes which have entailed such great losses upon all. In a few cases in England and this country, distinguished and influential ecclesiastics have been called upon to settle labor troubles, but seldom has it been pointed out during such controversies that the principles of the Christian religion applied to the relations existing between employer and employee, would settle

all disputes justly and make the parties better friends than they had ever been before.

It would be useless for any one to go into the question as to which party in the labor disputes had acted with the greater injustice, and refused to be controlled by the rules of Christianity. Neither one, so far as I have observed, has ever appealed to Christian principles to uphold their cause. Christianity is peace and uses only peaceful methods to right social wrongs, and one side has been as ready to appeal to force as the other. In a few cases that I have heard of, where principles of justice were applied, disputes were prevented. Col. Carroll D. Wright, in a lecture before the students of the Catholic University, related two circumstances showing how the application of the principles of justice prevented strikes. The employees of the Southern Railroad Company became dissatisfied with their wages and sent a committee to wait upon the management to ask an increase. They were met in a fraternal spirit and told that the earnings of the road would not justify any increase of wages, and in order to convince the committee of the truth of their words, they gave a committee of their employees the privilege of examining their books. This was done to the satisfaction of the working people, and the request for an increase of wages was withdrawn. A large steel plant in Illinois had reduced the wages of their employees ten per cent, and after submitting to the reduction some time, the employees sent a committee to the management, asking that the wages be restored to what they were before the reduction. The committee were told that the management would be glad to restore the old wages if they could, and that they intended to do so as soon as the business would justify it. To convince them that they could not pay higher wages than they were paying, the management proposed that the employees should select a man to examine the books of the company, and if he should report that the company could pay the old wages it would do so. If he said they could not the men were to recede from their demand. The proposition was accepted, and the result was that the men recommended that the company reduce wages ten per cent further. The management replied that they would continue to pay the wages they had been paying; that though they were losing money, they had made money before and were willing to divide their earnings with their employees, and that as soon as their business would justify it, they would restore the old wages. This was done, and the result is that the best feeling prevails between the company and its employees. And it is certain that this mutual confidence which exists between the company and its men will not be disturbed while the present policy of the management continues.

It is to be hoped that the rules of religion and of justice will hereafter be resorted to when employers and employees are about to quarrel, and that force may never again be used in the settlement of labor disputes. If the principles of Christianity are applied to such disputes in the future, it may be assumed that there will be no more such conflicts, and that force or forcible arbitration will never be used to settle them should they arise.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge, by Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D.

This work is the outcome of a series of Sunday afternoon talks in St. Stephen's Protestant church, New York City. The author, feeling the difficulty of discussing completely, before an indiscriminate audience, the deep subjects of the book of Genesis, aims only at a clear, concise explanation of the various problems connected with the origin of things. Hence we cannot ask for an exhaustive treatment of the initial chapters of Genesis, but we must be content if the author proves satisfactory when judged by the standard a dogmatic Christian must lay down. How has he succeeded?

His general view of the events recorded in the sacred narrative is plainly set forth in the following words: "The stories of Creation, of Paradise, of the Fall, of Noah's Flood, and the Tower of Babel, are all of a *mythical* character, and what proves it conclusively is that several of these stories exist in other forms in the traditions of other nations." It is evident from this statement that the Rev. Elwood Worcester would be a most *unsafe* guide for any Christian who holds to the historical character of the Pentateuch. Moreover, the fact that similar traditions, although distorted, exist among pagan nations does not prove the mythical nature of the mosaic narrative but rather proves the general spread of a primeval revelation, which was overladen with fantastic vagaries, where the Holy Spirit did not exercise direct guidance over the people. We are not surprised, after this, to find the author asserting that there is a contradiction when God is said to have created light on the first day, long before the creation of the sun, moon and stars. Many explanations may be given which solve this seeming difficulty. Some commentators declare that the sun, moon and stars are represented as having been made on the Fourth Day, not because they were then produced for the first time out of nothing, but because the vapors by which they had been obscured, were on that day scattered, and they began to shine forth with great brilliancy in the heavens. This explanation is certainly most plausible. There are several other solutions, which we cannot enumerate in our limited space, but enough has been said to show that the contradiction is one in appearance only, and one that has met with scientific treatment at the hands of learned theologians and of devout students of geology and of paleontology.

It is rather strange, too, to find in the commentary upon the first verse of Genesis the following statement: "Genesis assumes a pre-existent chaos as the material out of which the world was formed. It is not stated definitely that this chaos, the raw material of creation, was created by God out of nothing." We have here a striking example of the general confusion that is manifest throughout the entire book. A slight acquaintance with the great commentators, either Catholic or Protestant, would have shown the writer how untenable is his position. The true meaning of the word *bara* is to produce out of nothing. In this does creation differ from every other form of production, from organization, and from beautifying through the means of order. In almost all the passages of scripture where we meet the word *bara*, it denotes the calling into existence of something by the sole decree of the Creator's will, and not the fashioning anew of pre-existing matter.

The author likewise calmly rejects the elevation of man to a supernatural destiny with the gifts consequent thereon by saying: "Man is by nature mortal, and was so from the beginning. Of any hint that man was created deathless and lost his immortality through sin, there is not a trace." How different would be the trend of thought of the Rev. Elwood Worcester, were he to ponder thoroughly the learned works of Knabenbauer, Vigoroux, Malloy, Thein and others. In all frankness, we must regret the appearance of a work, which, under the guise of friendship, makes so severe an attack upon the inspired character of the scriptures.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $3.00.

Man and the Spiritual World, by the Rev. Arthur Chambers.

The object of this work is to solve the important question, "What will become of us, when we die?" The serious purpose of the author is clearly stated in the

preface: "This book is not written to amuse idlers and novelty-seekers, but to try and make great truths plainer to earnest and inquiring souls." The above question, which tortures every reflective mind, is, as the author notes, variously answered. These answers are carefully weighed out, and it is decided that the replies of the materialist, of the agnostic, and of the Christian materialist are wholly incorrect, while the general answers given by the religions of the world, by those Christians who deny an Intermediate Life, and by those, who, while admitting an Intermediate Life, have not a clear conception thereof, fall short of the truth. These views are refuted with vigor and earnestness. The author then proceeds to build up his own theory. "Man," he claims, "after death is in bodily form. Bodily form is not restricted to earthly matter." To prove this point, he refers to St. Paul's expressions, "celestial bodies," "spiritual bodies," and to the apparitions of angels in bodily form. His argument is not well founded. St. Paul, by bodies *celestial* means the sun, the moon, and the stars; which are certainly composed of matter. When the apostle speaks of a *spiritual* body, he refers to the new powers which Christian Theology ascribes to the risen body. Just as the grain is far more beautiful than the seed from which it springs, so the human body will rise from the grave, the same in nature, substance and individuality, but endowed with new powers and qualities, strength and beauty. To talk of spirit-body, or of body-spirit, is a contradiction in terms.

Moreover, the angels were certainly allowed to appear in visible form to those to whom they were sent as messengers, but this visible form was assumed for the time and cannot be taken, by any force of sound reasoning, to mean that a pure spirit is body. These remarks suffice to show how widely the author wanders from Catholic teaching on this subject. With the object of the book we are thoroughly in sympathy, but the solution of life's fundamental problem cannot be reached in the way mapped out by the Rev. Arthur Chambers. It is comforting to hear the tone of earnestness that rings out from every page, but the question was answered fully and completely by the gentle Saviour of the world in His wondrous sermons delivered throughout the Holy Land. The real meaning of those telling words has not been hidden, and to thrust aside the venerable traditions of the past is to do violence to previous and safe guidance, and to trample under foot the plain teachings of our own reason.

Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $1.25.

From Clouds to Sunshine; or The Evolution of a Soul, by E. Thomas Kaven.

There are many points of interest and many points of information in this useful work. It is the story of havoc wrought by thoughtless, infidel professors in the soul of a young student, and his deliverance from the thraldom of unbelief by a clear-headed, devout father. We have in this book a startling, but true, exposition of the absolutely materialistic teachings in many of our prominent colleges and of the results therefrom upon the minds of unformed, undeveloped youths. While we cannot follow the author in all details, we cannot withhold our deep admiration and respect for his healthy Christian tone, for his witty and direct unmasking of several modern sophistries, for his forcible proof of the need of religious training for the upbuilding of a noble character, and for the delightful interest thrown over the incidents of a quiet, unromantic life.—The Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. $1.00.

With a vivid description of the happenings of "a dreadful day that obliterates every other memory." Henrietta Dana Skinner begins her new novel "Heart and Soul," which is full of hitherto untouched phases of American life, and of course embodies a love story with charming characters, and the usual complement of weak, wicked, and erring individuals to cause trouble and disturb the current of love. The grewsome element is essential to the successful construction of the modern historic novel, and Mrs. Skinner employs it unsparingly in the opening chapter, where the insurrection of the slaves in Cuba and the horrible massacre perpetrated by them are described all too graphically. She makes us see the swarm of black faces, the planter overborne and foully murdered, his infant daughter impaled on a machete, and his wife and aged father struggling vainly in the grasp of the infuriated horde of savages. Only one member of the family survived, Roderic Fremont, who relates the his-

tory of the massacre and the subsequent happenings of his eventful life. Rescued by a faithful mulatto the child is delivered to his mother's father, the Chevalier Macarty, and taken by him to his home at Hamtramck, on the outskirts of Detroit. Here his childhood was passed, and here he came under the influence of Alexandrine Chabert, the sweet and gentle maiden who, with her soldier lover, met such an untimely death on the eve of their marriage, while Eric was still "only a boy." The superstitions of the French settlers lend a touch of the weird to the development of the story, the phantom huntsman and his baying hound, and le Nain Rouge having credited to them much influence over the fortunes of mortals. Even the old Chevalier is not insensible to the dwarf's malignant power.

Roderic has many unusual experiences, as befits the hero of a tale, and his plans for the future are subject to many changes. At one time he desires to follow Lacordaire, but that valiant soldier of the Cross convinces him that the priesthood is not his vocation, and sends him out to take his place in the world. What he does there is most interesting reading, the author invests his life with so much of the charm of adventure, while keeping him ever true to high ideals. He is the victim of fraud and treachery, is disappointed in love, and reduced to poverty, but, as in all novels that deserve to live, virtue is at last rewarded; fame, wealth and honors come to the gallant youth; untoward circumstances cause the death of his rival and leave him free to woo and win Etienette Chabert, and to share with her many years of wedded bliss. Let him testify to his happiness: "Honor, affection, and contentment in my household, promising young lives turning to me for guidance, and at my side the dearest and best friends of heart and soul, whose arms are about me even as I write, and I lay down my pen to smile up into her eyes."

A pretty picture to linger in one's memory to the effacement of such scenes as the tragedy at Raleigh, a ghastly adaptation to the purposes of fiction of those tragedies in the South of today, nameless crimes and inhuman penalties. That they blot the record of American civilization is sufficient reproach. Let them have no part in the construction of a novel that will find the majority of its readers in Catholic homes.

Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

The year-book of the Catholic University contains full lists of officers, professors, instructors and students of the university, courses of instruction, requirements for degrees, directory of the affiliated colleges and general index.

Copies will be furnished interested parties on application to the General Secretary.

We have received the forty-ninth report of the Boston Public Library. The examining committee, Mrs. Mary E. Blake, Secretary, report that they find "the present collection of books in the Spanish language unsatisfactory and insufficient, and think that an attempt should be made to meet the growing demand for works which will afford information upon the history and political condition of Spain and her colonies, matters which, owing to our recent national experiences, are of increasing interest to the public. They advise an increase in reference books of travel for the information of individuals planning journeys, and a more complete collection of the Baedeker guide-books, now recognized as standard authorities."

The following from the Librarian's report is commended to the attention of Catholics, many of whom should take more active interest in the Library and its contents:

"In order that the Library in its selection of books may not fall behind in any department, suggestions are invited from friends. Blank recommendation forms can be obtained on application."

Sargent Kayme in "Anting-Anting Stories" describes some curious phases of life in the Philippines, and recounts some strange experiences with the natives. The Anting—Anting is a charm, a mysterious power that not only protects its possessor, but is an outward symbol of that protection. It is often a thing of no intrinsic value, but the owner of such a treasure has supreme confidence in its efficacy in preserving him from danger. Mr. Kayme narrates some instances of the magic influence of this charm on the natives, who have their own folk-lore traditions and superstitions.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.25.

An extended Report of the Third Conference of the Representatives of Catholic Colleges of the United States embodies the address delivered by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty, and papers by Rev. James A. Burn, C.S.C., A.M., Rev. Henry J. De-

Laak, S.J., Rev. Laurence A. Delurey, O.S.A., Professor Edmund J. Ryan, A.M., Rev. James P. Fagan, S.J., and Rev. Candidus Eichenlaub, O.S.B. These papers, with the discussions they provoked, will prove most interesting reading to all anxious for the promotion of Catholic education.

Published by the Catholic University Press, Washington, D. C.

"The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure," by Edmund Leamy, is as delightful a book of fairy tales as it has been our good fortune to see in many a day. It abounds in giants and fairies, and hunters of the Woods of Darkness, and many are the strange experiences of the children who venture or stray into the wonder world this clever writer has created. The fortunes of Kathleen and Emun, of Gladys and Monona, and Donal and Eily, make fascinating reading, and will give many a happy hour to the little folks. Here is one of the quaint conceits that will be appreciated by even grown-up readers.

The friendly minstrel preparing Emun for his encounter with the giant tells him the answers to two of the questions that will be put to him, but not knowing the third, advises the boy to think of what children see in their dreams in the dark. When the time comes, Emun meets the ordeal bravely.

"What is whiter than the snow of one night?" asked the giant.

"A soul without sin," Emun replied promptly.

"What is blacker than the blackest night?" roared the giant, fearing that his victims may escape.

"A heart without gratitude," answered Emun.

"What is brighter than the stars of night?" thundered the giant, in a fearful rage.

Poor Emun hesitated. He thought of diamonds, but, remembering that children do not see diamonds in their dreams something brighter flashed into his mind, and his little voice rang out clear as a bell, "A mother's eyes." And dragging Kathleen after him he fled from the wood, and both were soon safe in their mother's arms.

James Duffy & Co., Dublin.

Books One, Two and Three of the "McBride Literature and Art Readers" have been received. These are the first of a set of readers for Catholic schools, and they are unique in many respects. They are accompanied by manuals which suggest to the young teacher ways and means of making the lesson more beneficial and interesting.

The subject-matter is so attractively presented and so carefully selected, with a view to combining entertainment with instruction, that children must be drawn to the pleasant and profitable study of those readers. An unusual feature of the series is that the pictures do not illustrate the text, in fact, have no connection with it. The reasons for this departure are fully explained in the preface.

They are arranged for any method of reading, but may be used with great profit by combining the phonic and word method. They are illustrated with masterpieces of art, and the manuals give suggestions for each picture, so that the teacher can, in a very little time, prepare excellent lessons.

In the very first book attention is directed toward good literature, and Longfellow is introduced to the little children. In Book Two, Father Faber, Bryant, Whittier, Alice Cary and others are introduced. In Book Three a large number of authors are presented: Wordsworth, Barry Cornwall, Keats, Tennyson, MacDonald and others.

The three books now ready for the schools form an excellent foundation for reading work and a good introduction to literature and art. Pupils studying these books will learn much about literature and good pictures. The illustrations have been carefully chosen and will aid in language work, reading work, and, above all, to open the minds of the children to the rich art treasures in our churches and to the fact that the world owes to Catholic artists, as well as Catholic writers, a great debt of gratitude.

D. H. McBride & Co., New York.

The progress made by women in photography will be the subject of three articles in The Delineator. The September number contains the first of these and deals with the photographic work of Miss Zaida Ben-Yusuf, Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, Mrs. Grace Cook and Mrs. Myra A. Wiggins.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. What are concordats?

A. A concordat is an agreement between the Holy See and some secular government, between Church and State, for the regulation and practice of religion in that State. From time to time the Church has found it to be necessary for practical purposes to have an understanding with the State regarding the exercise of religion. The Church has been constituted to work for the salvation of souls. To her, Almighty God who gave this mission, has entrusted powers in proportion to the duty imposed. The State, too, has its mission and its corresponding faculties. But, as in the human person, there is contention of the lower nature against the higher, so in that system where social and religious elements enter, the forces that make for this world array themselves against the spiritual. "Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord, and against his Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder, and let us cast away their yoke from us." So David described the too frequent attitude of the world, and its power against the Christ and His Church.

One of the most famous concordats was that between Pius VII. and Napoleon Bonaparte. France had become the prey of the irreligious. Napoleon was wise enough to comprehend the necessity of religious influence to control a people. His own personal lack of religion and of respect for its ministers did not blind him to the great advantages for the government and its rulers in having the nation believing in God and worshipping God. And the Pope understood that the best practical results, for that time at least, were obtainable by agreement with the Emperor. The Church had been robbed, persecuted, and doomed to death, but after its delirium, France in a return to reason invoked the aid of the Church as necessary to its own preservation. This concordat was in a measure to repair the thievings of the Revolution by according salaries (?) to the bishops and priests. We in the United States do not admire the arrangement as it is carried out by the present infidel French government. We prefer the voluntary support of the people. It is well to note that after the signing of the concordat, Napoleon's government added a number of clauses, called "organic articles." As these have never had the sanction of the Holy See, they are certainly not binding on the bishops and priests of France.

Other famous concordates: that of Worms, in 1122, between Pope Calixtus II. and the Emperor Henry V.; that of Frankfort or Vienna (1446-8), called the concordat of the German Nation; that of 1515, between Leo X. and Francis I. later times, there have been concordats with Russia, in 1847; with the republic of Costa Rica, in 1852, with Austria in 1855.

Q. Are processions very ancient? What is gained by them?

A. In the Old Testament we read the captivating account of a procession when the book of the Covenant was borne about the city of Jericho; when King David, with solemn pomp and marching of the people brought the book to Mount Sion; and when it was transferred to the Temple built by Solomon. In the New Testament narrative, we are familiar with the Palm Sunday procession that accompanied the entry of our Lord into Jerusalem.

Processions are a public manifestation of faith. "He who confesses me before men, him shall I confess before My Father who is in heaven," is the promise of the Lord Jesus Christ. And a public display of belief in the spiritual, in the power and efficacy of prayer is good for the devout, and is good for the lax and careless. We are greatly influenced by example. And to witness as in the jubilee procession of this year the splendid faith of the people is good for participants and onlookers. "Where two or more are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," is another promise of Jesus. If always true, how much may not be expected in answer to the prayers of all who enter the procession of prayer and faith. So glory to God, mutual help and edification, with abundant answer to prayer are gains of religious processions.

To enumerate processions that are named in the ritual of the Church. They are marked for the feasts of the Purification, of Palm Sunday, of Holy Saturday, of Corpus Christi, of St. Mark's Day, of the three Rogation Days.

There are also local processions to honor a patron Saint each year, or to visit some holy spot or shrine. There have been processions in times of great calamity, and we are acquainted with the jubilee processions. Prayer is the life and spirit of the procession. To walk in the procession and not pray would be an action devoid of meaning.

Q. What is the history of the Passion Play at Oberammergau?

A. The inhabitants of this village in Bavaria made a vow that if delivered from a destroying pestilence, they would perform a Passion Play every ten years. They began the fulfillment of the vow in 1633. The spirit of intense piety and absorbing devotion with which this Passion Play is prepared and prosecuted have ever made it productive of salutary results. At two other places in the Tyrol Passion Plays are performed, and with great edification.

In the fourteenth century, scenes from our Lord's life were being presented in almost every village of France and Germany. But abuses came, and the Holy See was obliged to stop these presentations. Our present custom of the Christmas Crib comes from St. Francis of Assisi. He made a vivid and life-like presentation of the first Christmas at Bethlehem.

Q. Tell me something about the Third Order of St. Francis.

A. St. Francis of Assisi established the order for the benefit of people living in the world. Certain rules are to be observed by the members. About the year 1220, St. Francis at the request of a wealthy Italian merchant, formulated for this man a rule of life. This rule was soon taken up by other persons. Later on the Holy See gave its confirmation to this order, and it spread throughout the Christian world.

A postulant must be over fourteen years of age. He is professed after a year's probation. Members are called Tertiaries, and they wear a small scapular as a part of the religious dress, and a cord as a girdle, a sign of penance. They are not under the obligation of keeping the Evangelical Counsels, Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. The rules of the order are to aid them in the keeping of the Commandments. The rules do not bind under pain of sin. Many indulgences can be easily within the reach of the Tertiaries.

Visitors to the Pan-American Exposition this summer should not fail to examine the exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America, which occupies a readily accessible part of the Liberal Arts Section of the Manufactures Building. The exhibit was prepared by the Statistican of the Company, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, and occupies about 325 feet of wall space.

To the millions of Prudential policyholders this exhibit will undoubtedly prove one of considerable interest, but in particular will it be valuable to all who are interested in life insurance problems and results. Students of statistics and members of the medical profession will find the exhaustive exhibit of medical statistics of considerable scientific value. The exhibit is indicative of the high degree of care and skill with which the interests of policy-holders in The Prudential are protected.

An exhibit was made by The Prudential at Paris last year and met with such favor from the Jury of Awards that a gold medal was granted to The Prudential, the only gold medal awarded to an American life insurance company.

Many facts are brought out in the company's exhibit of interest to policyholders, as indicating a strong tendency towards a constantly increasing degree of liberality in dealing with the policyholders' interests.

The vast extent of the Company's office and field operations are brought out by the fact that The Prudential has 18 officers, 1,034 managers of departments and clerks at the Home Office in Newark, N. J., and an agency and field medical staff of over 14,000 men. It is also interesting to note that The Prudential has over 4,000,000 policies in force, a number equivalent to about twelve times the population of Buffalo. The amount of insurance in force exceeds $600,000,000.

HARVEST DAYS.

"The shining fields are waiting. In the sun
The silver-sickled reapers throng apace
To gather in their sweet, o'erflowing grace,"

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XLVI. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1901. NO. 4.

EARTH'S HARVESTING.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

I.

The shining fields are waiting. In the sun
The silver-sickled reapers throng apace
To gather in their sweet, o'erflowing grace.
O Blessed grain! O Love, that hath outrun
Your dewy growth! The Father's touch, begun
In early springing seed, doth now embrace
In rich affection the whole human race.
He feeds, He loves, He guides us, every one!

His call is music. Sweet our work for Him!
Our sickles gleam with high, mysterious light
As souls, dear-bought with Love's divinest pain,
Are gathered safe where flaming cherubim
Still guard His Garner. Oh, the dazzling grain!
Blest Field of Labor, with that bliss in sight!

II.

THE ANGEL REAPERS.

A light of pallid gold is on the plain:
I see a vision solemnly unrolled,
A blaze of beauty, dazzling to behold.
The world is ripe to harvest — yea, Thy reign,
O Blessed Jesu, Lamb for sinners slain,
Is taking on its splendors multifold,
Great angels swing their scimitars of gold
In fiery flashes o'er the billowy grain.

Before their sudden flight and lightning stroke
The windrows run. The holy reapers smile.
"Fair is Thy gathered grain, O Lord!" they cry,
"Fair are the souls that love Thee, free of guile,
Whose blessed prayers, like sweetest incense smoke,
Have fitted them for garners of the sky!"

"Fair is Thy gathered grain, O Lord! they cry,
Fair are the souls that love Thee, free of guile."

THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE GRAND RUE. IN THE FOREGROUND SAILORS CARRYING STATUE OF OUR LADY.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Our Lady of Boulogne.

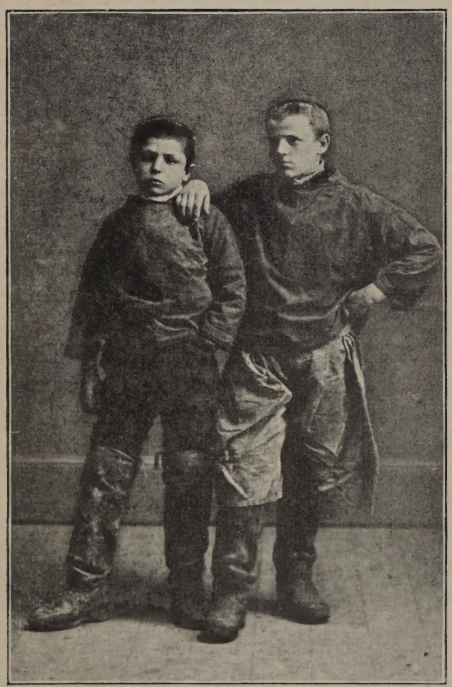
BY JOHN O'MAHONY.

"There are in the great human family certain privileged nations whose providential destiny has been and still is to exercise far beyond their territorial frontiers precious and fecund influences in aid of the highest interests of religion and civilisation, and in this manner to link to themselves in closest ties other countries of the earth. Such has been thy destiny, France, and such still is thy destiny. Thou hast been and thou art a world-nation; and when citizens of other countries, beneficiaries of thy favours, with hearts overflowing with gratitude and affection come to thy shores, they will refuse to believe that they are unwelcomed by thee, and unbidden to take part in thy sweetest joys and most sacred festivities." — "Dr. Ireland's Oration on B. Joan of Arc."

OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE.

In point of time, situated midway between Paris and London, the modern Boulogne-sur-Mer exists as a city of pleasure. In history, however, it has played a serious part, and its name is writ large in the annals of the two countries. Looking through the corridors of time, we may witness the vast procession of saints, and kings and queens, noble women, and mighty warriors who passed through its gates; Saint Patrick, bringing the lamp of faith to Ireland; Godfroi the Crusader, on his way to Palestine; Charles the Bold, on his way to death in battle; Henry, erstwhile Defender of the Faith, towards the Field of the Cloth of Gold; Mary, the beautiful Queen of Scots; and Don Eugenio O'Neill, our own "Owen Roe." They were of the number. The Commentaries of Julius Cæsar may safely be called the earliest guide-book to the place, and Cæsar himself, perhaps, set down as the earliest of the many great leaders of men who passed that way. On the highlands above the embouchure of the lazy river, he massed his legions for the invasion of Britain. One can imagine him at such a time, the great commandant who looked on Nemesis as his own sister. There is

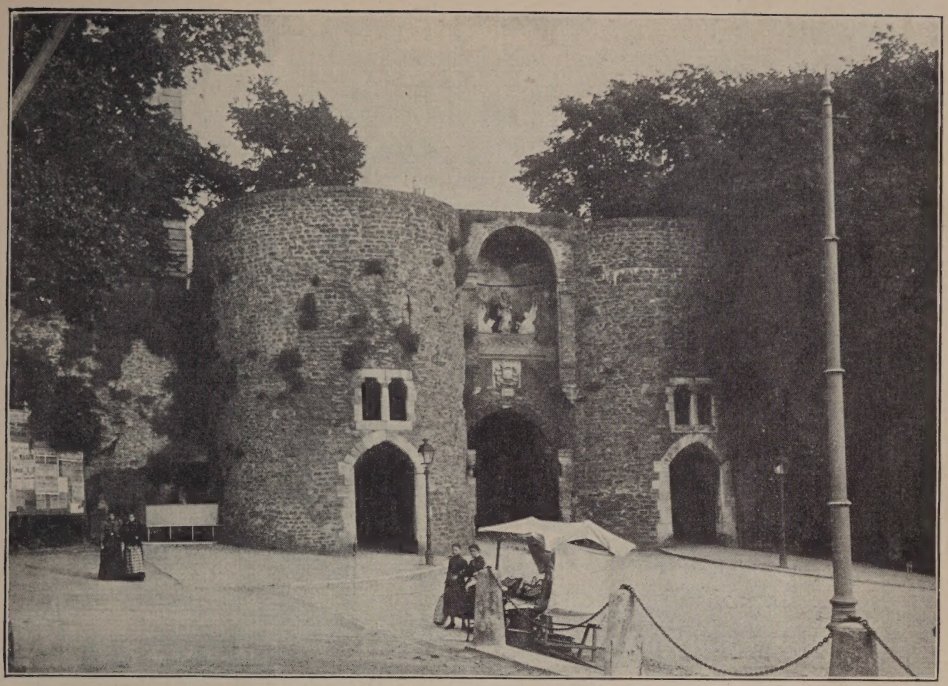
a bust at the Uffizi Gallery in Florence which helps one to understand his character. It is a thing of clay, indeed, without a soul, but, if God intends that any work of art should live, it deserves to be immortal. It has kept the heroic composure, the firm set mouth, the finely-cut face of that great Cæsar who ruled his centuries with a glance, and treated alike, as means to an end, the prejudices of the Quirites, the laws of the Senate, or the love of Anthony. In later generations, nearer to our own times, to the same place, with the same intent, came another empire maker, Bonaparte, even as Messonier has painted him a great brigand genius, forming his "army of observation" for the invasion of England. But all this



MUSSEL FISHERS.

counts for little to the thousands of "smart" people who, from every May to October make their "season" at Boulogne. Historic memory is scarcely one of their necessaries, and they are heedless of the wayfarers who have gone before them, save for a moment, now and again, when one such as Marie Teresa Longworth happens to be the heroine of, for them an exciting, for her a heartbreaking, law suit; or another such as Charles Stewart Parnell, a dramatic figure working out anew the world-old tragedy of human weakness untying the sinews of a great man's strength. They themselves certainly form a congregation to beguile the curious—all sorts and conditions of men and women, motley in character as in pursuit, from health-hungry invalid to pleasure-seeking flaneur, they crowd and elbow one another in the kaleidoscopic life of the villas, pensions, and big hotels.

The unpretentious French guide, which prefaces an acquaintance with Boulogne, makes up for its want of definite information by many vivid touches;—the Queen of Watering-places, the Eden of the north of France, the Empress of the French coast, and so forth. Indeed, man has not left Nature unassisted in making the place attractive. The "Establishment des bains" is the envy of Europe, the Casino strains after Monte Carlo, the matchless floor of the grand ball-room is the theme of many tongues—the concert halls, the theatres, the gymnasium, the shooting galleries, the fencing saloons, one and all vie in the effort that one should forget that things are transitory, and our stay but a season. In-



PORTE DES DUNES.

deed, for fear a stray thought reminding us of something grave or meaningful should travel down those avenues of pain known to all who have ever been blasé, human enterprise has hastened to the rescue with yet another entertainment to bring us back to the merely animal and accidental. It is to be regretted, but nevertheless a fact, that Madrid is too far off for the average English holiday-seeker, especially the latest development of that class—to wit, the Saturday to Monday "week-ender." Boulogne, happily, is within a few hours' run of London, so in future any Sunday evening during the season bull-fighting may be enjoyed at the Place Capecure. It is unfortunate that the sport is alien to France, and that the Boulonnais are so excitable as to agitate against it. But everything at present must give way to what is convenient. Those for whose entertainment the enterprise has originated—when they are surfeited, will find the columns of the English newspapers generally open to their manly protests against the decadence of modern France! ! !

Coming to such a place on the French coast, and amid such scenes, one may easily assume that there is something very far astray with the lofty sentiments which form the headline to this *feuilleton*. And yet "the precious and fecund influences," the existence of which inspired to eloquence at Orleans the great American prelate, abide in Boulogne, despite all the thoughtlessness of a modern ville de plaisance.

Whatever loose thinking, bad logic, or imperfect acquaintance with history, or the facts of to-day may suggest, the real Boulogne, present as well as past, tells the truth, that Catholicity is a persistent, fructifying force in the hearts and lives of the French people. No one who has had an opportunity of witnessing one of the great religious festivals in France will contend otherwise. Beneath the outward show, the color, the music, the fragrant incense of ceremonies, gorgeous with the glory which Rome alone can give to her rites, aglow with the life and reality which the most vivacious and thoughtful people in the world can offer, there is still quick and living the faith which of old earned for France the term of endearment, "The Eldest Daughter of the Church." Perhaps, as illustrating the frame of mind in which this conviction was born at the recent celebration in honor of Our Lady of Boulogne, some personal experiences of those grand fêtes may be offered for what they are worth.

Like bright blossoms sprung from roots struck deep in ancient soil, the processions year after year, in honor of Our Lady of Boulogne—"patrona nostra singularis"—as the local prayer avers, were famed beyond others, even in days when every town, from Dunkirk to Marseilles, prided itself on the beauty of its religious demonstrations. The advent of the venerated shrine of Our Lady to Boulogne tradition ascribes to a miracle. The circumstances are reminiscent of those surrounding the finding of the shrine of St. Mary of Graces at Youghal. They are recounted by the Abbé Antoine le Roy, Archdeacon of Boulogne.

"In the year 633 or 636, under the reign of Dagobert I., a boat, without

SHRIMP FISHERS.

WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION.

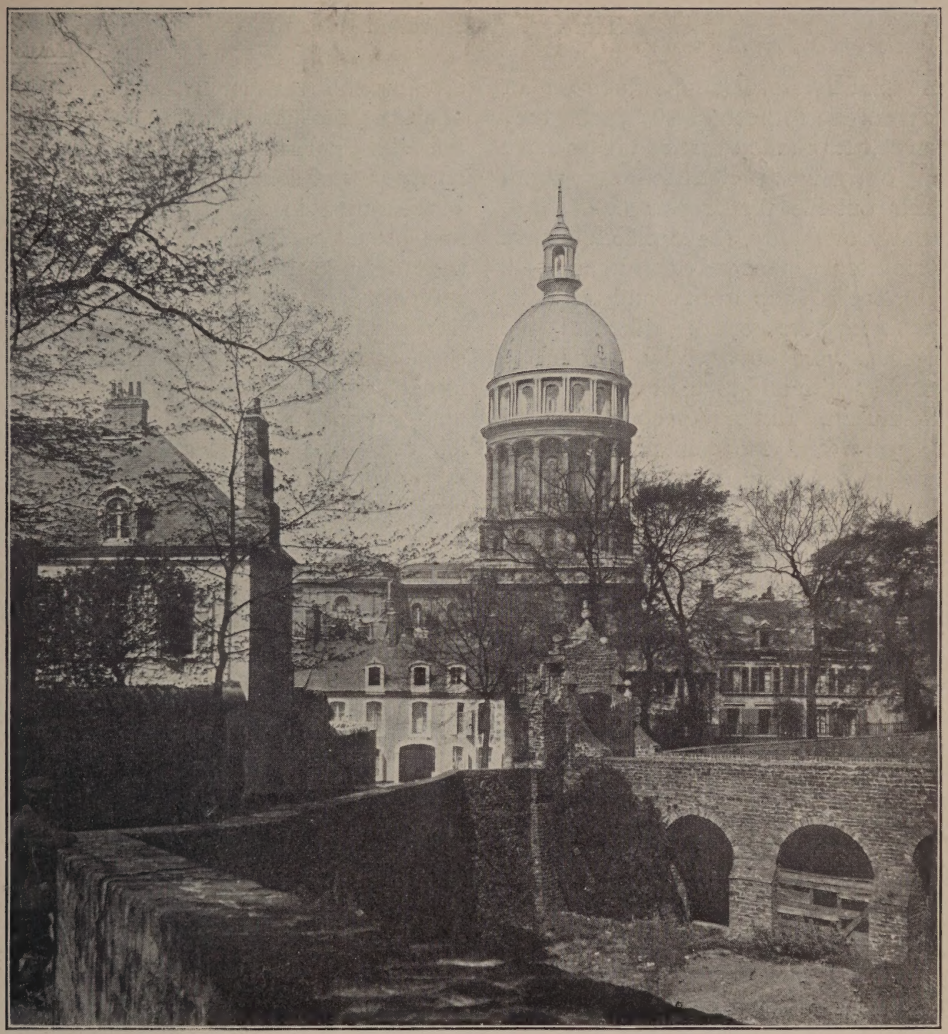
either pilot or sailors on board, was seen to enter the port of Boulogne, which the sea, by its extreme calmness, seemed to respect. A brilliant light shed its rays over the boat, and caused numerous persons to run to the shore to see what it contained. They found on board an image of the Holy Virgin, about three feet six inches high, carved in wood, and carrying the Infant Jesus on her left arm. This image had over its countenance an indescribable expression of majesty and divinity, which appeared on the one hand to repress the insolence of the waves, and on the other, sensibly to solicit the veneration of men. While the novelty of the spectacle charmed those whom a pious curiosity had attracted to the shore, the Holy Virgin did not cause less delight in the hearts of the rest of the inhabitants, who were assembled in the chapel in the Haute Ville, offering up their accustomed prayers. She appeared to them in great brilliancy, and informed them that the angels, by the command of the Most High, had conducted the boat to their shore, wherein they would find her image. She ordered them to bring it from thence, and immediately place it in the chapel, which she had selected as the place where she would for ever receive their offerings. It is asserted that she commanded them to dig in a certain place which she pointed out, where they would find materials to build a church worthy of her. The news of this ap-

ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL.

parition immediately spread all over the city, and without loss of time the people descended in crowds to the shore to receive the sacred charge and priceless monument of Divine liberality. It was truly the most precious cargo that ever entered the ancient port of Morinia, otherwise celebrated for its commerce, and it established a certainty that future ages would see a greater number of kings and Christian princes prostrated at the altars of the Holy Virgin, than its convenience as a port had previously attracted of Cæsars and Roman generals to visit her. A copy of the Holy Scriptures, bound in silver, was said to have been found beside the image, together with two other relics."

The shrine went through an iliad of vicissitudes during the centuries which followed. In the wars between France and Henry VIII., the church, built by St. Ida in the eleventh century, was burned down, but the miraculous image housed with its walls escaped injury. In 1567 Huguenot fugitives who mustered in force at Boulogne, made the statue the object of their passionate revenge. Having failed to burn it, they flung it aside disfigured into the common latrine. Years afterwards it was recovered, and, after a formal identification, was restored, with fitting pomp, to the cathedral. Then came the evil days of the guillotine, and the planting of the miscalled "trees of liberty." The cathedral was closed in '91 by proclamation from the National Convention. All church property was given over to an infuriated mob of pillagers. The miraculous image was thrust into the flames of a feu de joie, to the amusement of the mob. The faithful believed it was utterly consumed. But not so; a soldier lopped off the hand of the Virgin as a keepsake for a woman who had defended him, and fifty years afterwards, in 1840, this last remaining relic was presented to the cathedral of Boulogne. To-day in the chapel behind the high altar of the cathedral there stands a magnificent altar, happily raised by an Irish hand to the glory of God and the honor of His Virgin Mother. Above the altar Our Lady, with the Infant Jesus in her arms, is represented standing in a boat, and suspended from her arm hangs a golden heart, in which the relic of the sacred image is enshrined.

The splendid new cathedral of Notre Dame de Boulogne is built on the site occupied by the historic church of the past. And here, from near and far, flock the faithful to ask their Protectress to intercede for their worldly as well as spiritual needs. On the Sunday within the octave of the feast of the Assumption, Our Lady



THE CATHEDRAL, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, SHOWING OLD RAMPART.

Day in harvest—the great annual procession is held.

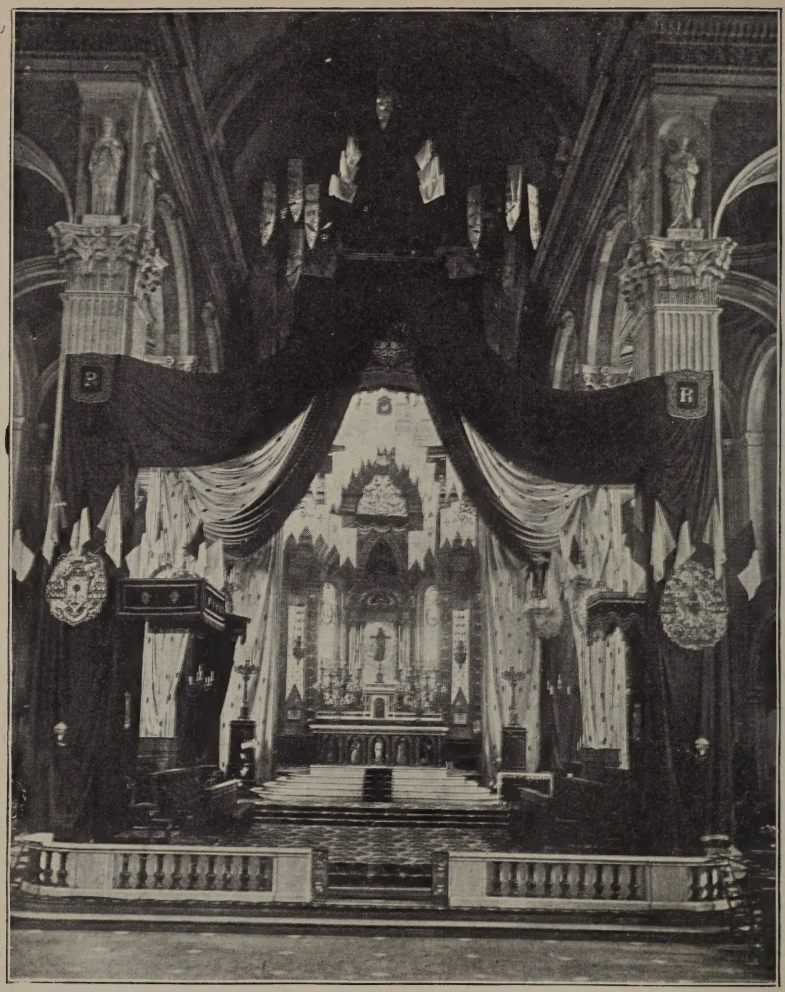
In the Parvis Notre Dame, in front of the massive cathedral, each year assemble the parishioners from the eight parishes, into which the town and immediate rural districts are divided. It was a sight to remember, and to try to write about. All the forenoon, the people, young and old, were busy in the fussy way one associates with the French, making good their decorations. Women were trimming windows, men were working on roofs and masts, boys were high in the trees wreathing flowers, tying bunting, unfurling flags. Anyone who has thought of modern shop fronts will remember how difficult it is to make them look other than com-

monplace. Some shops have an air of retired respectability, as if they have their money made; others have an obtrusive pretentiousness about their outside that repels one. But, dowdy or gaudy, the simple, effective decorators managed them all well. The entire shop fronts, and, in some instances the entire sides of the streets, were covered by two broad bands, white and blue, of what we call art muslin. In the afternoon the worshippers, and those intending to assist in the procession, assembled in the cathedral for Benediction. See, the streets of the quaint Haute-ville are crowded with picturesque groups of men, women, and children, mostly farmers, small bourgeois, fisher folk, shrimp women, and mussle boys—the plain people amongst whom religion has found congenial winter quarters in France.

Suddenly, from out the dome of Notre Dame, a great bell rings out, telling its message in that intimate friendly way all brazen tongues have of speaking in men's ears, alike beside the yellow Tiber or the pleasant waters of an Irish river. It is four o'clock; the procession has begun. The ranks are formed up. The banner carriers first, the procession proper, the town band; the bishop and clergy pass down the steps, singing as they go, through the centre of the Haute Ville, and out under the arches of the Porte des Dunes. The spectators range themselves at either side of the street. The marshals and sergeants de ville keep order. Looked at from even a sightseer's point of view it is a gallant show. Over sixty thousand people assist in the success —the procession is a vast army encircling the town. In their proper place, at the head of the procession, are the parishioners of Portal—a hardy race of fisher-people, frugal and conservative in all that is religious and patriotic. They are tenacious of their right to the van.

Yesterday these women toiled all day in the sea, they may have been seen tramping home at night barefooted, with the heavy poles of their nets strapped across their shoulders. They are the salt of a good cause. Away at their own village, when a church was about to be built, did not these same fisherwomen bring in baskets on their backs the stones from the quarries by the cliffs? To-day they are dressed so beautifully that only French frugality and good taste could manage it. Of course, their attire is old-fashioned—was out of date before their grandmothers were born. They have color enough, and to spare; lilac in their caps, short black kirtles, white stockings, low sabots, plaid shawls; others, again, have the crimson petticoat of Connemara, black silk shawls, and muslin caps. Sir Joshua Reynolds went to Portal to study their costume, and we can conceive Millet idealizing their lives upon the canvas as naturally as he has done those of the peasants in the "Angelus." Behind them in the procession came a body of men one does not expect to see in such a place at such a time. They are the sailors of the French Republic — "blue jackets" in their parade uniform. They carry a model of a ship, and a statue of the Blessed Virgin under the folds of the tricolor. An old priest, the naval chaplain, accompanies them.

PROCESSION IN GRAND RUE, SHOWING THE FIRST COMMUNICANTS LEADING.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The prominence of children in the procession is striking,—hundreds of little girls, after the première communion of Our Lady Day, dressed in white from head to foot, to emulate the purity of the Virgin Mother. Saint Michael's parishioners are accompanied by a small boy, after the conventional method in which the great Archangel is represented by painters. Saint Martin's present a small boy, as the "Ecce Homo," in scarlet robe, with thorn, crown, and reed sceptre. Eyes unused to such representations at first reluctantly countenance them, but a moment's reflection dissipates one's misgivings. The child filled his part with much dignity, and enhanced rather than diminished one's ideals. Other representations were that of a little girl as Veronica, with the napkin; and a

grown girl as St. Ida, one of the patronesses of the town. The fishermen from St. Pierre carried a boat with a replica of the miraculous image, and, in contrast to their tanned jackets, came the gardiners' wives, dressed in green, from the parish of St. Francis de Sales. An instance of rare devotion of one of the girls in the procession is learned by chance. She is carrying a banner of her people's "patrona nostra singularis," she herself bedecked in exquisite white linen, muslin, and delicately-fashioned lace. On yesterday she came over from London and traveled through the night, so as to be in her place at the proper time. She is only a poor maid in a large hotel off the Strand, working from week's end to week's end; but she has saved her earnings, put aside for the once the tawdry finery of her London best frocks, and, to honor her Queen, comes forth arrayed as when a child.

* * * * * *

Such, then, in outline was the great procession. The spiritual emotions that such a sight gives to the onlooker must go unsaid. In the hours after the calm shadow of night fell across the blue and white sky over Boulogne, one's thoughts went out to France, where such pageants are still possible. Now that her enemies say that her glory hath departed, when, in truth, she is neither supreme nor serene, her lovers will think all the more tenderly of her— the tragedy of her struggles, her dangerous experiments, her mighty failures. And when one remembers the debt the nations owe France, what Ireland owes her, what America owes her for her friendship and kindly light in other days, one feels, and that surely, God cannot allow such a nation to perish through infidelity, materialism, or folly. Is it not well said that "The glory of the future belongs to her, as did the glory of the past? The resources of France, material, moral, and intellectual, remain with her, and God remains with her. France is needed now, as heretofore, by Church and humanity; she is needed for the twentieth century, as she was for the fifteenth."

LUCINA'S ASCENSION ROBE.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The soft May night hung over the world like a tender mother over her nursling, soothing the unquiet spirit to cool rest. Judy Forrest did not express her thought in this fashion, but she meant as much. She said in her unpoetic way,

"It's a fine night for shleepin'."

There was this difference between Mrs. Forrest and the poets who feel the presence of angels on stilly nights, and perhaps only on such nights, that she did homage day and night to her guardian angel. Poesy was in her thought and action rather than in her speech. She was sitting on her pretty verandah after the day's labors. The big trees on the lawn, just arrayed in the first delicate drapery of tender leaves, scented the air, and the wind sighed through them sweetly. The lake was just beyond, its mystic lights flashing, its ripples sounding on the shore like the murmurs of a baby

asleep. Where the railroad bridge crossed its waters, red and green lights cut the darkness, and the roar of cautious trains was heard. Now and then a boat passed through the draw, and all the colored lights shifted. The scene was so restful that Mrs. Forrest said to her husband, dosing over his pipe,

"It's better than bed."

Being a man to whom scenery was a bore, unless it was flying past him half a mile a minute at the least,—he ran the day express to Burlington —Tom Forrest did not respond.

"It's the only time o' the day," Judy continued, "that I can enjoy me thoughts; goin' over an' over all the strange things that's happened to me since I was a weeny girl in St. Albans; an' I can't stop it even if I'd like to. It takes the shleep out o' me sometimes. It must be awful with crazy people. Their minds never shtop turnin', just like a mill wheel. . . ."

Tom chuckled in his half-dose over the interruption of a soliloquy which was usually good for thirty minutes. From a group of houses above came a sudden howl, a babel of voices, and a burst of song. Though explosive, one felt the element of endurance in it, even after it had run on ten minutes. It invaded the night like a brass band, and left the silence in golden fragments on the green. Mrs. Forrest lost her power of reminiscence, and gave herself up to humor.

"If that was on the other side of the lake, it would sound all right," said she. "But thank the Lord it will soon be ended."

"Is the day fixed?" said Tom.

"June, second day, jist enough time for Lucina to have her dhress made; she calls it an ascension robe. Faith I'm thinkin' we'll lay her out in it. She's that mad that if the world doesn't end that mornin' her heart will break. Now there's Jedediah's voice. I know be the shwing of it that he's tuned up for all night. Afther the child shteals up here, ye may as well go down an' quiet them."

'Don't like the job," said Tom. "I can sleep through it." "But it's for the sake o' the child," said his wife conclusively. "She'll be shtealin' along the fence there in a minute. They have the life scared out of the poor dear. Whisht! there she comes now! Don't say a word!"

Very softly a little figure came out of the gloom, stealthily, looking back at times, until it got to the gate of the Forrest lawn, when there was a rush of little feet, a cry, and the child threw herself into Judy's arms with sobs.

"There, there, there, now, me little pet! Sure, you're all of a thrimble, an' there isn't a soul in the whole world to touch such a weenie thing. It's laughin' ye ought to be, an' not cryin', for whin ye shtart for the land o' glory, it's a nate new dhress ye'll have." "I don't want no new dress, nor no land o' glory, nor no 'scension," said Alida positively. "I want to stay right here, and Ma, too. If Pa goes I don't care. He made all the trouble."

Quieted by Judy she turned to Tom for another petting. "I think you are a very pig-headed little girl," Tom said as she cuddled in his arms. "Wherever your Pa and Ma goes is just the place for you."

"Pa's just crazy," said Alida with a sigh.

"Faith, she's right there," said Judy with a chuckle.

"Naughty girl, how do you know that?"

"His eyes are crazy. He wakes up

in the night, and he shouts, and he calls me names, and he's just crazy, and . . ." Her ideas failed, and she burrowed into Tom with a sigh that revealed the weight of the burden on the little heart.

"It's a shame," said Tom.

"Let it work itself out," Judy advised. "The day is not far off. Do you go down now an' quiet them, an' I'll take care o' the child."

A slim and dignified figure suddenly appeared at the gate, and came across the lawn.

"Yes, Alida's here," said Judy, "frightened out of her life as usual. I wondher that ye have so little heart in ye, Lucina Walker, as to expose the little thing to the dangerous excitement of Jed's meetings. She shud be in bed, or up here with me."

"We're a-tryin' for to get her used to it," the woman said affably as she took a seat on the verandah. "I can't reconcile myself nohow to leavin' Lidy behind. Jed, he's so wrapped up in jedgment that he doesn't care a rap who goes or stays s'long as he gits into the chariot of the Lord. I'd be jest completely satisfied if you Forrests and Lidy were satisfied to go."

"I wouldn't mind acceptin' the invitation," Judy said, shaking with laughter, "but as I've often told ye there are two things in the way. I've left the arrangements for me own ascension in betther hands than mine; an' I think Jed's ahead o' the right date annyhow. Who's Jed Walker that he should have information from heaven before annyone else in the world?"

"It was jest the same with Noah," Lucina replied meekly. "No one would believe he had special information, and so they were all drowned, while the ark floated on and on through tempests and torrentses, through desolations of the night and through terrorses of the day, and the laughing of them that mocked was overcome by the waters, until the ark rested on Mount Arrerat. So will it be with the mockers on the second of June, when the comin' of the Lord will be in wrath an' fire. If Lidy only had the faith, an' you folks could jest persuade yourselves to jine, I wouldn't have that mournful feelin'. You'se will be all swallered up, if ye miss the chariot at the dawnin'."

"Oh, you're just fine, Lucina," Judy said with admiration. "To look at you in the daylight, who would believe that a woman able to make such bread as you do, cud be all carrid away wid Jed's crazy nonsense. That man ought to be in the asylum. Hear him now, the yells of him. What'll yez do when the world doesn't go up in shmoke an' fire on the second?"

"I put all doubts behind me," cried Lucina, roused by the taunt. "I'm as sure that the world ends, that Christ comes, that judgment will be rendered on that day, as that I now draw the breath of life into my terrestal body. I kin feel myself that blessed dawnin' mountin' up through golden skies in the train of the Lord, my harp a-soundin' and my song ascendin' as the lightnin' flashes upwards to the zeenix from the east unto the west. I will not be disturbed by the cries and screams of the wicked that mock then, no more'n I'm disturbed now by the unbelievin's of the Forrestses." "Oh, but your just splendid, Lucina," gurgled Judy, and even her stolid husband laughed. The child was trembling in his arms, and he pressed her close to assure her of safety. "Now

let me get a fit on, Lucina, an' let me prophesy in turn. Shud ye have all the prophesyin' to yerselves? Well, listen: the second o' June will come, an' the second o' June will go, as any other day: but you an' Jed will shtay just where yez are at the prisint moment. Mark that. I know he's fool enough to jump off the earth, if there was a place to do it. But there isn't. I'll be there to see ye make fools o' yerselves. I'll be round at the dawnin'. It's a good time to see yez thrailin' home at sunrise in yer robes wid the laugh o' the town on yez. Now, let us wait an' see whose right."

"Doubt invades my terrestal part, but not my celestal spirit," Lucina replied in a tremulous voice. "I'd be much obliged to you, Mrs. Forrest, if you'd come down tomorrow, and give me a hand with my ascension robe. You always could give a cut to things like no other woman I ever met. And I do so want my robe to be worthy of the chariot of the Lord; before so many scoffers, too, as will be there."

"Well, since ye're bound to go, I'll be glad to go down in the mornin', and give ye a lift," said Judy, touched by the confidence in her skill. "An' I'll bring along a number o' Peterson's Magazine that has a yoke in the shtyle ye wud need, call it the ascension style."

Tom carried the little girl home, and Lucina walked at his side. After a few minutes the riot in the Walker cottage died away. Judy sat long on the verandah and laughed at intervals. Life had caught a new flavor of enjoyment since the Walkers had become enraptured with the doctrines, or rather the expectations of the sect called Second Adventists, and had made her the confidant of their fiery dreams. As a kindly neighbor who argued against their pretensions not with ridicule, but with Holy Writ, the Walkers found her sympathy as grateful as the scorn of others was bitter. She was an opponent, but not a mocker, of doctrines which now seemed dearer to them than life or its pleasures. The pathos of their condition had not yet reached Judy, who felt that this passing sadness would vanish with the failure of the world to turn to ashes on the second of June. Then they would laugh at the present insanity as heartily as herself. The next morning she threw a shawl over her head, and went down to Lucina with the copy of the fashion magazine. It was hard work to compose her ruddy, plump features so as to mask the laughter within. She might not have succeeded but for the aid of Elisha Chapman. The sight of him turned her mirth as sour as milk in a thunder-storm, when they met at Lucina's door. He was short, dirty, awkward, and mean in look and manners, but as Jedediah's cousin, a member of the sect, and at present carrying a bundle to Lucina, he had more right than Judy to be at Lucina's door. Mrs. Forrest stood at the gate until Elisha had delivered his package and slunk away before the disdainful fire of her eyes. He was a stupid creature, and Judy did wrong to condemn him so heartily, but she despised him as she despised a toad. Lucina inspected the yoke described and illustrated in Peterson's, and her face shone with pleasure. She was a weazened, poor creature, out of whose face time had squeezed all the sweet humors of joy and content, and insultingly then had marked the countenance with lines of

disgust and perhaps depression, or despair. Jolly Health and Desperate Disease could have asked no better types than Judy and Lucina discussing the shape of a dress-yoke from the fashion-plate before them. The bundle brought by Elisha Chapman had the white and pink paper cambric intended for the ascension robes. Judy cried out with delight at sight of the shining fold. "I can see the two o' yez in the robes already," she said with enthusiasm. "That pink'll become you just lovely, Lucina. It matches your complexion. Now I'd look like a nightmare in it. Of coorse the white is for Jed. The clown always dresses in white ye know. What d'ye think? Will he like his cut plain? I'd advise him to put as much o' the cambric in it as 'ud sail a boat. He may get a chance to fly if there's any kind of a wind."

Lucina did not heed her sarcasm, so pleased was she with the opinion that pink became her complexion. "Well, let's get at it, as long as ye're satisfied with the patthern," Judy continued. The stuff was laid on the table and the scissors applied. In a few minutes the simple garment was basted together and hung over Lucina's spare shoulders. The yoke fitted as neatly as if made for the large end of a rake, but the deceiving mirror, Judy's blarney, and the prejudiced eyes of the wearer, showed an exquisite creature, not of earth certainly, if not precisely suited for anything loftier than a stage heaven. Lucina fluttered about the room, making little jumps into space like a young bird with its first wings. Judy was purple with laughing. She had to make excuses to run into the next room, and into the woodshed, to save herself from a fit. When the robe was hitched up here and there, and the exact shape agreed upon, it was placed in the machine for immediate sewing. Lucina grew pensive watching Judy.

"It makes the time feel so near to look at that gown," she said. "That yoke is the loveliest thing I ever saw on anyone. Of course the hull crowd'll want to have one like it, but I'm jest goin' to keep it out o' sight until the very dawnin'. My! and to think that after that awful dawnin' there won't be no more Lucina Walker, and no more earth. I feel kinder sad leavin' the little house, that's always been so pleasant." She studied the room for a moment. The noise of the machine had brought Alida from some hiding-place, a fierce-looking child, withered by fears and anxieties, but proof against the blandishments of her parents. She watched the making of the robe with interest in silence. Lucina took up her monologue.

"It seems kind o' hard, but after all we must leave our firm place sometime and sail away on the sea of death."

"I'm real glad you feel that way, Lucina," said Judy. "The place'll seem all the nicer when ye come thrailin' into it wid yer ascension robe, after the dawnin' goes by an' laves you and Jed an' the other fools behind. I'll see that it's in ordher an' the kettle bilin'." "No," cried Lucina tragically, with quivering lips. "If sech a thing could be, but my sperretal part knows it can't be, I would never come back, but throw myself in the lake. I have lived so long in the celestal abodes, in the expectation of the celestal courts, that I'd jest hate this place if we had to come back to it." Alida crept out of sight at this

bitter outburst. Judy looked up at the poor creature, and it began to dawn upon her that long meditation on the glories of an ascension, on the change from sordid conditions to celestial freedom, had made some change a necessity for Lucina. Full of pity, for this was a good woman who had suffered, Judy's mirth gave way to alarm over what might happen after the 'dawnin'. Jed, she felt, would be the same fool after as before; failure would only increase his madness. Anguish would kill his simple-minded wife.

"What have yez done about the property? Left it to the child, I suppose?"

"No. Jed is goin' to sell it tomorrow to Lawyer Hill. He wasn't goin' to do nothin' with it, but Elisha Chapman advised him to get some money for it. . . ."

"So his dirty fist is in it?" said Judy.

"An' why cudn't yez lave it to the child, I dunno?"

"If it goes up in fire and smoke, what use to leave it to anyone? The world does not believe, but fiery wrath will devour it at the dawnin'. Jed asked a hundred dollars for the hull place. He'll use the money to pay some debts with."

"And the place is worth five hundred," said Judy. She did some severe thinking while Lucina raved, and came to conclusions rapidly. The scheme of Elisha with the scapegrace lawyer Hill was very clear. The two would divide their ill-gotten gains after a legal transaction with which no one could find fault; and at the dawnin' Jed and Lucina would have no home awaiting their return. Were they all to be fooled by such stuff as Elisha and his lawyer? Judy set her lips in contempt. After a little the robe was finished, and found to fit admirably.

"We both had fits," Judy explained afterwards to Tom.

Nothing would do the good woman but a rehearsal on the spot of what was to be done on the fatal morning. Out of some corner Alida crawled again, attracted by the fine garment and the mirth of her friend. The wisp of hair still faithful to Lucina's head was arranged by Judy, a few geranium leaves and blossoms covered the knot, and then Lucina took the pose which she hoped to maintain when flying upward from the burning world in the chariot of her dreams. Judy might have screamed with laughing, but that a sudden sadness invaded her mirthful soul at sight of the mournful, exalted, withered face framed in flowers above the gorgeous robe. Alida stood remote, transfixed with the wonder and delight of the scene, but ready to dodge out of sight and reach.

"Well, God help us," thought Judy, "it's plain that the poor souls must have some religion, when they are willin' to make such frights o' themselves for it." Jed came in at that moment, a thin, angular, loose-lipped enthusiast, whose strong feature was whiskers and hair. He burst into a roaring hymn on judgment at sight of the tableau, Alida vanished, and the dressmaker held her sides without shame, and laughed herself tired. "So kind o' ye, Mrs. Forrest," he shouted. "Now why wouldn't you do as much for me?"

"I would an' I will, Jed Walker. But wan good turn deserves another. Lucina tells me ye're goin' to sell the house. Well, gimme the buyin' of it, any price ye ask that's fair. . . . an' I'll make yer robe while ye wait."

"Done," said Jed promptly. "I told Elisha to see Lawyer Hill about buyin' it; Elisha he is sot on Hill takin' it; and it's all the same to me, one as another, for it wun't benefit ye a cent after the terrible dawnin'. A neighbor is a neighbor, and you've always been a good friend of ours. Go ahead with yer robe."

Very cheerfully the good-hearted woman went to work, though it was hard work to cut, baste, fit, and sew, with Lucina trying a different pose every five minutes, Jed shouting his feelings, and the eager eye of Alida shining through holes and cracks, frightened yet drawn to the strange scene. When it was all over, and a cap of white cambric had been added to Jed's costume, she left the two to their own devices and hurried home to laugh at her pleasure. Alida turned up on the way, and accompanied her. The child had not courage to remain with her parents when the ascension mood was on them. The best work done in many a day was the upset of cousin Elisha's plans to seize the Walker property. Judy Forrest brought that matter to an issue by securing a formal transfer of the house and lot from Jed, during which transaction she had the pleasure of describing the characters of the lawyer and the cousin to the chief citizens of the village in the very presence of the schemers.

Saranac village was hilariously interested in the doings of the Adventists. It was also proud of the spirit which could prove its dissatisfaction with other religions by carrying through an enterprise so unpopular as Jed Walker's. The whole town argued with the prophet, approved his courage, and sent its jokers to join his little band. Squire Benton urged him to blow up the village with dynamite, and thus make sure of his own exit and that of several other worthless souls. The children played end-of-the-world games, dressed in fantastic costumes. And laughter reached its most delicious moment when Jed issued a printed warning to the villagers on the eve of the 'dawnin', that the world was to be given over to flame within a few hours, and the last chance of salvation rapped at their doors. It was a sad, an exalted night for Lucina. Judy went down to bid her farewell, and to take Alida home with her; also to enjoy the scene. But at the end she knew not whether to laugh or cry. In the pink dress, with green leaves and red flowers in her scanty hair, Lucina looked like a lunatic playing Ophelia: but the burning eyes, the trembling lips, the pitiful droop when doubt overcame her, the feverish excitement when faith banished doubt, the broken talk, stirred Judy to pity. She had hardly the courage to go with the crowd at dawn to the hill-top from which Jed and his followers were to take flight heavenwards. But Tom Forrest insisted for Lucina's sake. They found half the town there, behaving well under the lead of a young man who believed that Jed Walker should have a fair field for the proving of his doctrines. Moreover, the young fellow moved a vote of thanks to the Adventists both for enlivening the town and for calling the attention of their fellow-Christians to doctrines that only too many had long ago forgotten. The poor souls in their white, pink, and blue gowns, huddled about their confident leader, were a mournful sight in the silver dawn. Ashamed

of their neighbors, terrified at the approach of judgment, overcome with the grief of parting from friends, they, rather than the solid earth, seemed about to go to pieces. Jed's enthusiasm and the proud and boisterous confidence of the jokers among them warmed them up in time. Hymns were sung and exhortations shouted. The sky blushed red suddenly. A soft answering flush illumined the lake. The crowd ceased to laugh and chatter, and the men opened their watches humorously. Great bars of light began to leap from the far-off mountains, and then, almost too swift to see, the sun hung over the edge of the horizon, as if the earth had just pinned her finest jewel there. Jed's opportunity had come, . . . and gone.

"I can't shtand it any longer," Judy whispered to her husband. "Keep yer eye on Lucina while I run to the house an' shtart the fire."

The ending of the affair was naturally unpleasant.

After some guying the busy people went home. The idlers remained to foment the anger which filled the believers against Jed when the world refused to burn and the golden chariot failed to keep its appointment. There was nothing in the circumstances to discourage the prophet. He kept up his shouting and his protestations that the end would come before sundown, until the enraged disciples undertook to make an end of him in the lake. Here the practical jokers interfered, and carried him off seated on a rail to glorify the town. The women then turned on Lucina as his accomplice. Poor Lucina! her dreams were shattered! if only the life would flutter out of her and leave her dead on the hill! if only she could crawl to the lake and sink into its waters forever! The scolding of the deluded creatures about her, who tore off their ridiculous robes, and encircled her with vile reproaches, fell on deaf ears. She could not lift her hand to her bedecked head, nor wipe the tears that streamed down her sallow cheeks. Tom Forrest broke into the circle and lifted her to her feet. The kindly act gave her strength. She went with him, and the women followed, scolding to the very door of her house; but Judy came down to the gate and looked at them with an expression well known in Saranac; and she kept that terrifying look fixed on them until they had walked far in the opposite direction. Tom seated Lucina in her rocking-chair.

"Lave her to me," said Judy. "Do you go home an' send down the child."

In silence she set the table neatly, with slices of toast and a bowl of fragrant tea. From Lucina's hair she removed the flowers, and very gently took off the ascension robe, putting it out of sight in the bedroom. The tears never ceased falling from the poor faded eyes.

"If she gets the tea in her shtomach before her heart breaks altogether," thought Judy, "there's a chance for her life. My, but there's grief for ye!"

It was frightful to see, even for this strong, cheerful woman, who believed no grief should be hopeless while God lives. Alida came in when the breakfast was ready, and climbed into her mother's lap.

"At least ye have the child," said Judy.

Lucina clasped the little one tenderly, and smiled.

"She had more sense than me," were her first words.

Alida ate hungrily, and her mother finished the bowl.

"Oh, begorra!" murmured Judy, but checked herself in time, while the breakfast went on to a fine finish. Then Judy laid a document in Lucina's hands.

"It's the deed o' the place," said she. "Mind, ye're in yer own house. It's in your name. That's why I bought it: to give it to you, an' all ye'll have to pay is the cost of the law."

"That's jest like Judy Forrest," said Lucina weakly. "I thank ye ever so much, an' most for bein' so patient with all my foolishness about the end o' the world."

"The only foolishness was in the date," Judy replied. "Ye're perfectly right about the judgment, an' the end o' the world, an' the comin' o' the Lord. On'y, thim things won't happen accordin' to Jed Walker's gospel." And there Judy left the mother and child, quite happy over the stimulating tea, and the deed, and the goodness that still lingered in the world on the second of June.

ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

BY KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

An accident—one engine run
With crash into another one;
The night was filled with shrieks and cries,
With agonizing sobs and sighs.

From far and near the country side,
Men, women, little children tried,
With utmost energy and strain,
To soothe the wounded, ease their pain.

They saw by torch-light's flickering ray
Upon its side one engine lay;
Beneath its mighty iron breast
The engineer and fireman pressed.

Above the deafening din and shout,
A feeble, gasping voice cried out,
"Friends, don't mind me—my pard—save him,
He has a mother,—save her, Jim."

The engineer was saved, but dawn
Disclosed a face pale, still, and drawn—
The fireman's noble soul had flown
Unto its Maker's great white throne.

BOSSUET'S RELATION TO MODERN THOUGHT.

BY F. M. CAPES.

A question has been raised as to what relation (apart from his fame as an orator and his influence on souls as a directly spiritual writer) the great Bishop of Meaux bears, as a thinker, to the modern world. That he does bear some relation to it, politically, philosophically, and theologically, may be asserted on several grounds from a merely superficial acquaintance with his attitude towards certain subjects. A very slight study of Cardinal de Bausset's "Life" is enough to show how undoubtedly Bossuet's views on such diverse questions as the origin of man and his faculties—the desire for happiness—grace and free-will—the inspiration of Holy Scripture—true and false mysticism—the relation of rulers to ruled—with many other subjects treated by him—have a bearing on the same questions as discussed to-day; and how those views, even as uttered in his own time,—allowing for necessary differences in modes of thought and expression brought about by the lapse of two hundred years—certainly indicate to which camp in the war of thought and ideas he would naturally belong as a thinker were he now amongst us.

But Cardinal de Bausset's "Life" was written a long time ago, as we count time nowadays;* and—though its date was a hundred years after the death of its subject—its author looks both at people and at questions from a somewhat different point of view to that which we of the present day should take; whilst his information, even about the hero of his own work, is now pronounced not to have been as full, or as accurate, as what has since become attainable. If we would gain a good idea of what direct and lasting relation Bossuet's writings, and his mental attitude, bear to the thought of our own day, we must combine with this century-old account of him (which appears to be the only complete and detailed Life at present existing) some study of such criticisms and views of his character and work as are forthcoming from more modern writers.

Now, it so happens that there are two quite modern "studies"—on Bossuet himself and on one of his adversaries respectively—which are great helps towards our present object, by bringing out with much clearness the true tendencies of both his own mental character and what may be fairly called his "School," as contrasted with those of his opponents in thought. The earliest of these "Monographs"—as both the works may be called—published in 1891, is by a French Jesuit, de la Broise, and is named "Bossuet et la Bible."* The whole book would be well worth careful study, being equally fascinating in style and solid in thought, and in every way full of interest to students

*Histoire de Bossuet, par le Cardinal de Bausset. Paris, 1814.

*Bossuet et la Bible: Etude d'après les documents originaux: R. de la Broise, S. J. (Paris; Retaux-Bray; 1891.)

of the great man's works; but it is one particular portion of it that has a special bearing on our immediate enquiry. This portion is a short division of the book (being part of a chapter called "La Bible et Bossuet Polémiste" given to what may be called an "appreciation" of Bossuet in his relation to Richard Simon—the Biblical critic whose work the Bishop had condemned—and followed by a most suggestive summing-up of his whole character as a polemist.

Richard Simon is himself the subject of the second work in question, written nine years later than de la Broise's study, to which its author refers. This author is Margival*; he is a strong upholder of Simon and his school as against "Monseigneur de Meaux"; and the way in which his remarks on the two methods of thought and their results bear out what the previous critic has said, from another point of view, is most striking.

Into details of the controversy between the Bishop and "the father of Biblical criticism" (as Simon is called by his successors,) with all its ramifications, we of course have no thought of entering: such a discussion would be unsuited to a popular magazine article, and must be left to philosophers and theologians. We are concerned here merely with the light thrown upon our subject by some examination and comparison of these two opposing "studies"; and we can give in our space only the results—or some of the results—of such an examination, referring readers who would like to work out the question or examine the grounds of our conclusions, in detail, to the respective works themselves, as well as to de Bausset's Biography.

In what light, then, broadly speaking, do we find that modern critics of Bossuet as a thinker incline us to look at him? Of what side or sides, as expressed in popular modern language, does he appear to be the champion, taking his mental attitude and attributes—his words and proceedings in controversy—generally? In the first place, de la Broise's masterly sketch of his character as a whole, both intellectual and moral, justifies two general conclusions. First, it convinces us that Bossuet's intellectual nature (and consequently his intellectual attitude and conduct) is so closely allied to his moral one—which moral nature, again, so strongly influences even his affections—that he can hardly ever be judged separately, as so many men may be, in moral and intellectual matters; and that hence, almost always, his mental acts—whether inward, as in his own modes of reasoning, beliefs, and opinions, or outward, as in his pronouncements on others and methods of controversy—are consistent throughout with his moral disposition. Secondly, it convinces us that the dominating tendency of this disposition is not merely a firm belief in, but an intense and persistent craving for—a fervent longing for submission to—*an ultimate external authority* in all matters of faith and moral conduct; to which characteristic is added a passionate love of Truth for its own sake. The intellectual attitude resulting from such a moral temperament as this is, naturally, an unshakable conviction

*Essai sur Richard Simon of la critique Biblique au 17th Siècle, par Henri Margival. (Paris; Maillet; 1900.)

of the existence and reality of an absolute Truth and a definite moral law revealed to man outside himself, which it is not only man's duty, but his highest destiny, to accept and obey. From these two conclusions it will be seen at once that Bossuet is to be placed—(broadly speaking, as we have said above, since no such inference can include every case)—on the objective, and not on the subjective, side, amongst thinkers; and that, consequently, we shall usually find his mode of reasoning, whether in merely abstract argument, in defence, or in attack, rather deductive than inductive—synthetic than analytic.

So much for a general statement. But, beyond this—or, more truly speaking, as a deduction from it—there are certain particular forms, or phases, of modern opinion, in which the "Eagle of Meaux" appears, on thoughtful study, to stand out as belonging more or less definitely to one side or the other. Three instances especially may here be shortly indicated in which the above-named general tendency of his mind seems to mark him as an opponent of specific lines of thought. We will note them individually.

(1) Take, to begin with, the much-talked-of modern "agnosticism." It will be clear almost at first sight that such an upholder, from every point of view, of the necessary and certain existence of an ultimate authority on right and wrong, and of absolute objective Truth, would look with both utter disapproval and supreme contempt on the agnostic principle that it is a high state of mind to be certain of nothing, and an admirable intellectual position to be content with a suspended judgment to the end of life on all matters of supernatural order. However, besides this self-evident reason for counting Bossuet amongst the enemies of agnosticism, there is a curiously strong and striking proof of what would be his attitude, were he to speak now, towards this school of thought, in certain remarks made about him by his two already-cited critics respectively, *apropos* of his controversy with Richard Simon. First, after a not wholly favorable criticism of Bossuet's intellectual methods in opposition to the "destructive" School of Scripture exegesis, de la Broise goes on to say that, even though Simon, in matters of detail—and especially of language and grammar—may have been sometimes not quite rightly understood, and a little too dictatorially dealt with, by his great censor, nevertheless the instinctive judgment of the latter as to the *eventual* issue of his opponent's views was undoubtedly right; and he adds that Simon put himself, during his lifetime, into a position that might easily give scandal, by the ties he formed with certain Jews and Protestants. He then concludes:—"In our own day, again, the praises received by R. Simon *from writers hostile to the Church** continue to throw an unfavorable light on his memory. . . . This, it would seem, is enough to show that Bossuet, even though he may not have been entirely or at all times right in this dispute, proved himself notwithstanding

*The italics, here and in subsequent quotations, are our own.

faithful to his duty and worthy of his mission." Turning, next, to the pages of Margival—who writes in the last year of the 19th century—we find an unconscious justification and confirmation of these words in the final conclusion he draws about Simon and the Bishop. Two passages in particular may be referred to as showing how boldly he claims Simon and his party as upholders of the modern agnostic theory that the search for truth is as good as the attainment of it, and that uncertainty is the only reasonable attitude. "As a man of antique faith," he says, "R. Simon knew that Christianity has time before it for resolving such problems (i. e., questions of doctrine):—as a thinker of *very modern mind* he could also feel assured that in such matters the *essential* point, after all, is *not to attain the end,* but to *walk towards it.*" Could anything be more unmistakably "agnostic" than this? Then, in another passage of his book, Margival exhibits the genuine spirit of the doubter as to all certain truth, by his utter astonishment that Bossuet (in a controversy about S. John Chrysostom and original sin) could possibly make so trifling and quibbling a distinction as one between "*no* sin" (i. e., no original sin) and "no sin of *its own*" (i. e., no actual sin);—being quite incapable of seeing—as the whole context clearly shows—that the character of *reality* could possibly attach to such a distinction. Further, we find Margival entirely unconscious of the absurdity, in the eyes of believers in revelation, of his assertion that it is a triumphant proof of Simon's having been *in the right* in his manner of dealing with doctrinal questions, that when Voltaire and his followers came and wanted to destroy Christianity, the party they chose for attack was *"not that of Simon and his successors,* but *"that of Bossuet and his party!"* That the enemies of Christianity, in adopting such a mode of procedure, simply had the acuteness to aim straight at *the Truth itself,* in its own stronghold, instead of merely attacking a shaky outwork,—capable at best of sheltering a few weak fugitives,—could of course never occur to Margival and the school he represents.

(2) In company with agnosticism there is very commonly found nowadays a theory strongly opposed to Christian, and especially to Catholic, teaching, that it is no proof either of the truth of any belief or the wisdom and rightness of any line of conduct, that it leads directly or indirectly to happiness. Happiness, in short—so thinkers on these lines profess to believe—is not what man is intended to aim at, or necessarily intended to possess at all. Here, not merely as shown in controversy, but as proved by nearly every writing of his that we may look into, we have Bossuet coming forward as a vigorous maintainer of the opposite belief with such decision that there can be no doubt about it. A firm faith in the true end of man as set forth in the second answer to the "penny Catechism"—certainty of man's ability to attain this end by God's grace and the imitation of Jesus Christ—and the counting it a strong point in favor of any system of religion that its logical result would be happiness to its members:—all this was to Bos-

suet a necessary consequence of belief in God Himself, and in His revealed promises: a part of the external Truth that we have to believe in if we would be saved. The expression of this conviction, whilst found in many forms of utterance throughout his works, is put into a nutshell in the first of his Meditations on the Beatitudes; in which Meditations it is afterwards worked out in detail and then appears again, like the theme of a *rondo,* as *finale.* "The sole end of man"—thus the "1st Day," being a summary of all the Beatitudes, begins—"is to be happy, and Jesus Christ came only to give us the means of being so." Then, after all the Eight have been developed, comes the final threefold summary of his comments on them, given thus:—

"I. The whole teaching of morals is for the sole purpose of making us happy.

II. Our Heavenly Master places this object first.

III. We must learn of Him the way to true and Eternal Happiness."

(3) Closely allied to this theory is the modern humanitarian doctrine of "Altruism," which pretends that we ought to live, and are able to do so, for our neighbor *only,* without the smallest thought of our own interest, or of any reward in a future life. Now, exactly in this form, the question was of course not discussed by Bossuet, such a theory not being then under consideration. But in his long controversy with "Quietism," in its various phases, do we not find him treating a question very analogous to it in the Quietist doctrine of "disinterestedness," although this concerns only the immediate relation of the soul to God, not to man? As is well known, some of the Quietists wished to make out that we are capable of "pure love" for God, to such a point that we not only do not wish for His gifts as a return, but that we do not even desire our own happiness *in Him.* Bossuet said in answer that we could love God disinterestedly, so far as not to wish for personal rewards in the ordinary sense, but *not* so far as to put out of count our own *happiness.* This happiness, he said, might consist purely in considering the goodness of God; but, nevertheless, it would *be* happiness—and, as such, in some sense a reward.

Is it not clear that, with this view of disinterestedness where God is concerned, he would have held for an utter absurdity the idea that we were to be—or, indeed, that we *could* be—"altruists," in such a sense as to make perpetual sacrifices for our fellow-creatures, not only with no thought of return here, (for in *this* sense every Christian worthy the name must be an altruist), but without even the hope of pleasing God to encourage us? Would not one who held it as certain that even the infinitely perfect and beautiful God could not be loved by our own weakness without the incentive of *some* happiness to ourselves as a result, have pierced in a moment to the vulnerable spot of a doctrine which would fain persuade us, that we ought to practise, and are capable of practising in the face of every temptation to be deserters, lasting self-denial on our neighbors' behalf, from pure, "disinterested" love of our own very imperfect, and often unlovely and antagonistic, kind?

We cannot do better than conclude

this slight attempt to sketch Bossuet's position as a thinker by giving the following extract from de la Broise's beautiful summing-up of his character, as on the one hand necessarily attracted, and on the other strongly influenced, by the Bible.

After speaking about the influence of Thucydides on Demosthenes—of Demosthenes on Cicero—of Homer on Virgil—de la Broise continues:—

"It is quite otherwise with the Christian orator, writer, and doctor who yields himself up to the influence of the Bible. One cannot conceive of any book as acting so immediately and universally on a man as this one. To understand all that Bossuet owes to it, we must try to gain some idea of his own mind and his natural qualities; and then to see how the Bible satisfies, develops, and fills his soul, and so affects his works.

Bossuet was not one of those restless spirits—such as Pascal—who, even when they have attained to the truth and are convinced of it, seem to be still seeking it painfully. Neither was he amongst the number of those doubting philosophers, like Descartes or Malebranche, who are always in quest of the new and unknown. Eminently dogmatic in character, he loved to rest in the possession of immediate and eternal Truth. His happiness was to receive this Truth by means of indisputable teaching, and to transmit it with supreme authority. . . . He thirsted for broad horizons: in history as in philosophy, he did not stop short at the knowledge of detail: he would fain take in at one glance the whole destiny of man—his origin—his end—and the very progress of all humanity through the ages. He could not be interested in any but a great object; he rose above man's soul, and above this world, till he found God Himself: he stayed not till he reached the first Cause, the primal Truth, the Sovereign Good, and Infinite Greatness. Such is what may be called the substance of his mind. To it were joined singularly powerful literary qualities. He not only liked fine and noble thoughts: he would have them magnificently uttered. . . . . He gave the deepest expression to keen, violent, or delicate feelings.

To complete this sketch, it must be noted that he had less creative originality than many great writers have had. . . . . He understood, saw, marvelously felt, and knew how to express, all that he had in his soul: but on the condition that his faculties should be first awakened by an impression that had come from without.

The Bible corresponded wonderfully to such a mind as this. There he found a body of doctrine more complete than in any other system of philosophy, and emanating from a Sovereign Author; whilst at every turn, in every subject treated of—in the history — the eloquence — the poetry—the descriptions—the feelings, strong or tender—in no matter what, throughout the sacred writings—he found *God* appearing, and filling all things."

AVE MARIA.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Come, run with me, O stalwart youth and maiden!
And run with me, O children young and fleet!—
And even ye with years so heavy-laden,
Now struggle yet to use your failing feet!

Come, crowding forth from all the lanes and alleys,
Come, hurrying out from all the fields and woods,
And make your paths in all the pathless valleys,
And leave your tracks on all the trackless floods!

For unto earth has come a mighty wonder,
And sweeter words are spoken now by God,
Than when of old He spake to us in thunder,
And scourged the faithless nations with His rod.

Oh come and see the lily He has planted—
Eve's fairer daughter, blooming in the land;
And make again the prayers that He has granted,
And ask the world's redemption at His hand!

For lo! the stars in Heaven's serenest story
Are grouped to crown this womanhood sublime,
And lo! the sun has woven of his glory
A robe to be her raiment for all time.

Oh come, and see a spotless Virgin kneeling,
Oh come, and hear an angel, at her side,
The earliest tidings of our joy revealing—
The herald of the glorious Christmastide.

Come here, for this is Mary and no other,
And she will nurse the Lord upon her knee;
And Jesus will bequeath her as a mother
To us upon the Cross of Calvary.

Then let us run, and greet her with the angel;
Ave Maria! give to us thy Son!
O'er all the earth ring out the loud evangel—
The gates of hell are closed, and Heaven is won!

—*From Vagrant Verses.*

E. A. Abbey, R. A.

CRUSADERS SIGHTING JERUSALEM.

E. Blair Leighton.

THE ACCOLADE.

GENERAL VIEW OF SUBIACO.

THE MONASTERIES OF SUBIACO.

A Cradle of Civilization.

BY REV. H. G. HUGHES.

A bold title the reader may say, to give to an out-of-the-way relic of mediæval monasticism, hidden from the world amongst the wild and beautiful Sabine Mountains, in a secluded part of Central Italy. But it is a title which a little thought and a slight knowledge of history will justify. The religious foundation of Subiaco is comparatively unknown to the tourist. It does not lie, like the Grande Chartreuse, in the regular path of those who travel for pleasure, but, nevertheless, it lays claim to even a greater fame than that great monastery. It is the birth-place of the famous Benedictine Order, and this is to say that it is the birth-place of a movement that saved Europe from a return to barbarism, when the great Empires of the East and West were tottering to ruin under the assaults of a horde of rude and ferocious pagans. Into every part of Europe poured Vandal, Goth, or Visigoth, while the effeminate Emperors, from their seat of Empire in the East, were powerless to stem the torrent of invasion.

At this time, about the year A. D. 493, Benedict, a youth of noble family, descended from one of the great houses of ancient Rome, was sent by his father to the Imperial City of the West to acquire the knowledge and discipline necessary to a cavalier of the day. Following an inspiration common in those times, when the life of a courtier or soldier exposed a man's moral character to greater risks than now, Benedict determined to avoid the temptations of a nobleman's career by leading the life of a solitary, and for this purpose set out from Rome, and found what he required in the mountain fastnesses above the ancient town of Subiaco, so-called from its ancient name of "Sublaqueum" or "villa Sublacensis." The town took this name from three great lakes, formed by the Emperor Nero as an ornament to the magnificent villa which he constructed upon the banks of the River Anio. In Benedict's time the lakes still existed, though for many centuries the dams by which the water of the swiftly-flowing stream were collected have disappeared, and nothing remains of the Imperial Villa but a few moss-grown ruins. Below the Villa, and occupying the site of its grounds, stands the picturesque modern town of Subiaco, one of the most beautifully situated in all Italy, of which a few houses can be seen in our illustration of the monastery and surrounding country. Benedict found a hermit, Romanus by name, already inhabiting the solitudes of the mountains, and applied to him for instruction in the ways of a hermit's life. Under his direction he repaired to a small cave, hollowed out by nature in the steep rock, accessible only by a difficult and dangerous path from below. Here he lived for three years, in silence and meditation, unconsciously developing that spirit of saintly enthusiasm which was to be infused afterwards into thousands of his sons. Every day Romanus let down to him from the heights above a small basket containing enough food and drink to support life for the day, giving notice of his presence by ringing a small bell. Three

STEPS LEADING DOWN TO CHAPEL OF THE CAVE.

FIRST CHAPEL OF UPPER MONASTERY.

years or a little longer he continued this kind of life, when Romanus departed into France and Benedict's retreat was discovered by a priest, who announced his discovery to some monks living at Vicovaro, the 'Varia' of Horace, twelve miles from Subiaco. They importuned him to become their abbot, and he reluctantly yielded to their request. His ideas of monastic discipline were, however, too lofty for them, and after a few years of his rule, some malcontents amongst them endeavored to poison him, an attempt frustrated, according to a tradition, by the miraculous shivering of the glass containing the poison. Then, in the year 510, he returned to his beloved solitude at Subiaco, whither the fame of his holiness soon attracted others who desired to lead the monastic life under his direction. These grew in number, till at last there were no less than twelve monasteries on the mountain, each with an abbot and twelve monks, all owning Benedict as their general superior. In 529 the saint, now 49 years of age, went to Monte Cassino, near Naples, where he founded the well-known Cassinese branch of his order, which was united with the Subiaco congregation ten centuries later under Pope Leo X. Such is a brief sketch of the history of the foundation of a body of men, permeated and penetrated with the enthusiasm of a high ideal of Christianity, which made them, during a time of general confusion, and during the break up of the

FRESCO OF THE WOMEN AT THE TOMB OF THE RISEN CHRIST.

old civilization, pioneers of the new. The sons of St. Benedict went into all lands. They were the scholars, the teachers, the artists, writers, musicians, architects, and even the agriculturists of that age. Wherever a Benedictine house arose it was a centre of sweetness and light. It is enough to look around Europe, and to see the cathedral and minster churches as well as the magnificent abbeys constructed by the Benedictines, to gain some idea of the influence that went out from the lonely cave at Subiaco.

Of the twelve houses instituted in St. Benedict's own time only two remain now: that of St. Scholastica, named after the sister of the saint, and that which encloses the cave in which he lived and which is called after him, St. Benedict's. Ascending from the direction of the town, the visitor passes through dark groves of olives and smiling vineyards till, passing over a bridge, he reaches the entrance to a deep gorge. On either side and in front of him lofty mountains rear their heads to the clouds, while at the bottom of the gorge the Anio rushes in its precipitous descent to join the Tiber near Rome. The deep silence is only broken by the noise of the torrent, and the busy world with its cares and ambitions seems far away. On the left, some half mile up the gorge, or on the right looking from above, rises the Abbey of St. Scholastica. The good old rule of hospitality is well kept up, and on ringing at the gate, and asking

THE CAVE OF ST. BENEDICT.

for food and lodging, the visitor will receive a kind welcome, and everything will be done for his comfort and entertainment. With a courteous salute the porter will conduct him to the guest-house, a suite of apartments set apart for strangers, and the guest-master will be summoned, whose duty it is to attend to their wants, to show them the monastery, and to supply them with information. These duties are well and genially carried out, and, whoever he be, the visitor will carry away a pleasant impression of kind and graceful attention. There are parts of the monastery into which ladies may not penetrate, and, naturally, they are not supplied with a lodging, but their husbands and brothers, if ungallant enough to leave them outside the gate, may lodge within the monastery walls.

AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

As in all religious orders, the members are of two classes. Here there are "Choir-monks," who occupy themselves with study, preaching, the singing of the office in Church, and other duties incident to the office of priest which they generally bear,

while the Lay-brothers carry out the ordinary domestic duties of

CLOISTER, WITH WELL.

the house, though having their set times for prayer and strictly religious duties. The life of a Benedictine priest is eminently adapted to scholarly research and learning, and the Order still continues to produce, as in past times, some of the most eminent and accomplished scholars of the day, in

various branches of knowledge. The monastery of St. Scholastica, like most religious houses in Italy, does not strike the observer from the outside with the same idea of magnificence which is presented by the great Gothic abbeys of Northern Europe, but its position, perched as it is on the slope of a tremendous mountain, with magnificent views of hill and dale, quite redeems any defect of external architecture, while the hoary antiquity of its walls, and the beauty of its graceful campanile give it a dignity not always associated with buildings of this somewhat plain character. Inside, however, is a wealth of beauty. The grand cloisters, the magnificent frescoes, the lofty refectory, with its dark wainscot, its pulpit, from which the Scriptures and the Rule are read at meal-times, with the Abbot's chair at the high table, and the simple preparations for a monastic meal, carry one back through the centuries, and make one forget that the year 2000 is rapidly advancing towards us. There are three fine cloisters, of which the second and third are the most interesting. The second contains the picturesque old well seen in our photograph, with a fine cluster of maiden-hair ferns clinging to its ancient stones. A young monk in his simple black habit and scapular will be seen drawing water for the benefit of the photographer. In this cloister are also some fine specimens of the earliest pointed arches built in Italy. The third cloister has a fine arcading with alternate plain and twisted columns. Passing under a fine Gothic arch, through the quadrangle shown in our illustration, the visitor is introduced into the Abbey Church, which is also the Cathedral Church of Subiaco. On the way we cross the Chapter-House, where the chief seat is always kept vacant as a mark of respect to St. Benedict, who presided over the first Chapter-meetings. The church is a building of imposing size, though not remarkable for its architecture. Still, the imagination is struck by the thought that here is the Mother Church of so many magnificent Christian temples all over the world. Perhaps the most interesting spot to the visitor will be the library. Here may be seen wonderful specimens of the art of illumination in which the monks of old excelled,—great bibles, missals and choir-books, written in the most beautiful characters, with richly colored capitals and borders, gleaming with gold so thickly laid on as to stand out solidly fron the page. In a glass case, under lock and key, may be seen the first books printed in Italy. They came from the hands of the German printers, Sweynheim and Pannartz, who were guests in the monastery in 1465, and set up a press during their stay.

But the glories of St. Scholastica's are eclipsed by those of the upper monastery, which encloses St. Benedict's cave. Climbing the hillside, we arrive at a little gothic portal leading into a dark wood, passing through which we find ourselves at the gate of the second monastery. The rule of the monks here is somewhat more strict than at St. Scholastica's. No flesh-meat is eaten, and a longer time is passed in silence. It is not easy to describe the construction of this monastery, and still less easy to imagine how it was placed with security in its present position. It grew up around the famous cave, the entrance to which

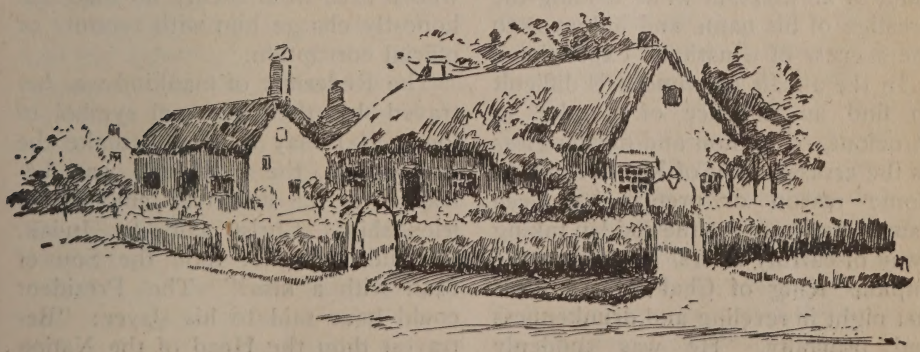
is enclosed in a small chapel, whilst above and below this, other chapels, and the monastic buildings, have been built up on the steep sides of the mountain, so that the whole structure seems literally to be clinging like a huge limpet to the rock.

On ringing the monastery bell, we are admitted to a long and narrow entrance, adorned with beautiful frescoes, and having at its further end the word "clausura" or "enclosure" painted in large letters over the door leading into the monastery proper. The visitor now finds himself in the beautiful chapel shown in the illustration. Beyond the graceful screen will be seen the high altar, which is backed by the naked rock of the hillside. The walls of this chapel are vivid with color, being covered with magnificent frescoes of the 15th century, showing the various scenes of the Passion and Resurrection of Our Divine Redeemer. Above the large central arch is the scene of the Descent from the Cross, a picture filled with life-like and expressive figures. The arches in this chapel are said to be the very first specimens of the pointed arch ever built in Italy. The marble pulpit is a delicate piece of work, with a book-rest in the form of an eagle supporting the sacred volume.

Passing beyond the screen, we find that a flight of steps descends below it, and brings us to the second or middle church. This contains the sacred cave itself where lived the Patriarch of Western Monks, and which is an object of pilgrimage to many thousands every year. An altar stands in front of the cave, while within is a statue, by a pupil of Bernini, representing the saint, as a young man, looking towards a rude cross, near which stands the basket containing his frugal repast. The cave, with the exception of the statue, stands exactly as it was when, fourteen centuries ago, it was occupied by the youthful hermit. Opposite the cave, and across the intervening chapel, is the choir of the monks, into which the visitor is not introduced, though he may gain a glimpse of its richly-carved stalls, through the doorway, which is so arranged that those within can see the altar of the cave. He may perhaps hear the sweet tones of the ancient chant echoing through the painted vaults. Not an inch is there of wall or ceiling but is covered with rich color. Here are fine frescoes of the school of Giotto, belonging to the 14th and 15th centuries, and a magnificent piece of pure Byzantine work of the 12th, while the transition from the latter style to that of Giotto's school is shown in Italian work of the 13th century. The illustration representing the holy women at the tomb of the risen Christ is taken from one of these chapels.

Still lower down the side of the mountain are other chapels, connected with those above, and forming with them a unique structure, literally founded upon a rock. They all present the same magnificent spectacle, being covered with paintings of the rarest beauty. This beauty, however, has not prevented some modern vandals from scratching their names across some of the finest of the frescoes within their reach. In one of the chapels, that of St. Gregory the Great, is an authentic and probably contemporary picture of the great St. Francis of Assisi, who worked as great

a revolution in the manners of his day, as was accomplished by the Benedictine Order itself in earlier times. We are able to give a photograph of this unique picture. It represents the saint clothed in his rough friar's robe, girt with a cord, and bears the simple inscription Frater Franciscus, or Brother Francis. This portrait was painted when Saint Francis was on a visit to this monastery in 1223. The visitor must not leave without requesting to see the refectory, one of the most beautiful apartments in this collection of artistic gems. To reach this part of the building he will pass through a small garden, where grew the thorns into which St. Benedict threw himself to overcome a temptation which threatened his virtue. Tradition tells how St. Francis, on the occasion of his visit, changed these thorns into roses. Above the monastery, and over this garden, projected till recently a huge, and apparently detached, piece of rock. The Government authorities recently sent workmen to remove it, considering it to be a danger to the house and its inhabitants. The popular belief ascribed its remaining in this position for so many centuries to a special miracle worked through the intercession of St. Benedict, but the Government thought otherwise. The task of removal was very difficult, and the advice of the monks had to be called in. Then a workman was let down by a rope and pulley attached to a crane, and so arranged that he could be quickly swung out of reach of danger upon any sign of movement on the part of the rock. The monks tell with amusement how visitors, seeing a potential avalanche of stone hanging over them, used to run past in terror. They themselves never thought of being frightened, and habitually lived and slept in rooms which must have been carried down many hundreds of feet into the Anio if the crash had come. It is impossible to do duty in a magazine article to the beauty and interest of these two Proto-monasteries of the great Benedictine Order, the Mecca to which every monk rejoices to pay a visit. Nor can a few words adequately describe the beauty of the scene in which they stand. Let us venture to hope, however, that enough has been said to show that a visit to Subiaco will well repay the tourist who, while spending a holiday in or near Rome, cares to undertake the excursion.



PRELATES' TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

"THE SAFEGUARDS OF THE STATE."

In the midst of so heavy a calamity as has just befallen this country, all I may say is to reiterate this old-time philosophic truth—basis, moreover, of all individual and community happiness, that without the safeguards of religion—of Christian moral principles—of earnest whole-souled regard for authority divine as well as human, no state but is in deep peril of its welfare, no man even but at every moment of life risks his eternal peace and comfort.

Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli

Pro-Dat. apostolic.

"ALL SEDITIOUS LANGUAGE SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED."

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

It has been my melancholy experience in the course of my sacred ministry to be startled by the assassination of three Presidents of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was shot in 1865, James A. Garfield was mortally wounded in 1881, and William McKinley received a fatal wound on the sixth day of September. Mr. Lincoln was shot in a theatre; Mr. Garfield was shot while about to take a train to enjoy a needed vacation, and our late beloved President fell by the hand of an assassin while lending the prestige of his name and influence to the success of a national exposition.

In the annals of crime it is difficult to find an instance of murder so atrocious, so wanton and meaningless as the assassination of Mr. McKinley. Some reason or pretext has been usually assigned for the sudden taking away of earthly rulers. Baltassar, the impious King of Chaldea, spent his last night in reveling and drunkenness and profanity. He was suddenly struck dead by the Hand of the Lord.

How different was the life of our Chief Magistrate. No court in Europe or in the civilized world was more conspicuous for moral rectitude and purity, or more free from the breath of scandal than the official home of President McKinley. He would have adorned any court in Christendom by his civic virtues.

Brutus plunged his dagger into the heart of Cæsar because of his overweening ambition. Whatever may have been the errors of judgment on the part of our late President (and who is free from them) no man can honestly charge him with tyranny or official corruption.

The Redeemer of mankind was betrayed by the universal symbol of love. If I may reverently make the comparison, the President was betrayed by the universal emblem of friendship. Christ said to Judas: "Friend, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" The President could have said to his slayer: "Betrayest thou the Head of the Nation with the grasp of the hand?" He was struck down surrounded by a host of

his fellow-citizens, every one of whom would have gladly risked his life in defense of his beloved chieftain.

Few presidents were better equipped than Mr. McKinley for the exalted position which he filled. When a mere youth he entered the union army as a private soldier during the Civil War, and was promoted for gallant service on the field of battle, to the rank of major. He served his country for about fourteen years in the halls of Congress, and toward the close of his term he became one of the most conspicuous figures in that body. He afterward served his State as Governor.

As President he was thoroughly conversant with the duties of his office and could enter into its most minute details. His characteristic virtues were courtesy and politeness, patience and forbearance, and masterful self-control under very trying circumstances. When unable to grant a favor he had the rare and happy talent to disappoint the applicant without offending him.

The domestic virtues of Mr. McKinley were worthy of all praise. He was a model husband. Amid the pressing and engrossing duties of his official life he would, from time to time, snatch a few moments to devote to the invalid and loving partner of his joys and sorrows. Oh, what a change has come over this afflicted woman! Yesterday she was the first lady of the land; today she is a disconsolate widow. Let us beseech Him who comforted the widow of Naim that He console this lady in her hour of desolation.

It is a sad reflection that some fanatic or miscreant has it in his power to take the life of the head of the nation, and to throw the whole country into mourning. It was no doubt this thought that inspired some writers within the last few days to advise that the President should henceforth abstain from public receptions and handshaking, and that greater protection should be given to his person.

You might have him surrounded with cohorts, defended with bayonets, and have him followed by argus-eyed detectives, and yet he will not be secure from the stroke of the assassin. Are not the crowned heads of Europe usually attended by military forces? and yet how many of them have perished at the hand of some criminal. No, let the President continue to move among his people and take them by the hand. The strongest shield of our Chief Magistrate is the love and devotion of his fellow-citizens. The most effective way to stop such crimes is to inspire the rising generation with greater reverence for the constituted authorities, and a greater horror for any insult or injury to their person. All seditious language which is calculated to incite to violence should be suppressed. Incendiary speech is too often an incentive to criminal acts on the part of many to whom the transition from words to deeds is easy. Above all, it should be understood once for all that the government is determined to crush the serpent of anarchy whenever it lifts its venomous head.

We have prayed for the President's life. But it did not please God to grant our petition. Let no one infer from this that our prayers were in vain. No fervent prayer ascending to the throne of heaven remains unanswered. Let no one say to me what a lady remarked to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death:

"I have prayed," she said, "for the President's life. My family have

prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the state prayed for him, the nation prayed for him, and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?" God answers our petitions either directly or indirectly. If He does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He has not saved the life of the President, He preserves the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He has infused into the hearts of the American people a greater reverence for the head of the nation, and a greater abhorrence of assassination. He has intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions. What a beautiful spectacle to behold prayers ascending from tens of thousand of temples throughout the land to the Throne of Mercy! Is not this universal uplifting of minds and hearts to God a sublime profession of our faith and trust in Him? Is not this national appeal to Heaven a most eloquent recognition of God's superintending Providence over us? And such earnest and united prayers will not fail to draw down upon us the blessings of the Almighty.

The President is dead. Long live the President! William McKinley has passed away, honored and mourned by the nation. Theodore Roosevelt succeeds to the title, the honors and the responsibilities of the presidential office. Let his fellow-citizens rally around him. Let them uphold and sustain him in bearing the formidable burden suddenly thrust upon him. May he be equal to the emergency and fulfill his duties with credit to himself, and may his administration redound to the peace and prosperity of the American people.

"AUTHORITY SHOULD BE RESPECTED AND OBEYED."

MOST REV. P. A. RYAN, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.

In common with our fellow-citizens we mourn the death of our chief magistrate, the Honorable William McKinley, who earned the respect of the Nation by his domestic and civic virtues.

We abhor the pernicious anti-Christian principles that brought about his violent and untimely end, and we call upon the Catholics of this diocese to pray that these principles may be eradicated and the peace of the Nation preserved.

We request the reverend rectors to recite the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, in their churches, with their people, after the last Mass on three consecutive Sundays, for the Nation that mourns its lost ruler; for all who are in authority; and that the people may realize that all power is from God, and that those who are entrusted with it should be respected and obeyed.

Moreover, in accordance with the proclamation of His Excellency President Roosevelt, dated September 14th, in which he appoints Thursday, September 19th, to be a day of public prayer, we request the reverend rectors to invite the members of their congregations to the churches on that day, to attend the morning Mass, and to recite the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus after Mass, for the ends already mentioned.

"THE PEST OF SOCIALISM AND ANARCHY."

MOST REV. M. A. CORRIGAN, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

"Unable previously, on account of absence, to express the horror of the whole diocese at a crime aimed at every citizen of this republic, I now seize the first opportunity of testifying in union with our fellow-citizens our grief and sorrow in this unexpected and bitter bereavement. It is sad to realize that in our beloved country, where the people choose their own rulers, such a crime as that which we deplore could have been possible, and that, too, in a season of almost unexampled prosperity; saddest of all to feel the hand of an assassin has been raised against a chief magistrate whose personal and civic virtues, and whose most amiable character not only endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, but made him, as these last few days have revealed, almost the idol of the nation.

"While the prescriptions of the liturgy do not permit us to have official church services, yet our whole hearts ascend in prayer to God for the welfare of our afflicted country, and for those on whom rests the burden of its destinies. As children of the Church, we are ever loyal to constituted authority, and under no circumstances ought our fidelity to duty and loyalty to country be more pronounced or more earnest than in the hour of trial and adversity. I, therefore, request you, after High Mass on every Sunday of this month to recite with the people the Litany of the Saints, that God in His mercy may look graciously on the nation, and drive far from it the dangerous and fatal principles whose consequences have today plunged the whole land in sorrow.

"I would request you, further, to impress upon the faithful the constant teachings of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., against the errors of Socialism. In this way we will contribute, modestly, it is true, yet not without fruit, strengthen and intensify public opinion on this most important subject.

"Pope Leo XIII. denounced the pest of Socialism and Anarchy in his very first encyclical letter, and on many later occasions. For convenience of reference, I append the dates of some of these documents that happen to be at hand, so that consulting them you may find excellent subject matter for your instructions: Dec. 28, 1878; Feb. 24, 1880; June 29, 1881; April 20, 1884; Jan. 6, 1886; Aug. 22, 1886; June 20, 1888; Dec. 30, 1888; May 15, 1891; Sept. 19, 1891; June 20, 1894; July 10, 1895.

"These teachings of the sovereign Pontiff are directed to the working classes and to peoples of various nationalities. They are all based on truths of sacred Scriptures, on the lessons of sound philosophy, and the results of human experience. With our enjoyment of great liberty we need also the chastening restraint of authority, of respect and reverence for our rulers, remembering 'there is no authority but from God.'

"Let us then, reverend dear sir, be instant in prayer that this great sorrow which now overwhelms us—the third of its kind within our memory—may be the last to grieve and afflict

our country, and that 'our hearts being given to the keeping of God's commandments and the fear of enemies being removed, our days, by His protection, may be peaceful.'"

"SACRED RIGHTS IMPERILLED."

MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

"The Nation mourns. Well may she mourn. She has lost her chief magistrate whom she loved so dearly; in whom she so willingly reposed her pride. William McKinley is now dead; his memory will live down the ages, as that of one of the most worthy to have been the President of the republic of the United States. He was the true man, honest, pure of morals, generous-minded, conscientious, religious. He was the noble citizen, proud of being a son of the people, brave on the battlefield in his country's peril, zealous of its glory, unswervingly loyal to its honor and its interests. He was the typical President of the republic, large-minded in his vision of the questions bearing upon the country's fortune; resolute in using the authority for what seemed to him its best weal; ready as the leader of a self-governing people to harken to the popular voice, and, so far as principle and conscience permitted, obey its behests, even to the sacrifice of his personal view.

"William McKinley is now dead; stricken down by the hand of a vile assassin. This makes the Nation's sorrow doubly deep, for to sorrow is added shame, shame before her own eyes, before those of the world, that in this land of civil liberty there should have been found a man so overwhelmingly bad as to murder her President; to murder him who served so well his fellowman; to murder him who cherished so tenderly the free institutions of America; shame that within her own borders the majesty of the republic should have been outraged and its name disgraced, the honor of humanity assailed, and its most sacred rights imperilled."

"FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF THE PRESS CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO DEGENERATE INTO LICENSE."

RT. REV. JAMES A. MCFAUL, BISHOP OF TRENTON.

"The President of the United States is the supreme representative of the Nation. No matter what may be the political party to which he belongs, we all owe the government of which he was the highest officer loyalty and allegiance.

"The blow aimed at him was directed against the institutions which our fathers laid on such enduring foundations that, although the chief magistrate may pass away under the bullet of the assassin, the principles for which they died shall endure until time meets eternity.

"It is to be expected that the President should have had political enemies. No man who realizes that public office is a public trust and acts conscientiously can avoid coming into contact with those who are just as conscientiously opposed to his public

policy. The President's private character was too noble to create personal enmity. It is therefore inconceivable that any one, except a half crazed fanatic, could have raised his hand against the life of such a man.

"The high moral character of the President is worthy of commendation. His affection for his wife, which has been so signally manifested in the hour of sickness; his profound respect for the sacred ties and obligations of marriage, which are fundamental to the purity and stability of civilized society, command our esteem and admiration. The influence of this man's conduct upon the people over whose destinies he presided is inestimable, and productive of the most beneficial results upon the family life of our citizens.

"If the vile wretch who committed this dastardly act is sane enough to be responsible I can imagine no punishment too severe for his offense, and to deter those who advocate similar acts from persisting in their evil designs.

"The representatives of anarchism can have no abiding place under our system of government, for it is based upon the freely expressed will of the people.

"The foul nest of anarchists which exists under the protection of our laws must therefore be destroyed; those noxious birds of prey must be prevented from making a home beneath the ensign of liberty. Why should such fanatics enjoy the blessings of a government which it is their purpose to destroy?

"Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are indeed essential to the existence of free government, but they cannot be allowed to degenerate into license. We must remember that *'all excess is vice.'* Freedom has its limitations. It is beyond question that many of the crimes against individuals and against society such as murder, suicide, divorce and the social evil are encouraged and propagated by an unbridled, licentious press. Bereft of all sense of justice, honor and decency, it caters daily to the worst passions for a pecuniary consideration.

"It behooves parents to keep these immoral sheets away from their homes and out of the hands of their children; to train the rising generation in respect for authority, parental, religious and civil; to teach love for our free institutions, and to provide for those whom Providence has intrusted to their protection and guidance that education which will develop their intellectual faculties and form their hearts to virtue; to the love of God and of their fellow men.

"There is growing up among us a woeful forgetfulness of the nature of man, his eternal destiny, the obligation of striving to attain that destiny, of the sanction of human and divine law, and the responsibility of man for the tenor of his earthly life when he stands before the Infallible Judge.

"Let this deplorable occurrence convince Americans that religion is the foe of anarchism and the firm support of government.

"The Catholic Church has ever condemned the false and accursed doctrines lurking under socialism, communism and anarchism. Keep, therefore, your homes Christian, send your children to Christian schools, where the training of the intellectual and moral faculties will be perfected under those who have consecrated their lives to the education of youth. Be assured that the Christian religion will always supply the highest type of civilization as well as the best and most loyal citizens of the Republic."

A COLD COURTSHIP.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

She gathered her long skirts up under her cloak and stepped quickly from the lighted door into the carriage. Shawn, the MacNamaras' hired man, stood by the step, holding an umbrella to shield her dainty head from the snow. With a wave of her hand, and a gay good-bye to her host, who watched her departure from the threshold, she sank back comfortably into a corner; the door slammed, and with a tired sigh she put her little satin-shod feet on the unoccupied seat opposite. She would have time for a cosy nap between that and her uncle's house of Derry-na-Carriga, ten miles away; or she might beguile the hours thinking about the dance. It had been a pleasant one in some ways, but there had been certain elements of disappointment.

The carriage gave a lurch forward and bowled rapidly off. Then all of a sudden it stopped, in obedience from a whistle from behind. She heard voices engaged in a hurried discussion, and wondered lazily what was the matter. The coachman's face appeared at the window.

"By yer lave, Miss, an' 'tis a gentleman that's left behind by his own party. An' it is so could a night 'twud be hard on him to walk. Tullyscran we can set him down at, so he says."

"Here ye are, sir," he cried, taking her consent for granted, "the young lady's quite willin'." With a prospective half-crown at risk he was not going to run the chance of a refusal.

The door swung open, admitting the cold night air. Her feet were on the mat by this, and she sat sedately erect. A young man sprang lightly in with some formal words of apology, and seated himself in front of her. Then they were off again. A flash from the gate-lamps, as they dashed out of the avenue, showed her his face.

"Oh," she said, in a voice of scarcely restrained surprise, "I did not think it was you."

He started at the voice, for the first time discerning to whom he was indebted for the courtesy.

"I apologize for this intrusion," he replied quietly, "but it is not too late—" He was taking up his hat and coat as he spoke.

"Oh nonsense," said she, "of course you must stay now." Both stared awkwardly at the night outside through opposite windows.

There was silence for the space of five minutes. By that time he had mastered his embarrassment sufficiently to say, in a calmly conventional tone—

"The music could not have been better."

"For a country house it was splendid," she agreed. "But the MacNamaras, you know, have so many dances that they keep the fiddlers in good practice."

They were silent once more, he failing to think of any remark to follow this up with, and she showing no inclination to help him out of the difficulty.

She leaned back in her corner, and actually composed herself as to preclude all conversation.

He had leisure, however, to look at her now, which made his position more tolerable for she was indeed worth looking at. He could see her face dimly, with its shadowy brown hair under the fleecy frill of her becoming evening hood. Her long lashes lay on her pale cheeks; they hid her eyes, the gray eyes he knew so well. That was a disadvantage, but then he could study the other features, as he dared not have done had those bright orbs been on guard. The curve of her lip—how exquisite it was. There should have been dimples in either soft cheek, but they only came when she smiled, and she was not smiling now. She seemed to him sad, in fact, and he wondered that this should be, seeing that she had appeared to enjoy herself thoroughly. He had not enjoyed himself at all. That was because he had not danced with her but once, and then in a square dance when she had preferred exchanging talk with her neighbor's partner instead of giving any attention to himself.

Something had gone wrong. He had not been able to reach the house until the evening was well in progress. Her card was full, she had been much sought after. He thought she might have kept a few dances for him, since she knew he was coming. For her part, she thought he should have come in time to claim her, and meant to punish his neglect. If he had known she was angry he would have been glad, and would have sought her forgiveness, but he believed that she simply did not care. How cold she was now, and yet she could be very kind. How sweet she had been one day when he overtook her walking to the village post-office, and they had fallen into almost confidential conversation. Considering that their acquaintance was but two months old it was strange that he should have found it so easy to tell her so much about his prospects, his difficulties, and how he trusted to overcome them; his hopes, except the dearest hope of all. It was too soon for that.

Her mind meantime was busy with the same sort of speculations. She was thinking, too, of that walk, and wondering what had changed him so. He had been so distant all evening. How could she know that she had repelled him? He had seen her sitting with Jim O'Grady on the landing, and went by without as much as a glance at her, never guessing that she had lingered there on the chance of intercepting him, when, freed from attendance on his partner, he was returning from the supper-room. He would not for the world have interrupted a tête-à-tête—that was how he regarded it.

He recollected, all at once, that he had not explained his present dependence upon her in the matter of the carriage.

"I think I should explain to you," he commenced. Here she opened her eyes gravely. "I think I should explain the reason of the present contretemps. You see, I came with the O'Gradys, and they did not tell me that they expected to have an extra one returning. Una, you know, has been staying with the MacNamaras, but she goes home to-night. Otherwise, I should not—" he paused.

She rebelled inwardly at this. "He speaks as if he were very sorry," her thoughts ran, and she would have wished him to be glad.

"Oh, don't apologize," she ex-

claimed, "I should only be too pleased to be of service to anyone. It would be very selfish to keep the carriage all to myself."

He fancied she spoke as if anyone would have been as welcome as he, and pondering on this he again fell into silence. It was she who now took up the conversation.

"Una O'Grady is growing up so pretty, I think. She promises to outshine Eileen MacNamara in good looks, but Eileen was much more becomingly dressed." She gave a little shallow laugh, and went on. "But what am I thinking of to discuss frocks with a man? I am sure you never noticed what either of them wore."

He assumed the same air of flippancy to make matters easier, though the flippancy hurt him coming from her.

"You credit us with very slight powers of observation. Do you not think that when a fellow is used to making geological surveys it will come easy to him to notice the difference between satins and silks, and between one color and another? I confess that some of your new-fashioned names of shades and materials are beyond me, but I remember quite well what they looked like."

"Come now, then," said she, rallying him gaily, "What did Eileen wear?"

"Frills, bewildering rows of them one over the other, and lace, and pearls, and things in her hair. Una," he went on in a meditative tone, "was all in simple white, like an angel."

She had not asked him about Una, and took his mention of her as a sign that his thoughts had gone off after the O'Gradys' carriage, and that he was wishing himself there instead of with her.

She became dignified again. "I wonder," she said suddenly, "why the carriage has stopped?"

The frost had spread a crystalline pattern of delicate tracery on the window-pane. "I shall see," said he, and struggled to open it. But while he was in the act, the door was flung wide and the coachman appeared against a towering background of snow. His face was red with the cold; snow weighed down the rim of his hat; his shoulders and arms were sheeted with it; white, whirling flakes of it blew past in the darkness.

"Miss Mary," said he in a soothing tone, "don't be scared, daughter. We'll have to wait a bit here, but you'll be cosy enough there with your wraps, and 'tis well that the gentleman was with you."

"What is it?" cried both occupants of the carriage in a tone of astonishment.

" 'Tis drifted here in the hollow, an' the horse won't face it. No use at all whipping him; besides we might have an upset. I can make my way to the house we passed a while ago. 'Tis late to waken the cratures out of their warm sleep, but we'll need their help to dig a thrack. Maybe the gentleman here will stand by the horse till I come back. He might take it into his head an' go side-ways yonder intil the ditch. 'Tis a young baste."

"The gentleman" did as he was told, and having tucked Miss Mary's rugs warmly round her, Mick went off on his errand.

She was alone now, and she shrank into her furs. She heard her cavalier

striking a match, and the sound suggested to her that he was making himself happy in his own way. "A man," she meditated, "can be contented anywhere, and in any company, provided he has his cigar." And she gave a little sigh, and shook her head at selfishness generally.

But she was wrong; he did not enjoy that cigar at all. Being assured that the horse was not going to stir, he strolled up and down the white road, looking like a sentinel on duty. She could see him pass and re-pass by the open window. After a few turns he approached and courteously expressed his anxiety as to her comfort.

"Such an unpleasant accident to happen to you," he said.

She concurred as to its unpleasantness, and was indignant all the same that he called it so.

"Will your people be anxious?"

Her heart was in a flame. Why should he consider her people? He should think only of her, and rejoice to have her there, far from them and alone.

"I mentioned no hour for returning. I do not fear auntie will be alarmed. She will be glad that she decided not to come herself, now that it has turned out so wild."

He resumed his sentinel pace, and in a little while paused and looked up and down the road. "I can't make out where we are," he said. "I wonder has the man far to go?"

"Let me see," she replied, leaning from the window. "Yes, I know now. Those fir trees are exactly where the Tullyscran boreen joins my road." In spite of herself a mischievous dimple for the first time showed, as she added, "And this, you remember, was where we were to set you down."

"And I am set down," he said in a tone that showed approaching good-humour. Then he looked her steadily in the eyes. "And I want to know whether I am going to be taken up again. Or am I to go off along the Tullyscran boreen and leave you?"

He had turned upon his heel, and was facing her where she leaned out towards him. With her fluffy furs and wraps she made a charming picture framed by the dark panels of the carriage.

The snow had ceased to fall, the sky had cleared somewhat, there were stars shining on her. She glanced up at them, then at the hedges on top of the high bank. They were bending under the weight of snow, and right ahead, by peering up the road, she could see how it was drifted like a great threatening wave across their pathway. A shiver ran through her, and she clasped her little hands together.

"You are cold," he said, and came nearer.

"Yes," she said faintly, and she breathed upon the tips of her fingers.

This emboldened him to take one of those little hands in his own.

"They are quite numb," he said in a voice of deep concern. He took the other into his strong clasp and chafed them gently.

"You should not have had the window open," he protested, "in that light dress."

"And so," she smiled, "you noticed my dress as well as Una's."

"No, it was not your dress I was looking at."

"What can be keeping Mick?" she said, "I hope he has not got lost. Perhaps the people will not come out with him."

All this time he had retained her

hands, and felt them growing warmer in his.

"Are you really anxious about him?" he asked. "I would not care," he went on defiantly, "if he were away for hours and hours. I am very happy as I am."

She said nothing, and he wondered if he had offended her. But no, she had not withdrawn her hands from his clasp. He repeated in a tender voice, "I am very happy." Then he ventured to raise them to his lips.

Their eyes met. He saw there were tears in hers, and that her lips were trembling. "Mary, why were you so cruel?"

"Because, because—," and her voice broke. She never finished that sentence.

* * * * * *

When Mick returned, accompanied by his band of rescuers, he was profuse in apologies.

"Sure, Miss Mary, daughter," he exclaimed, "'tis clean foundered you will be. It was like rousin' the dead to waken them Dalys—but now we'll make a short job of it."

Both Denis and Miss Mary assured him that they had not felt the time passing. And they spoke the truth.

AUTUMN.

BY CHARLES GOULD BEEDE.

In between the laugh of summer
And the frozen smile of death,
Sealed upon the face of winter,
Autumn flings his laurel wreath.

So, 'twixt summer days of childhood
And the winter time of life—
Manhood's variegated laurels
Deck the head of honest strife.

Autumn into barns doth gather,
Thus providing winter's store;
Man may only bring his harvests
To death's wintry outer door.

THE LIVING DEAD.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

They fashioned a garment of shimmering silk,
As white as the Alpine snow,
And they pictured the grace of the young bride's face
And her eyes with a joy-lit glow,
But her heart was robed on the day she wed,
In the sombre gown of the cold, still dead.

They fashioned a robe for a quiet form
All bent with the load of years;
As the midnight dark was that robe, and mark!
They mourned her with bitter tears,
But her soul in the Land we do not know,
Had a whiter gown than the Alpine snow.

CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1902.

BY HERBERT HONAHAN, M. J. I.,

Secretary of the Exhibition.

For some months past the matter of organizing what it is intended shall be a great International Exhibition to be held in Cork from May to November, 1902, has taken up the attention of a large body of the citizens of the "Rebel City." The idea was first mooted by the Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, at a meeting of the Cork City Council, and, spreading from this, it began to assume proportions which at first it was never anticipated it could. The original idea was that it might emulate to some extent the Exhibition of 1883, which as the times went was a distinct success, and left a tidy profit behind it, but the promoters of next year's show were rather modest in their programme at this early stage, and chary to engage

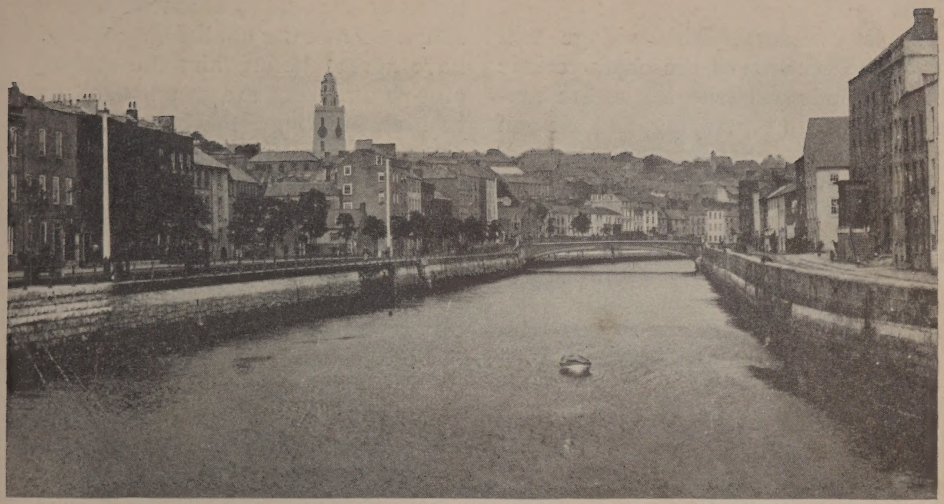
in a big enterprise without being certain that the country would come to their assistance in an earnest manner, and hence the scope of the Exhibition was of a limited character as was its title also.

The name fixed upon at the first public meeting was that of the "Cork Industrial Exhibition, 1902," but when the project began to take root and develop, and when the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, which was only called into existence last year by Act of Parliament, began to throw in their lot with the promoters, and subsidised the project to the extent of 25,000 dollars, the Committee on Organization began to consider whether it would not be wiser to considerably enlarge the scope and alter the title to that of the "Cork International Exhibition, 1902." This it was eventually decided to do some four months after the opening meeting, and the various committees set to work immediately to endeavor to make the Exhibition worthy of its title and worthy of all Ireland.

It was the co-operation of the Department of Agriculture, indeed, that suggested embracing the entire country in the program of the Exhibition. This new body are desirous of showing what is being done, and what can be done, for the industries of the country and for the development of its mineral wealth, and with the Government funds at its disposal, for which no better purpose could be got to spend them on, they gladly availed of this opportunity to associate themselves conspicuously and intimately with the promoters' idea. For this purpose the virtual head of the Department, the Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, travelled to Cork, and was informed that the Committee was naturally desirous of spreading themselves under the ægis of the Department to a certain extent, and thus the scheme, while not being in any sense a Government or Departmental one, has the advantage of treasury funds to the amount stated, and in addition to this has the advantage, which is still more valuable, of the Department's organization.

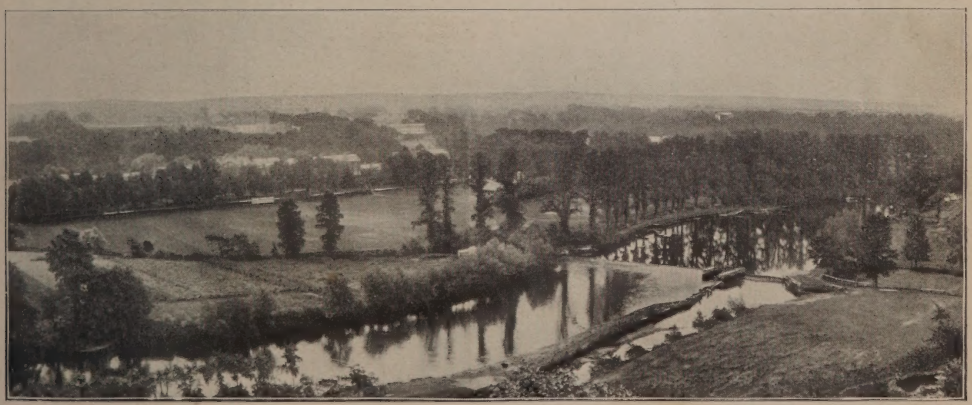
The Department propose to make the first real burst of their existence through the medium of this Exhibition. They have applied for a space of 30,000 superficial feet in which they propose to show a wonderful variety of exhibits of Wool, Clay, Minerals, Peat Produce, Building Stones, Wood Carving, Metal Work, Electric Motors, etc., the raw materials in full process of development and manufacture. Of course all of what they purpose showing are not produced or manufactured in Ireland at present, but it is the opinion of the Department, from experience of continental and other countries, that those that are not yet in the country, might, with advantage, be introduced, and thereby be a remunerative means of employment and help to stem the ever increasing drain of the country's life blood by emigration.

But about the general idea. The first question that naturally arose was that of a site. Several sites were suggested, and eventually, by happy chance, a site that was at first considered unobtainable was at length, after some preliminary difficulties, secured. This site is known as the Mardyke, and embraces as picturesque a bit of scenery as can be found, for its size, almost anywhere in the world.



VIEW FROM VINCENT BRIDGE, THE EASTERN EXTREMITY OF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, SHOWING THE CELEBRATED SHANDON STEEPLE IN THE DISTANCE.

It extends from St. Vincent's bridge in the city to Wellington bridge about half a mile outside the civic boundary, and contains an area of between thirty and forty acres. Amply wooded as may be seen from the illustrations accompanying this article, it will furnish lovely promenades, ground for sports and all other kinds of outdoor attractions and amusements. Through the centre of it flows the silvery Lee, beloved of songsters, at this point a very dream of beauty and grace. An ornamental bridge will cross the river from the grounds proper to the Irish village, which we propose to erect on



[GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1902, FROM THE TOWER OF ST. VINCENT'S PRESBYTERY.

what is known as the Sunday's Well side.

This miniature Irish village will contain as many of the characteristic features of rural Irish life as are considered worth portraying, and the aim will be to show the peasant in the best light, giving types of the neatest and most industrious households, with women and girls at work, knitting, lacemaking, and pursuing the various other avocations peculiar to their condition in life. Here, also, it is considered advisable to have a small museum which will be confined solely to antiquities of Cork. A striking feature of the Irish village, perhaps, one of the most striking features of the Exhibition, will be a real Irish Round tower which will be designed from the best examples in the country. The ascent to the top of the tower will be made by the old fashioned winding stairs. From the top the observer will have spread before him the magnificent panorama of the grounds and Exhibition buildings, the beautiful river and the ancient city. From the top of this tower at night a search light will cast its rays from point to point over the grounds, and it is contemplated to have a similar light placed on old Shandon, which is about three-quarters of a mile away.

To bid a hundred thousand welcomes to the scattered children of the Gael who will come back from beyond the seas to the cradle land,

"The Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River
Lee"

VIEW ON THE RIVER FROM EXHIBITION GROUNDS LOOKING TOWARDS ST. VINCENT'S PRESBYTERY TOWER.

VIEW OF MONTENOTTE AND SUBURBAN RESIDENCES FROM THE SOUTH JETTIES.

will ring out as they were never rung before, and the Irish air will grow fragrant with Irish melody to welcome their home-coming. In addition, the fine-toned bells of St. Finbarr's will add their musical voices to the welcome, and for these great events the bell ringers are to be specially trained.

The Exhibition Buildings proper will consist of an Industrial Hall, a Machinery Hall, and a Fine Arts Department, in addition to which there will, of course, be a number of tea houses, kiosks, and refreshment rooms scattered here and there through the grounds.

The Committee are now entering into arrangements for securing all the side shows possible that have been seen at the Earl's Court, Glasgow and Paris Exhibitions, and they have been in treaty with the Messrs. Kiralfy, who are perhaps amongst the most enterprising showmen in the world, for the transfer of the Water Chute that is now being worked at a big profit, and is a great attraction, in the Glasgow Exhibition, the Switchback Railway which appears to be a perennial form of amusement, Distorted Mirrors, Electric Boats, Swinging Boats, Shooting Jungle, Biograph, and "Rivers of the World." The latter has been a wonderful attraction in Glasgow, and may be described shortly as a journey by boat along a stream of water arranged in serpentine form, and running through electrically illumi-

nated caves hung with views taken from all parts of the World, the whole being an illusion that gives infinite pleasure and amusement.

At the Glasgow Exhibition there were but two out door forms of amusement, namely, the Switchback Railway and the Water Chute, so that it will be seen that Cork will be much more interesting in this respect than the great city on the Clyde. A miniature train, at present running in Glasgow, will be transferred to the Cork Exhibition, and its mileage extended so as to tempt people entering the Mardyke avenue to board the train for conveyance to the grand entrance of the Exhibition. This little contrivance is drawn by what may be termed a dwarf steam engine, but there is little fear of accidents or serious mishap because the engineer sits astride of his locomotive, and he can push aside with great facility any inquisitive small boy who may undertake to trespass on the way of the train.

From the accompanying picture some idea may be had of the exceeding picturesqueness of this lovely spot, but its beauty will be much enhanced when the buildings that are now under way have been completed, and when the grounds have been laid out into ornamental flower beds and paths.

THE MARDYKE WHICH WILL FORM THE GRAND AVENUE TO THE EXHIBITION.

The Committee besides attending to the beautiful have before their minds the very important duty of seeing that the welfare of visitors during the Exhibition should be properly attended to. It is hoped that the result of their

labors will be that the hotel accommodation will be both very much enlarged and considerably improved. It is proposed to classify the accommodation and tariff for the information of intending visitors, and it is also proposed to classify the catering within the Exhibition Buildings.

ing the Exhibition period, not the least attractive of which will be that organized by DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and in addition to the numerous visitors expected it is considered probable that many American exhibitors will show in Cork next year.

Already hotel prospectors are busy

PATRICK STREET SHOWING PATRICK'S HILL.

The Committee are earnest in their desire to leave no stone unturned in having their Exhibition compare well with other great International Exhibitions, and be as far in advance of the Cork Industrial Exhibition of 1883, as this progressive age demands. It is considered probable that there will be many excursions from the United States to the Old Country dur-

looking up sites for new buildings, and large houses that might be converted into suitable hotels, and a suggestion which is now under consideration has come from Mr. Filgate, Director of the Irish Pavilion in the Glasgow Exhibition, to convert some large ocean steamships out of active service, into floating hotels and moor them in the Lee.

The office holders of the Exhibition comprise the leading men of Ireland without distinction of creed, class, or politics, while the Executive Board includes picked men of the commercial intelligence of Cork City. Lord Mayor Fitzgerald—called by many of his friends Lord Edward Fitzgerald, is the strong man of the affair. He conceived the idea to be a practical step, to show how the cultivation of home industries, with an Irish Exhibition as an object lesson—and to be the most effective way of stopping the unnatural emigration of the young of both sexes, which has really become a national peril. His head and hand have been actively engaged in every step of its development. He presides at as many committee meetings as it is humanly possible to expect any one man to do, and he is a member of almost every deputation that visits localities outside of Cork seeking for financial support. The affair has been supported quite generously, but the amount required for such a huge undertaking is yet far from being subscribed. In this connection it may be mentioned that one of the most cheering communications to the promoters was one received by the Lord Mayor, a few days ago from Hon. Jas. D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco, in which words of cheer and kindly encouragement were endorsed by a check for one hundred dollars. It was the first financial aid received from America, and coming as it did from a son of Irish parents, from one who has risen to the highest position in the pioneer city of the Pacific coast, it was valued not

GENERAL VIEW OF SUNDAY'S WELL HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS FROM THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE GROUNDS. IT IS PROPOSED TO ELECTRICALLY LIGHT ALL HEIGHTS.

THE RIVER TO THE WEST: SHOWING SITE FOR WATER CHUTE, PORTIONS OF SPORTS' GROUND AND SITE FOR INDUSTRIAL HALL. THE LATTER IS BEING BUILT ON THE FIELD ON THE BANK OF WHICH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE MAY BE SEEN SEATED.

merely at its material worth; it touched deeply every member of our committee, indeed every faithful Gael in Ireland.

In Mr. Richard Albert Atkins, J. P., the committee have secured a resourceful and active honorary executive officer, a man full of modern ideas, which would be limited in the carrying out, only by the state of the finances. To those in the greater Ireland beyond the sea who may wish to know his address, I inform them it is "Municipal Buildings, Cork, Ireland," and I may add the further information, that applications for space to be occupied by exhibitors in the Exhibition must be made on or before October 31, 1901.

The Executive intends to send a delegation to the United States and Canada early next spring, to arouse the attention of Irish-Americans especially, to the practical meaning of the affair, which is simply an earnest effort by practical men—fully acquainted with the industrial conditions in Ireland—to provide a remedy, or at least show what the true remedy is for the awful calamity threatened—the extinction of the ancient nation, the cradle land of the Gael.

In some future number of DONAHOE'S I will endeavor to set forth further particulars as to the development and prospect of this great scheme for the betterment of industrial Ireland.

And now at the close of this sketch

VIEW OF THE GRAND PARADE, CORK, FROM SULLIVAN'S QUAY, SHOWING THE CIRCULAR RAILED SITE FOR '98 MEMORIAL.

I may say that while applications for space in the Exhibition have reached the Executive from many foreign parts it is interesting to note that the first application came from France; a country which has always been one of the foremost amongst the friends and benefactors of Ireland.

THE SUNDAY'S WELL TENNIS CLUB GROUNDS INCLUDED IN EXHIBITION GROUNDS FOR PROMENADE.

RT. REV. JOHN BAPTISTE SCALABRINI, D. D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The Rt. Rev. John Baptiste Scalabrini, Bishop of Piacenza, Italy, has been of inestimable service to his religion and country. He has shown himself thoroughly in sympathy with the needs of his time. Dignified, tactful, belonging to the Italy of old traditions, he has been broadened by travel and acquaintance with the best that has been thought and written. He is an orator of rare power. His sermons and addresses have attracted attention. He has devoted much patient thought to the condition of the Italian emigrants in America. To elevate them Bishop Scalabrini established a society of

Italian priests known as the Missionaries of St. Charles Borromeo. He is now in the United States making a thorough study of American life and the needs of his countrymen in the new world. We have heard much of Italian decadence by those who are unable, through lack of sympathy, to understand the Italian character and temperament. Bishop Scalabrini and men of his type do much to dissipate these assertions.

There is no more enthusiastic advocate of the revival of the Irish language than Bishop Scannell of Omaha, Nebraska. He is recorded among the best Gaelic scholars in this country, and he contributed largely towards the success of the recent Gaelic League Convention.

RT. REV. RICHARD SCANNELL, D. D.

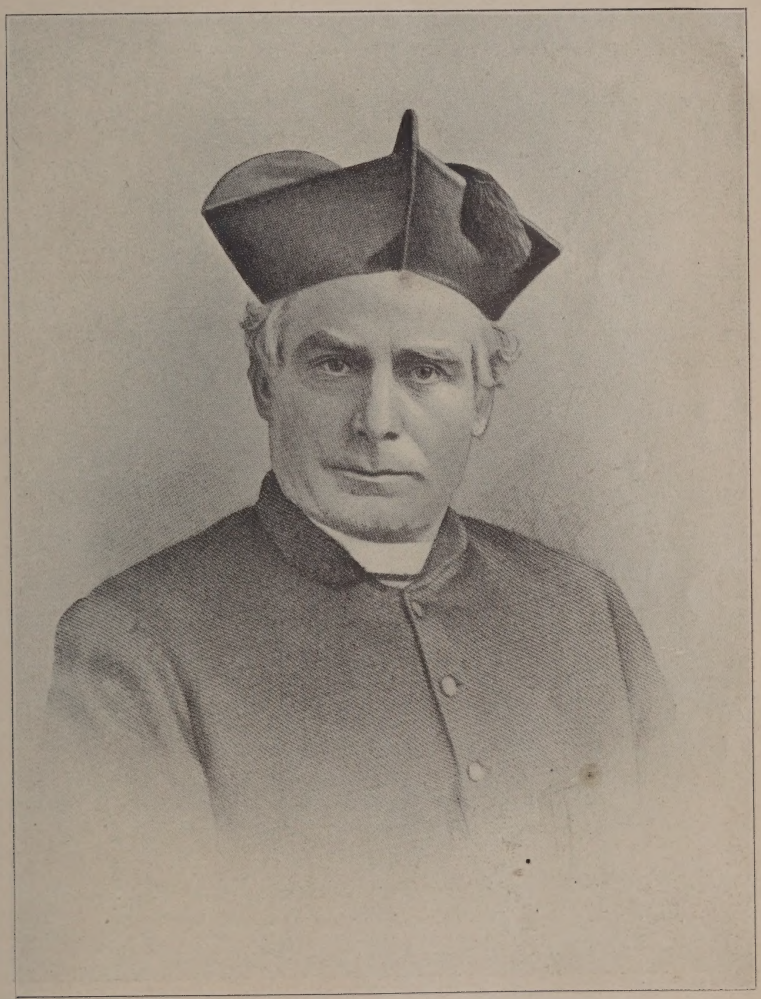
The Irish language movement, following the inspiration from the mother country, has grown to encouraging proportions in the United States. Bishop Scannell has added a considerable share

to this enthusiasm. He has written earnestly upon the subject and lectured extensively in behalf of the Celtic tongue.

There have been established Gaelic schools in New York, Boston, and all the leading cities of the East, while throughout the West many such educational advantages have been instituted.

A few years ago the Irish language seemed to be dying out as a spoken language. Such is, happily, not the case now. It is not unusual in these days to find men and women who can converse fluently in the rich and melodious accents of the good old Gaelic days.

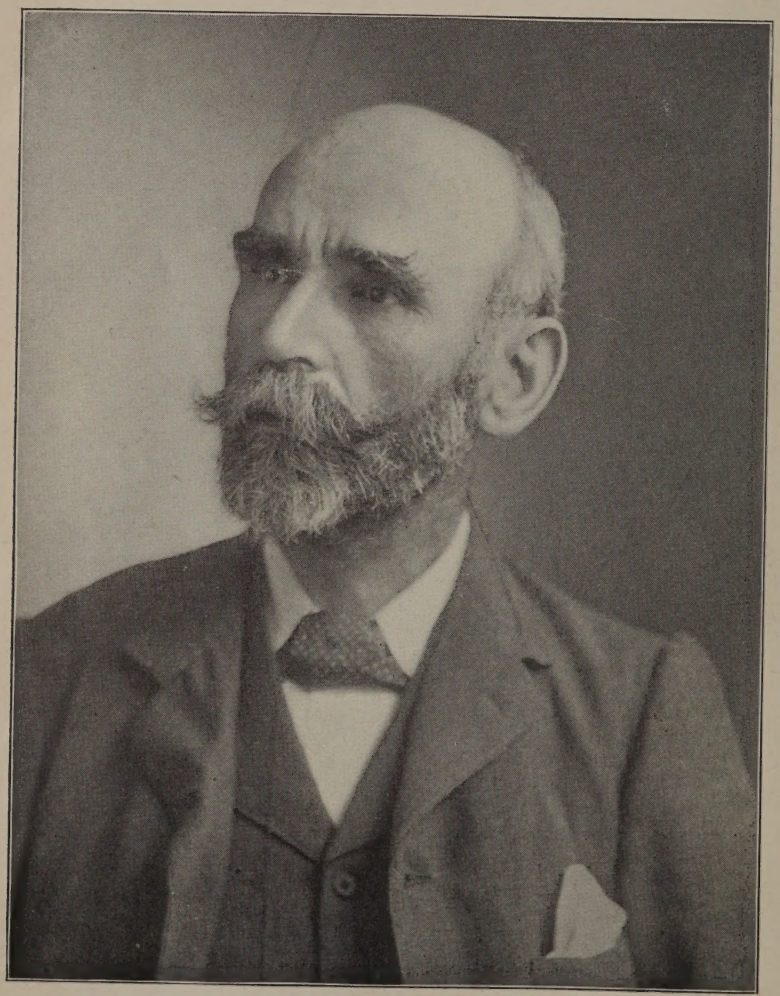
Thanks to the efforts of such profound scholars as Bishop Scannell, the majestic cadences of the Irish tongue are preserved to enrich the world.



REV. A. A. LAMBING.

Delegates from all parts of the United States, representing the different Gaelic classes affiliated with "The Gaelic League

of America" attended the third session annual convention of the League, held in Chicago during the month of August. The Convention, opening with High Mass at St. Thomas Church, Rev. Richard Henebry, Ph.D., of the Catholic



MICHAEL DAVITT.

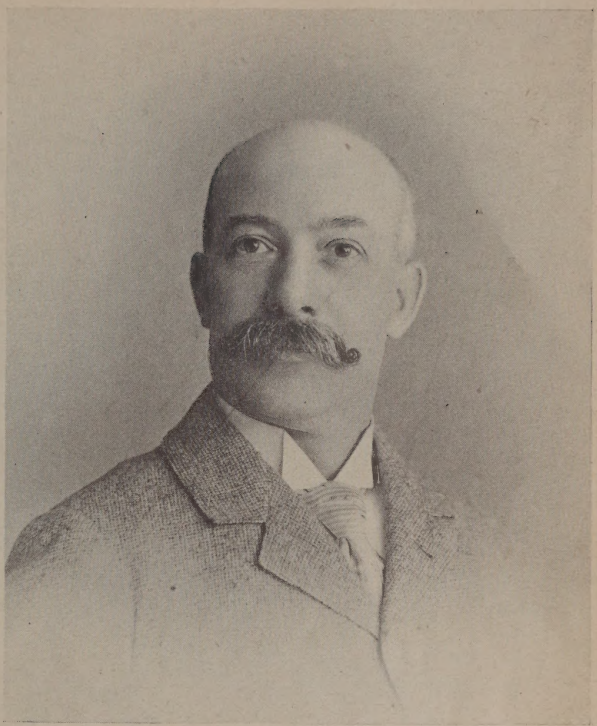
University, Washington, D. C., delivered a Gaelic sermon in which he welcomed the delegates to the convention and briefly outlined the work of the League, which is to form a bond of union between the various Societies now existing in America, for the cultivation of the language, literature, music and art of Ireland, and the extension of a knowledge of Irish history in general, and the history of the Irish race in America in particular, and to establish new societies for the promotion of these objects where none already exist.

Among other matters decided upon during the Convention were the proposition to form State Leagues, which will act in concert with the parent body, and favoring the teaching of the Gaelic language in the parochial schools of the United States, which latter plan will be promoted by the State societies.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were:—

President, Rev. Richard Henebry, Washington, D. C.; Vice President, Edward T. McCrystal, New York; Secretary, P. F. Holden, Chicago; Treasurer, Stephen J. Richardson, New York; Librarian, Rev. John J. Carroll, Chicago; Chaplain, Rev. J. K. Fielding, Chicago.

In addition to his devoted efforts as an officer of the League, Mr. Stephen J. Richardson is doing an important service to Gaelic literature in the publication of the Gael, the handsomely-illustrated, well-edited monthly that is steadily winning its way in the affections of Irish and Irish-American readers. Its popularity is a proof of the esteem in which its energetic publisher is held.



STEPHEN J. RICHARDSON.

Rev. A. A. Lambing of the Pittsburg diocese, who is well known to the Catholic reading public of the United States, spoke recently about the dearth of vocations to the priesthood. It was the thirty-second anniversary of his ordination, and he said that during his pastorate at Wilkinsburg, covering half that time, not one young man had entered the ranks of the sacred ministry.

"There must be some reason for this regrettable state of affairs," continued Father Lambing, "and I think it is to be found in two conditions: Some are too worldly-minded to think of entering the ministry and others are deterred by their parents, who think they are too poor to afford giving their sons the necessary education. To the first class I will say, you do not appreciate the things of God sufficiently. You must think less of the world and set your affections on heavenly things.

"To those who think they are too poor to go ahead and study for the priesthood, and whose parents are unable to give them financial assistance, I will say, if you feel that you are called to the ministry do not allow poverty to deter you. If God has called you to his holy ministry, He will see you through. Consider my own case as an example. No one was poorer than I when I undertook to educate myself for the ministry. My father was a poor shoemaker, and about all that I ever received from him was a good, robust constitution. He was unable to help me through college and the seminary. But I went to work and earned my way through, and was eventually ordained as a priest. It was a hard struggle, but it is such a struggle that develops strength in a man, and it did me good. People talk about work breaking them down. Has work broken me down? I don't look ill, do I? And yet I have done a prodigious amount of work in my lifetime. I began work when I was but seven years old, and toiled for fifteen hours a day in an oil refinery. I have been working ever since."

Father Lambing has had a remarkable record. One day in thirty-two years, Dec. 16, 1900, is the only time he has been off duty.

He has never taken a vacation, never been absent two Sundays in succession from the church of which he had charge, and never been

MRS. MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO.

three days in succession without celebrating Mass except during the annual retreats.

Father Lambing is the author of the "Orphan's Friend," (1875); "The Sunday-School Teacher's Manual," (1877); "A History of the Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburg and Allegheny," (1880); "The Register of Fort Duquesne, Translated from the French with an Introductory Essay and Notes," (1885); "The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church," (1895); besides the following pamphlets: "Mixed Marriages; Their Origin and Their Results," (1873); "An Essay on Masses for the Dead, and the Motives for Having Them Celebrated," (1881); "A Series of Plain Sermons on Mixed Marriages," (1882); and a large number of papers on local history. Father Lambing is at present writing a necrology of the bishops and priests who have served on the mission in the dioceses of Pittsburg and Altoona, which is appearing in the Pittsburg Catholic, and will run for perhaps a year longer, if not more, and will then be issued in book form.

Michael Davitt, the intrepid Irish leader, is making a tour of the United States in behalf of his native land. Everywhere he is being met by immense audiences and tremendous enthusiasm. Mr. Davitt is presenting the cause of Ireland before the American people. He is doing so in ringing notes. "The fight for National liberty in Ireland," he cries, "will be continued while one Celt is left."

"Occasionally Irishmen quarrel among themselves as to the best method to secure freedom for Ireland," says Mr. Davitt. "Some are in favor of using physical force, some prefer moral force. I have tried both, and I do not apologize to any moral-force man for having tried to gain Irish liberty by force of arms. Nor have I any apology to make to any physical-force man for the work done by using moral suasion. I am often asked my advice as to the method which should be used, and I say, use physical force if possible; use moral force when useful; use all forces when justifiable. But what is the use of quarreling as to which method shall be used when one force is not within our reach. If Ireland was 6,000 miles away from England it would be a different question, but a country with 4,500,000 only three and a half hours sail from a country with 40,000,000, gives a problem which any man of common sense can see is impossible."

Mr. Davitt sounded another important keynote regarding Irish immigration, as follows:

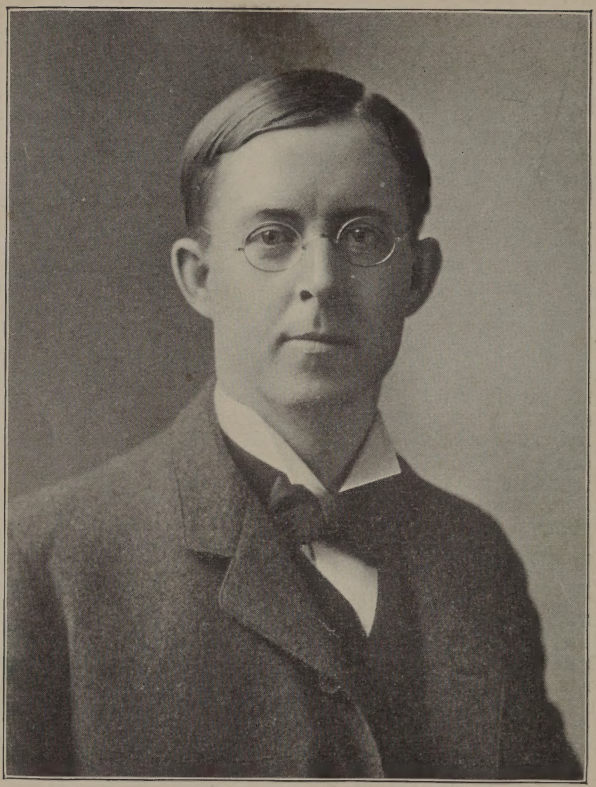
"You are now unconsciously and unintentionally doing all in your power to aid England by encouraging your friends in Ireland to come to this country. The conditions there are different now than when you were there. Let the young men and the young women remain there and build up the nation and make Ireland what it was, the best country in the world. The population of this country is increasing by leaps and bounds, and it will only be a short time when it will be so great that some of the descendants of Irishmen will be glad to go back to Ireland and take advantage of the opportunities which will be there."

Hon. John E. Redmond, head of the Irish Parliamentary party, has come to America to assist Mr. Davitt in this famous crusade.

It seems like an echo from a long way back to hear from Miss Mary Anderson, now Mme. de Navarro; but that distinguished lady has only just celebrated her forty-second birthday, and it has not been many years ago since she bade good-by to the stage. Mme. de Navarro, refusing many tempting offers to appear again before the footlights, is perfectly content to live with her two children, in a quiet farm house at Broadway, near Worcester, Eng. In the place there is nothing to show that Mme. de Navarro was once an actress, and she does not possess one of the many portraits that have been taken of her. A strict and devout Catholic, religious motives, no doubt account for the loss the stage has sustained. After her retirement, indeed, Cardinal Manning, whose prejudice against the stage was deep-rooted, told the actress that he had prayed for the event. On the other hand, Cardinal Newman was very tolerant, and in her memoirs Miss Mary Anderson tells an amusing story of him. In conversation once the Cardinal said: "So you go as far as a young lady can go? As far West, I mean," the cardinal added, on seeing the actress' look of frightened surprise. "I believe you were born in California."

"The youthful twinkle in his eye," says Mme. de Navarro, "was so irresistible that I laughed heartily."

John Augustine O'Shea is a young Boston musical composer who, having already achieved many honors in his chosen profession, nas now added new



JOHN A. O'SHEA.

laurels to his brow. He conducted a series of organ recitals at the Pan-American Exposition with such success that he was compelled by large and enthusiastic audiences to repeat his program for several days. These triumphs were won in the famous Pan-American Temple of Music.

Mr. O'Shea is a native of Massachusetts having been born at Milford a little over 30 years ago. He has conducted some of Boston's largest choruses, notably the famous John Boyle O'Reilly concert. He is a graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music and Boston University College of Music. He attained high honors in all his studies. Mr. O'Shea has been for many years organist and choir director of St. Joseph's church, Boston. His musical compositions are classed among the first rank by eminent critics.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Teresa gave a slight, involuntary start. Those words "a life of pain" recalled the past, with sharp vividness, and she knew that that past, which to one on emerging from the shadow of the irrevocable change, had appeared so unimportant, so unworthy the anguished attention she had given, was a part of that life back to which she had come. Illness may leave us with clearer vision, but it does not alter the conditions of our lives, does not make us a different being. Still, as before that dreadful night, St. John Worthington loved her; she now, as then, loved him; and between them Preston Martins stood today as he had stood yesterday. Illness had made his care-worn face wan and haggard, set deeper the tender gray eyes, and pressed farther in the lines about the patient mouth. All the brooding tenderness of the woman's heart yearned over him. But she crushed it down and held before her mind's eyes, the face of Preston Martins; but the thought sprang up and pressed upon her that she had come back to find the old conflict awaiting her.

It was then St. John Worthington turned from the beautiful world the open window showed to him, and looking on her white face, asked softly, "Teresa, is my future to suffer the pain of my past?"

Weak, her mind still confused, she could frame no reply to ward off the words which she knew must follow. A rare light came into his eyes, a smile threw its radiance over the lined face, as he leaned toward her and took her hands. She feebly tried to withdraw them, but he clasped them the closer, and drawing her toward him whispered, "Teresa, I love you, as I thought never again to love a woman! I missed happiness once, Love, shall I miss it again?"

His arm was circling her fragile figure, when summoning all her strength of soul, she tore herself from his clasp, and rising to her feet, cried, "Yes—yes—I am going to marry Preston Martins."

He staggered to his feet, but in the next instant was holding Teresa's arm as he assisted her back to her chair. She sat before him, very white, the anguish of unshed tears in her eyes, the quivering of suppressed sobs on her face. Then, almost sternly, he broke out:

"Teresa, what have you done?" for he heard again the piteous confession before she had fallen across his seemingly lifeless body.

"My duty." She gasped out the words. He leaned against the window sill to support his enfeebled frame, and pondered upon her answer.

"I do not understand," he said at last. "Will you explain?"

"I cannot," she said. There are some negatives that throw an inner illumination upon the mind. Such was the effect of Teresa's answer upon St. John Worthington.

"Teresa, has he—the father—not the honorable son! employed his serpent's guile upon your young mind,

blinding it to the real and the true, perplexing your idea of right and wrong? Was his the hand that pointed out this duty to you?"

She made no answer beyond bowing her head upon her hands.

"It is so! Then, I tell you and beg you to heed my words, you are not doing the right, but the wrong, in following his counsel. What his purpose is I cannot tell, but I know that it is an evil one, for the man's entire life rests upon what is evil. He never works but for his own ends. I ask you, Teresa, to pause before you sacrifice your young life and all my future."

A half-sob came from the bowed figure, but no words; and he continued.

"If you loved him, I should be silent. I would turn to my lonely way again, with blessings for the beloved one. But I cannot remain silent when I see you preparing a life of wretchedness for yourself at that creature's bidding, for the accomplishment of one of his own selfish purposes. He has deceived you by his sophistry as he has deceived many another. Your duty to him? You owe him none! Do you owe no duty to me, Teresa?"

As over her poured his words, she saw again the piazza of the hotel at White Sulphur, heard George Martins' words, and her own solemn promise. She lifted her face.

"Did we come back from under the wings of death with only our physical eyes made clear?" she asked, and her voice was calm, her tones even. "Were the soul's left dim? I believe not, for as I walked in that darkness, I had flashlike visions of Truth, the truth of life and its purpose. I saw that we are not our own, but God's, and those creatures of God whose need is greatest. The law of giving and receiving is ordained to work as harmoniously in the animate as in the inanimate world. God is the great foundation stone of this beautiful temple of the human, and we the sand or stone, great pillars or fluted ornament, as He ordains; but all assisting and depending upon each other. And sacrifice, even on an unworthy altar, is never lost. I would have been glad to go away from this life. It is one of pain, and I love not pain. God willed that I should return to do the work which I was so willing to let slip from my hands. You will not urge me from it? You will not make the pain greater, the conflict harder?"

Was there ever such a confession of love! Was there ever a more hopeless situation, because of poor human interpretation of Divine purpose! But the bravery of the young soul appealed to his chivalrous manhood. It was uncalled for, her zeal was misdirected, the sacrifice of her young life and the happiness of both was unavailing; yet not the less did he revere her for her heroism. He might not turn her aside from her purpose, except by undeceiving the man to whom she, at his father's bidding, had pledged herself; and from such a course all his manhood shrank. He turned again toward the window, but the beauty of the earth had no dispelling influence on his misery. He sighed, the old expression of his unhappiness rising familiarly from his heart. A leaf fell to the ground from one of the trees in the garden. It already showed the yellow of autumn, and he remembered that in a little while all on which he now gazed would drop as that early

decayed leaf, and only the memory of its loveliness would remain, a memory which would perish when the next season came with its charms. So was it with life, his and hers. In a little while they would again enter Death's court, and this time pass through the door—what matter then if life here fared well with them or ill? Sacrifice is not lost. It either brings its reward here or elsewhere, or otherwise the plan would not be flawless, and who will dare to impute imperfection to the Creator! 'Bear, and help thy brother bear, during thy little day on earth, O man! Soon you and he will lay your separate and common burdens on the bosom of God, even as I, after my brief day, rest on the lap of earth.' Thus the early fallen leaf spoke to St. John Worthington, as he turned from the window.

"I do not know that you are right, little one," he said to Teresa. "I do not know that it is expected of us to mar our own happiness and the happiness of another, even though we thereby bring help and succor to a third. I do know, though, that He will unravel the threads which our poor fingers twisted, make fair the pattern which we destroy in our poor human effort to fashion after what we believe was His design. We can trust Him to do this for us, and we can learn to bide His time."

He crossed to her chair, paused, laid his hand upon her head, then, with the old weariness in his face, the old pain in his eyes, he turned and walked slowly from the room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRAPPER'S STORY.

The days crept on, bringing nearer that one which was to prove whether the people of Kentucky wished to be governed by the policy George Martins represented or the one St. John Worthington advocated. The scales seemed to dip evenly, for as soon as he was able to do so, Mr. Worthington had written a strong letter to the press, contradicting the impression which the people had naturally accepted, and which unprincipled partisanship had made every effort to heighten, that he was the victim of a political conspiracy; and when Teresa recovered, her simple statement of the facts of the case confirmed his words.

The abrupt departure of the Spaniard on the verge of capture had excited strong suspicions, though the Negro porter declared that no one had visited his rooms during the night. He was gone, however, and the sheriff and his deputies started in pursuit of the stage. They came upon it on the outskirts of Paris, and when the surprised driver drew up at the command of the Lexington officers and looked down into the stage coach he saw that Senor Martinez was gone. There had been no other passengers that morning, so where or when the wily gentleman had stepped out of the slow-going conveyance, the man could not say. He was permitted to continue his way, while the pursuers dispersed to search for the lost criminal. But it was unavailing, and though the story of the escape excited the country, making every man a detective, nothing was seen of Senor Martinez.

One evening toward the close of the week which had brought St. John Worthington back to his office, a man, attired in the now unfamiliar garb of the trapper, entered and timidly inquired for Mr. Worthington.

"I am the man," said Mr. Worthington, gazing with pleasant eyes upon the stranger. The man's face was covered with beard, his hair was long and unkempt; he looked like one who, for years, had not held intercourse with his fellow creatures. Even his voice seemed to have an unused ring, and his words, at first, came slowly and with marked unusualness.

"St. John Worthington," he began, "I have come a great distance to see you. I have seen you before this day, but you have forgotten me."

"Pardon me, sir, but I fear that you are mistaken. I never forget a face, and yours is the face of a stranger."

"St. John Worthington, we have met before now. It was a peculiar meeting—a sad and sorrowful meeting. There were many others in the assembly besides ourselves. You were a new-comer to this State at that time, and I was one, who, having to give over my place to men like you, was leaving it. Now do you remember?"

Worthington passed his hand across his eyes for he saw a crowd of men in a clearing, who were looking toward the solitary figure of a trapper, standing, with hand pointed toward a dark speck on the blue of the morning sky.

"Yes, I remember. There was a backwoodsman with us that morning. It was he who found her body."

"Yes," replied the man, "and you found something too. You found a purse which fell from the poor woman's dress. You knew whose purse it was, and yet you spoke no word. Why did you act thus?"

"Sir!" demanded St. John Worthington, half haughtily.

"Answer me in truth, St. John Worthington! I have a story for your ears. I have come a great distance to tell it; but I must return with it untold, if I find that you will not deal frankly with me. You said no word against the man to whom the purse belonged; was it because you were not sorry for the poor woman?"

"I would have given my life to save hers!"

"When you found his purse, fallen from her dress, did it not seem strange to you? Did you not ask yourself why this should be?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Worthington, impressed by his catechist.

"Did you not begin to suspect that there had been foul play, and that that purse might have been left there as a witness against it?"

"I did."

"Then, man, why did you remain silent?"

"Yes! Why? Why?" cried St. John Worthington, not to his visitor but to himself. "I cannot say," he then went on, unless I feared that my suspicions might be the workings of a half-crazed mind. When I grew calmer, and began to find reasons for my suspicions Gerald Martins was dead and his child was secreted from friend or foe."

"And you believe that her death was a part of a well-laid plot that miscarried in its execution?" asked the man.

"I believe such to be a fact."

"And if that fact could be conclusively proven, and you were asked to avenge the wrong done the innocent, dead and living, would you do so in spite of personal considerations or private affairs?"

"I would not," said St. John Worthington, decisively. "Nothing is to be

gained by such a course at this late day. The dead do not want vengeance; there are no living to be justified."

"But there is one living to be both justified and avenged!" exclaimed the trapper. "I have a strange story to tell you, St. John Worthington. I am come from a distance and I shall take neither rest nor refreshments until I have delivered it to you. Some weeks ago, there came to my dwelling in the mountains of Tennessee, a stranger—a gentleman, he appeared and of foreign birth. He reminded me of the Spaniards I had met on the opposite shore of the Mississippi. He was weak and worn by the hardships of his journey through the forests, and was half-famished by reason of his long fast from food. I gave him the best that my poor cabin provided and offered him my bed to sleep upon. In the morning he was sick. I know the symptoms of fever too well not to see that instead of a guest I had received a patient. I ministered to him, strove to save his life, but all my efforts were unavailing. That night, during which he died, he told me his story. He was a half-breed, the son of an Indian mother and white father. That father was George Martins." Unnoting the violent start which his listener gave as he heard that name, the story teller went on: "The father deserted the mother and went to Lexington and married there. The son, then a youth, followed him, after the death of his mother. He found him, but unhappy because of his poverty. He was ambitious to shine in the world, but sought to do this on his own merits, not rise on the step-ladder of his wife's name and position. The boy asked to be recognized as his son. The father mocked him and bade him to buy that recognition with gold. He pointed out his cousin Gerald's great tract of land and told the boy that for the gift of such wealth, he would acknowledge him as his offspring. Murder was nothing to the redman, but the whiteman said 'no, carry off wife and child to your people and keep them there.' That was difficult to do. Finally the Indian youth secured the mother by telling her that her husband had been killed by the falling of a tree. As he was leading her away from the cabin, they heard the husband singing on his way home. She started to run. He caught her. In her blind fear, and struggle to escape, she dragged the gold ring from his nose. Pain, and the possibility of failure to execute his father's command maddened him. He killed her. Then he carried her to the tree and, with Indian cunning, placed in the folds of her dress the purse which had been given him by his father as a sign of their compact. Then he fled to the Indians of the north.

"Gerald Martins' suspicions must have been awakened, for, as you know, he never again sought the society of his cousin, and when he went to the war, he hid his child. At the battle of Raisen, he encountered the half-breed, who had joined with the British forces. By the unhealed wound in his nose he recognized him as the murderer of his wife. Gerald Martins had written out certain suspicions against his cousin, with his will, and the place of his child's concealment. On the back of this document, he compelled the Indian, whom he caught, to write his confession. It

was written with the blood of dead Kentuckians. But the Indian took advantage of a moment's inattention and shot Martins, wounding him. He was prevented from stealing the paper by the appearance of a British officer who carried his wounded enemy to a hut in the village. During the massacre that night, however, he found Martins and got possession of the dead man's will and his own confession. He had been taught by his white father and knew that the paper was most valuable. He hated his father and resolved to avenge the wrong done to his mother and to himself by that parent. He went to Canada and entered a Catholic college and became a scholar. He held positions of importance afterwards in New York and Washington, and having made some money, he went to Cuba, where he invested it, receiving rich returns. But he never parted with the document nor failed in his determination to wring recognition from his father by the knowledge he possessed, or ruin him for revenge. A short time ago, he came to Lexington, in the character of a Cuban gentleman travelling for pleasure. George Martins knew that he was ruined unless he yielded to this man's demand for recognition as his son. But he refused to do so. He would do anything for him but that; and the son demanded that or nothing. It was at his father's house, where he was for one night a guest, that he met a young girl and his love for her was his undoing. He did not know whom he struck, when he thrust his knife into your side, but he bade me to tell you that he had no intention to kill you. If he had you would not be here to hear my story, for his mother's people know how to slay at the first stroke. The illness of the girl, whom he loved above all things, and other circumstances, unhinged his mind; and when one morning George Martins came with the intelligence that he was suspected of attempting to assassinate you, that when arrested, as he would soon be, he might fall a victim to the fury of a mob, that he would stand his jailer until the appearance of the sheriff—but that he might save his life by giving up the document, then he yielded. He made his escape, however, only to die in my poor hut from weakness and hunger. But he charged me to come to you and tell you his story, tell you that to you Gerald Martins left his property in trust for his daughter, whose guardian he made you."

Worthington lifted his head, a glad light on his face, for this confidence Amy Martins' husband had reposed in him was like a balm to his sore heart. The man went on:

"And he calls upon you, with Gerald Martins, to strike down that man, the destroyer of hearts. Gerald Martins asked you to serve him in his dead wife's name; the half-breed asked you to do likewise in his dead mother's name—both brought to death by that fiend."

"My friend," said Mr. Worthington, "while your story confirms all my worst suspicions, I have no proof."

"There is ample proof," said the man quietly.

"But of what avail will it be? That man has a wife whom I honor as one of the best women—shall I bring her to the grave in sorrow by revealing the criminal character of the husband

she loves? They have a son, than whom none nobler, braver, truer lives in this country—shall I throw a blight on his young life by giving him the knowledge of his father's sins? No. Mercy for the living—the dead do not require our justice."

"But the living demand justice, the wronged, innocent living!" said the other.

"Who is the living that demands justice because of the wrong done to Gerald Martins?" asked St. John, sadly, thinking of the three graves in the little burial ground.

"Gerald Martins' daughter," replied he.

"She is dead," he said softly.

"She is not dead!" contradicted the strange man. "When George Martins could not discover her, he bought a poor woman's dead child and buried her as Amy Martins."

"Great God!"

"But Gerald Martins' daughter," went on the other, unheeding the interruption, "heir to all George Martins' wealth, is she whom George Martins' son is going to marry—Teresa Martinez."

St. John Worthington sprang to his feet.

"Man! what are you saying?" he cried. "Proof! proof of your words!"

"I have the proof, St. John Worthington, of every word I have uttered. It is here!" and he laid his hand on the breast of his old coat. "But I am tired and hungry. I must have rest and refreshment. Afterwards—afterwards!" and a peculiar smile finished the sentence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FORCED TO ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The next morning the country was astounded by the announcement of the withdrawal of St. John Worthington from the gubernatorial race. He pleaded the precarious state of his health, but when pressed further for the real motive of his action, acknowledged that there was another, a private one, but so grave, so powerful, that it forced his withdrawal. When George Martins heard of the decision of his rival, he smiled the smile of the victor. But why had he withdrawn? He was not the only person in the white house who was mentally asking that question. Teresa's suddenly drooped head and paled face, as Mr. Martins made the announcement at dinner, her after dejection and the anguished expression in her dark eyes, indicated the fear and misery that question gave; while Preston's clouded brow and unusual silence, heralded the fact that it was giving him inward perturbation. The only one unaffected was Mrs. Martins. She accepted the explanation which St. John Worthington had given, and respected, even in her thoughts the second which he did not feel at liberty to disclose.

The day went out in rain, more resembling an autumn than summer rain in its chill drizzle and heavy dampness. It wrapped the landscape in a gray shroud and never, Preston Martins thought, as he went up the sweeping drive with his father, had the white house looked so cheerless, so strangely dark and damp. From the graveyard on the western lawn came the heavy odor of wet mould and dripping ivy, and it appeared to greet his sensitive nostrils as he opened the heavy hall

door. The atmosphere of the house corresponded with the grayishness and melancholy without. A chill struck across his heart as he entered the deserted parlor, with the whitish face of the rain peering through the long, low windows, and the shadows of approaching night cowering in the corners. "Let a darksome whirlwind seize upon that night, let it not be counted in the days of the year, nor remembered in the months." Job's words, bewailing the time of his birth, recurred to him unexpectedly; and he, seldom a victim to the fear of the Unknown, fled from the room. When he met the family at the supper table and found his own indefinable depression on them, vague restlessness gave way to foreboding.

"I have had a fire made in my little sitting-room," said Mrs. Martins, at the conclusion of supper, "we can spend a cozy evening there. Have brought down 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' for you to read to us, Preston," she added, as they settled themselves on the sofa and low chairs, placed comfortably near to the fire, which crackled and flamed on the hearthstone. This room was Preston's favorite, for it was here that he and his mother had spent many of the sweet communing hours of infancy and childhood. Here his cradle used to stand at her side, while she read or worked at her embroidery. Here he had played with his toys at her feet; here learned his first lesson at her knee. The room opened off the library, where his father sat when at home, in the company of his books or his friends and opened upon a little square four-pillared portico, over which morning-glories climbed in summer and which sheltered the chirping snow-birds in winter. Its windows also gave him a view of the graveyard where Amy slept under her veil of lilies of the valley or covering of snow. Yes, this room was his sanctuary and as he pushed the sofa closer to the hearthstone and arranged the pillows for Teresa, he felt a tremulous joy sweep over his soul because she was here.

"A wet evening has its compensations after all," remarked George Martins, as he took his arm-chair, and glanced over the group; but even as he spoke, the door connecting the room with the library was opened by a servant who said:

"Mistah Worthington an anothah gentlem'n to see yoh, Mistah Martins," then retired, drawing the door after him. St. John Worthington! George Martins sprang to his feet; the book he was lifting dropped from Preston's hand; Teresa started from her place among the pillows, drawing her shawl about her, with a convulsive grasp. The only one undisturbed by the announcement was Mrs. Martins, and surprise began to grow on her face, as she noted the alarm which had suddenly overtaken the others. Like a man in a dream, George Martins stood, looking over the little group before the hearthstone, and the scene burned itself in on his brain; then he turned and walked slowly to the library door. The touch of the knob recalled his scattered senses and when he entered the library,—by the table stood St. John Worthington and the trapper, hats in hand,—he was himself again, cold, collected, ironical. He greeted Mr. Worthington, with formal politeness, and bowed distantly to the stranger, who instead of returning the recognition, folded his arms, and from

his place at the foot of the table fixed his inscrutable glance upon the man he was there to accuse. Mr. Worthington laid down his hat and rested his thin, white hands upon the back of one of the carved chairs. He was still weak and the day had been a trying one for him, leaving him ill-able to cope with the trial which the evening must bring.

"The exigencies of the situation, Mr. Martins, are my excuse for disturbing you at this hour."

Mr. Martins bowed coldly to the words but made no reply; and the speaker added:

"It is necessary tomorrow that the Whigs, as the Democrats also will do, choose a new leader. We cannot take the chance of seeing the government of the sovran State of Kentucky entrusted to the hands of the man with whom I could not continue to contest"—

"A murderer, a liar, and a thief!"

The voice of the man, standing at the foot of the table, broke in as St. John Worthington made a brief pause; and the epithets seemed to twist through the air like the forked tongues of lightning. Beads of cold sweat broke over the brow of George Martins, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He gasped for breath. For a moment he thought he must drop at the feet of his accuser. But he recovered from that moment's terror, and again got himself under control. The game was up to him at last but he could play it out successfully for the one card which would have won it from him was, fortunately for him, missing.

"Mr. Worthington," he demanded, haughtily turning his eyes from the uncouth figure at the foot of the table to his late opponent, "by what right do you bring a person like this into my house to insult me? I hold you, sir, answerable for his language."

"By the right of justice, long delayed," said Mr. Worthington, answering the question. "And not only am I willing and ready to hold myself answerable for his words, but I repeat them, and declare here, in the face of high Heaven, that you are guilty of the crimes with which he accuses you!"

"Then, sir, you are a liar!"

George Martins' voice was like steel as he spoke, and not a quiver of excitement or anger played on his fine handsome face. The blood mounted to St. John Worthington's pale brow, but before he could unclose his lips to speak the hot words which his heart sent up, the man at the foot of the table interjected,

"Be cautious, George Martins!"

"Who the devil are you that dare thus to address me?" His tones were angry now and fire was kindling in his eyes, as he turned them toward the stranger.

"Look upon me, George Martins, look carefully, closely, and think where you have seen me!"

There was a certain fibre in the voice which fell familiarly on George Martins' ear, but conditions and appearances belied the thought which it suggested.

"I have never seen you until now," he returned coolly.

"Look upon me as divested of this long beard and matted hair, clad in other attire; then, would you not recognize me?"

"I am not gifted with clairvoyant powers," he returned, even more coolly, and the man laughed a biting

laugh. Here Mr. Worthington said:

"Mr. Martins, though in your own soul, you know that you causelessly insulted me, I will not ask you to recall your words, until I have told you that I know all:—know that you are accessory to, if, indeed, not the instigator of the murder of Gerald Martins' wife, that you lied to the world and buried the bought body of a stranger as Gerald Martins' child, and robbed that child of her inheritance, and continued to withhold it from her when she came here as Teresa Martinez. I know that your Indian son did the bloody work for you. I know that Gerald Martins encountered him on the hills at Raisen and that the packet containing that unhappy man's last will and testament, with the Indian boy's confession, was stolen by the latter from your dead cousin's pocket. I know the story of your half-breed son from Raisen's night of horror, until he appeared here a few weeks ago to demand the recognition you promised him or give you its alternative exposure, with the penalty the guilty must pay. I know how his infatuation for Miss Martinez turned his thoughts from revenge, and I also know that his was the hand which brought me to a bed of suffering. I ask you now to withdraw your words," finished Mr. Worthington.

That baffling smile which had hardened the heart of his son a few mornings ago, was again flickering across the face of George Martins.

"I withdraw them, Mr. Worthington," he said, and his tones were as hateful and baffling as his smile. Mr. Worthington bowed. "I was puzzled," went on Mr. Martins. "on hearing this morning of your unaccountable withdrawal from the electional contest, this evening's visit fully explains it."

Mr. Worthington looked somewhat perplexed. He was a man, whose hand, cautious or bold, was always held above the board; but he who stood at the foot of the table, understood Mr. Martins' move and the light of a smile fell for an instant over his face. Worthington's perplexity grew to suspicion and he remained silent before the smiling George Martins. But the interested spectator of this human game knew the subtlety of one player, saw the embarrassment which it was causing the other; so he said:

"His withdrawal explains his visit, George Martins, and it has truth for its cause, not the imaginings of a mind weakened by sickness. Because you destroyed the paper which the Indian son gave you, do not think all proof is wanting."

The smile now faded from Martins' face, and as if the man had not spoken, he stood immovable and cold by the table. There was something in the attitude, which, with chilling politeness, asked why the interview was being thus prolonged. This, with the explanation of Mr. Martins' words, thus shadowed out by the man, had a hardening effect on St. John Worthington.

"Mr. Martins," he said, "you should know me too well to think that I would venture to charge a man with such crimes if I had not strong proof to support my words. I have that proof, sir!" And as he spoke he drew from his pocket a time-discolored document and laid it upon the table, before George Martins. The light from the tall wax candles fell upon its page covered with writing traced in a bold, firm hand. His eyes caught the opening words—Great God! it was the identical paper he had burned on his office

hearthstone! St. John Worthington turned the page and pointed a long, white finger to Gerald Martins' name.

"It is a forgery!" cried George Martins. So intense was the moment for both men, they did not notice that the third had dropped his hat and was slipping around the table. As the words were spoken, he ran his hand across its blaise-covered surface and, with lightning rapidity and dexterity, snatched the paper from St. John Worthington's fingers and George Martins's eyes; then stepped back to his place and both saw that where he laid it was guarded by two pistols. Then he looked at Worthington defiantly, but as his gaze passed to George Martins, it grew black with the fury of a demon.

"No! No! You burned the forgery, George Martins!" and he laughed loud and long. The sound of his laughter pierced the door and it made Teresa half spring to her feet. Surely no two men could utter such a demoniacal expression of cruel merriment!

"While you thought your neatly trapped victim was choosing the 'to be' without his prospect for revenge, or the possible 'not to be' with it, he was instead deliberately copying that document. It was a true copy except that instead of the dead Kentuckian's blood, his own supplied the ink with which the confession was traced. The flame of the candle gave his paper the yellow of time and more quickly than years. I left you the lighted candle as I left you the pearl-ornamented purse, but you are not shrewd. You could not even pierce this disguise! I beg your pardon, Mr. Worthington, for deceiving you. But I knew that I should have a better chance to secure your attention as the old frontiersman who told me he was a witness to the finding of Amy Martins' body, than as Señor Martinez. Now, gentlemen," he continued, laying his hand upon each of the weapons, "I hold here a dozen lives, and I have a dozen more here," and he placed his hands on his side pockets, "and I shall spend the last one in the defense of this document. I demand my rights, if they are denied to me I shall mete out justice to the letter. I warn you that I am a desperate man. So do not attempt to harm or thwart me."

The face of St. John Worthington paled for a moment, as a vision flashed before him of the horror that night might be called upon to witness, but afterwards he crossed his hands on the back of the chair and waited sustained by the consciousness that in coming there he had but fulfilled a sacred duty. The smile had frozen on George Martins' face, and it gave it a fearful, unnatural expression. His arms hung by his side, his feet were rooted to the spot, the mind had lost its activity, its power of quick shifting and ever readiness to abandon a failing position to take another more defensible. He seemed scarcely to breathe.

"I told you in that parting moment that we would meet again, George Martins. The hour has come, even sooner than I expected. Here where we two stood that night some weeks ago, we again stand. The demand I made of you then I make now. Accede to it and all will even yet be well. Refuse it, and everything is lost—wealth, home, honor, wife, son. I might have spared you something then; I will spare you nothing now. Will you acknowledge that the Indian woman whose heart you broke, was your wife, according to Indian rite and

law, and receive me, her child and yours, as your son?"

The words recalled George Martins from a paralysis which seemed to be bodily as well as mental. He drew himself up, folded his arms, and slightly threw back his head. Haughtiness was on the curl of his lip and pride in the fire of his small dark eyes.

"I have never had another wife than the lady who bears my name. Hence, I cannot acknowledge the offspring of an Indian woman as my son."

His tones were touched with the reserve that had become a second nature, slow and unruffled.

Anger would not have moved his hearer: defiance would have made him a mocker; he would have sneered at a cry for mercy and promptly turned aside an attempt at evasion. But down in the deepest depths of his heart there lived a spark of the half-savage child's abundant love for his superior handsome father; a love which the man had not disregarded, which had seemed dear to him, as they sat before the low tent door or roamed through the forest wilds. To this poor weak remnant of that once deep devotion, that father's proud front in the very teeth of overwhelming disaster, made swift, sweet appeal.

"Listen to me, my father!" he cried, "Listen to me!" and unconsciously he held out his clasped hands across the documents and weapons. "I ask not my portion of your wealth. I ask not for my place in your home. I ask not that the world shall receive me as your first-born. I ask not even for my child's share of your parental affection. I ask but for your recognition. But go with me to yonder door and say to those three in that little room, 'This man's mother married me according to the laws of her country and the religion of her people. He is our son,' and I shall give to you this paper and never again shall my shadow cross your way. I shall leave you to the enjoyment of the wealth I brought you and to the honors which it helped you to secure. I leave you to the love of wife, and son, and—and—the daughter's affection of her for whom my heart is breaking. Do not refuse for your own sake!"

If George Martins had spoken his thought, he would have cried out, "What are wealth and honor and position, affection of son and daughter, compared with her love and reverence, which are the price I must pay to secure the others? She will love me in poverty and dishonor, and with her love, I can endure these." Instead, he answered:

"You have no claim upon me calling for recognition."

The son's hands fell back upon the table. Yet that awakened affection made another weaker appeal to him. Again he leaned toward his father, his dark impelling eyes fastened almost fiercely on the pair, so like them, and cried, a quiver of pain running down his voice:

"I will concede all, but one little thing! Oh! my mother must have loved you well that there is still affection for you in my heart pleading for mercy for you after all your cruelties to me! Listen, my father! I will give up all, ask for nothing in return, for your acknowledgment of my claims upon you before this one man, with his solemn promise of eternal secrecy. Give me this poor long-withheld right for your own sake and theirs—your loved ones!"

Acknowledge before St. John Worthington that Constance Preston had been deceived and by him! That his proud wife filled a barbarian woman's place! That her son and this man, stained with every crime, had a common claim upon his fatherhood?

"You are not my son!" The voice was cold, cruel and relentless. It struck the hearer like the lash of a whip. He straightened himself and laid his hands again upon his weapons.

"Very well. You will not give me justice. I will give it to others—both living and dead. I am now going into that room and to your wife and son and Gerald Martins' daughter, I will read the story of our common crime. I shall go armed, and if you or Worthington attempt to have me taken prisoner before I shall have finished, those three persons shall be killed. I hate your son and wife so well I can kill them with pleasure; and since I may not live with Teresa, the next joy is to die with her."

"You shall not enter that room while I live!" said George Martins. "I shall guard my home with my life."

"You must not attempt that!" cried Worthington threateningly, "Those three are innocent, they demand mercy."

"So was Amy Martins innocent. What mercy did he show her? Can you forget that long night, St. John Worthington, when you and that bereaved husband walked those dreary woods seeking for her whom you both loved? Remember that he who brought to you that awful sorrow, this man here, walked that night by your side, bewailing your loss, and without a pang of regret looked next morning upon her dead face."

"It will not right dead Amy's wrong to press sorrow into another woman's soul," said he. "I came here in the cause of the living, not of the dead. The ruler of this community must be worthy of his position, but as I could not take the advantage of him which my knowledge of his crime gave me, I resigned my own prospects and ambition for the sake of my countrymen. I also came to demand full justice for Teresa Martinez. But if I had known you to be other than one disinterested like myself I should not have come. Mercy and justice for the living; the dead want nothing from our hands. So," and he moved from his place to the side of the man whom he had cause to hate, "I take my stand with George Martins to defend the innocent living."

The Indian looked upon them with something like amusement.

"I do not wish to harm you," he said to St. John, but I repeat my warning: I am a desperate man. Do not push me too far, or I shall not be answerable for what follows. I am fully resolved that those three in that room shall hear the story of this man's sin. I gave him the opportunity to save himself and them by yielding to me my simple right. You heard his refusal. Now when a man has waited and worked for fully fifteen years, be assured that he will not let a thing so weak as the will of two men stand between him and victory. He says that I shall not enter that room while he lives. Sooner than shed his blood I will waive my right, if you will go there and tell them my story in my stead."

"I will not do it!" replied St. John Worthington.

"Then I shall call that man's wife, their son, and the girl they wronged to come here. They will come fast

enough if I clip the handle off that vase yonder. By the God that made us, they shall hear my words tonight; or they shall hear no other man's ever! This is your choice, George Martins! Shall Worthington tell them quietly, according to the white man's way, and then bring them here to read the confirmation of his words on this paper; or shall they be brought here to hear it from my lips?"

The great control he had exercised over himself was with him now; or perhaps there was something of truth in the legendary foundation of his family. Certain it is that never in his palmiest days were George Martins' manners more courtly, his appearance more dignified, his voice freer from emotion, than now in this bitter hour of downfall, when he turned to his ancient foe and said:

"Mr. Worthington, my sad necessity forces me to request you to accept and fulfill this commission, which I know is most repulsive to a gentleman."

The pity of a proud man's proud acceptance of his fate entered Worthington's soul and overmastered his natural antipathy toward George Martins. But he hesitated, for he knew that Preston Martins awaited him in that room. He recalled their walk through the streets of Lexington; the mutual friendship to which that hour had given birth and remembered that he was his successful rival. He lifted his sad dark gray eyes to the father and said,

"I cannot—cannot meet your son!"

"It is less hard for you to meet him there, than for us to see Mrs. Martins meet this creature here! In the name of our common manhood, go!"

St. John Worthington bowed his head and like one who goes to hear his death-warrant, he crossed the room to the doorway. Reaching it, he paused and looked back at that silent figure at the foot of the table; but there was no reprieving of the decree from those stern set lips. He opened the door and stepped into the little room where Preston Martins was sitting, reading to his mother and Teresa.

Dead silence reigned in the library between the two men, but there came to them the low murmur of St. John Worthington's voice. Once a muffled sob fell on their ears—a woman's sob; later, a half-strangled cry—a man's cry of pain; then silence, save for the flow of the speaker's voice. This too ceased. When next it took up the story, it was hesitating, irregular, heavy with a pitying heart's emotion. It was then George Martins moved from the table toward a chair. This made him half-turn from the lynx-like eyes that never left his face. Under the shield his body thus gave, he slipped his hand into his breast-pocket. The act caught the eyes of the watcher, and he sprang toward him with a shriek. It was too late. Even as his voice rang out, George Martins' pistol was pressed against his own heart. A report—a moan—and he fell at the feet of his son. As that son dropped on his knees by the prostrate body, George Martins opened his eyes and hissed, between struggling breaths of wild pain,

"Your work! Parricide!"

At last he had given the long-withheld recognition of this man's claim upon his fatherhood! The four in the little room had rushed in, Preston in advance. He caught the words from his father's lips, and stopped short, his clinched hands driving the nails into the flesh. He turned quickly toward

his mother but the awful sight had deafened her ears to every sound, save the low moans of pain coming from those purple lips. She pressed her own to them and cried to those dull ears,

"George! George! my husband!"

He opened his eyes and looked upon her, then his glance passed slowly around the little group until it fell on the Indian son, half-crouched on the floor, his face buried in his hands. Did the sight of this son bowed in horror, perhaps grief, when the other stood with ghastly, white accusing face, appeal to him, or was it the memory of the long, long dead years when he played with him, a child in the lowly wigwam, call up his first parental love? Be that as it may, he half-lifted his head and gasped to St. John Worthington,

"He is innocent! I shot myself!" Then his head fell back on his wife's bosom. Teresa, who had stopped appalled at the doorway, now sped to the seemingly lifeless figure and falling beside it cried,

"Cousin George! Cousin George! Won't you see the priest? O don't, don't die unreconciled with God. Preston!" she called out in anguished tones, but Preston was gone, and the carriage which had brought St. John Worthington and the Indian son was hurrying fast as the horses could draw it to Lexington for the physician. When he roused the man of science he sought the priest's house, to whom he briefly stated the sad particulars of his father's attempted suicide. He did not know that his father would accept any spiritual ministration, but he asked the clergyman to accompany him, and in the next moment they were on their wild homeward drive.

On entering the house, Preston escorted the priest to the parlor, and sent a message to his mother, informing her of the clergyman's presence; then, he turned toward the library. It lay in the soft light cast by the tall wax candles, calm and still. There was not a trace of the terrible tragedy, for which it had been the stage. It was as he always remembered it, except that the tall-backed chair by the table was vacant, and the familiar face, with its winning smile, did not greet him on his entrance. Instead, on the opposite side, his head bowed on his hands, was St. John Worthington. He now rose and for a breathing space, the two men regarded each other silently; then, Mr. Worthington passed around the table with outstretched hand. Preston took the hand and wrung it, while a sound which was more a moan than a sob, broke from between his white lips. But after that moment, his calmness returned, and he said:

"The servants say that he is still alive. Is there any hope?"

"It is a bad wound. The doctor has come and is with him. He may have some hope for us."

There was a pause, then Preston asked,

"Where is—he?"

"He has gone," returned Worthington.

"You said something about a paper —my cousin Gerald's will—which he had all these years: did he carry it with him?"

"He did not."

"It was addressed to you, I believe, as guardian of Miss Martinez—my cousin Amy, I should say. Will you permit me to see it?" asked Preston.

"I cannot."

"Mr. Worthington, I insist upon seeing that paper," said Preston Martins.

"That paper no longer exists," answered St. John Worthington. "Miss Martinez burned it—burned it unread and at the peril of her life."

A profound silence followed the words; then Preston exclaimed,

"Destroyed her father's will! the only proof of her right to this property! And you—you let her do this!"

"I was powerless to prevent her," answered Mr. Worthington. "When the servants carried your father from this room, and she, and he, and I, were alone, she asked me for her father's will. I pointed toward where it was lying on the table, guarded by his pistols. As she moved toward the foot of the table, he, as if divining what would be its fate, sprang from his crouching position on the floor, and ran to the place also. She was before him. Her hands caught the paper, his, the weapons. He demanded the paper from her. His voice seemed to awaken all her woman's fury. He stood there with a pistol in each hand, one aimed at her, the other at me; but as if he were a child, instead of an enraged creature, more wild beast than man, she turned upon him the torrent of her righteous anger. He hesitated. I think that he was deliberating whether it were not better to kill us both and then turn the weapon upon himself. I spoke to him, told him that he had brought sorrow enough upon this lady and others of her name, in his effort to revenge himself upon one man. That revenge was his now, and I bade him not to add to his list of crimes the death of others. I begged him to go as she had told him to do, and leave us to our misery, misery of his bringing. 'I will not go,' he answered me, 'without that paper!' At his words, she laid the paper on her bosom and folding her shawl across it, said to him: 'You may take it from me when I am dead. Not before!' I knew I could gain nothing by my words, but time, which I hoped would bring me interruption and assistance. I turned to her and asked her to remember that that paper belonged neither to him nor to her. It was mine and I asked her to relinquish it to its proper owner. I assured her that I would guard it with my life, if necessary. She appeared then, for the first time, to realize the danger which was threatening us, for she turned to him and commanded him to put down his pistols. Her taunts of cowardice shamed him into lowering his weapons, and when she saw them lying on the table, she asked me what the paper contained. I told her that it was her father's last testament. It appointed me her guardian and told me that I should find her at Loretto convent under an assumed name. He directed that she should remain at that institution until she had reached womanhood. Also, if he should be killed in war, that I should bring home his remains and bury them by the side of his wife, and expressed the wish that their bodies should never be moved from that burial place, and if the property were ever parted with, the little cemetery should be reserved. She then asked me if her cousin George had seen the will. I told her that he had. She then wanted to know its value to her personally. I replied that besides her father's property, she was heir to her grandfather's estate in Virginia, and without this will she might have difficulty in proving her identity. Then she asked what was its value to him that he had kept it all these years and was so anxious to re-possess himself of it. I was not prepared to answer that

question, I said. She then turned upon me her beautiful eyes and said: 'Tell me this and I shall trouble you no further. Is there anything in this paper, written by my father, which would bring one pang of pain, however slight, to the heart of Mrs. Martins, or would grieve her son?' I said, 'There is.' I was looking at her as I spoke. The words had not fully passed my lips, when her place was vacant, as by me she sped like a flash of lightning toward the sitting room. With a yell, which brought every servant on the place to the library, he sprang to follow her. I grappled with him, but he dragged me forward. We both reached the door in time to see the white paper, lying in the heart of the flames. In the next instant they had caught the brittle sheets. There was a sharp, bright up-flaming. It threw a vivid crimson light on the hearthstone and the girl now kneeling before it. It faded, and the man fell back against my breast, with a piteous moan. The servants were hurrying in, as Teresa rose, and said to him, 'I have it now in my power to wreak upon you a daughter's justice against the murderer of her parents. But though you did not spare them, nor me, nor others I love, I will spare you. I forgive you freely and fully, as I hope to be forgiven. Now, in God's name, go and repent!' He was clinging to my arm like a child. I think he was weeping. I turned and walked with him between the rows of surprised servants to the hall door. Without a word, or a sign, he went down the steps and out into the night."

Preston Martins had stood throughout the recital without a movement, except that the hand resting on the back of his father's chair, trembled at times. A mist came before his eyes as Teresa's last question was repeated; but it soon cleared away and the eyes again looked upon the face of the speaker with their new tragic expression.

"And he is my father's son—my brother!" He spoke the words half aloud, as St. John Worthington's voice ceased. Then he asked, in clearer tones, "Do you know—did he ever say, who his mother was?"

"In the confession which your cousin made him write at Raisen, he stated that she was a Natchez Indian maiden," answered St. John Worthington, turning his eyes away, that he might not see Preston Martins suddenly droop his head, as he murmured, "O my mother!" But he soon lifted himself from that position and stood as he had stood throughout the recital, save that he had removed his hand from the tall back of his father's chair. He folded his arms and waited for Mr. Worthington to bring back his wandering glances. There was no defiance in his attitude; neither was there bitterly nerved resistance. It was but the natural expression of a proud, strong soul, which could bear honor without haughtiness, and shame without humiliation. As the eyes of the two men again met, Preston Martins said:

"Mr. Worthington, I can but dimly guess what occurred in this room before you came to us. Am I correct in thinking that you came at the request of my father—or the threat of—him?"

"At your father's request, and his threat," returned St. John, hesitatingly.

"Am I also correct in thinking that your words, telling us that the man whom we knew as Senor Martinez had returned, the self-admitted murderer

of Gerald Martins' wife, that he bore our cousin's will, stolen at the Raisen Massacre, and it showed that Miss Martinez, not the child we buried, is Amy Martins—that these words were but the introductory to a following story, which the shot prevented your relating?"

"Mr. Martins, I must ask you to question me no further," said St. John Worthington, and though his voice was natural, his companion noted the working of the keenly sensitive face.

"I am sorry, Mr. Worthington, that I cannot comply with your request. It is necessary, vitally necessary, that you answer my questions. The situation is painful to us both—may I urge you to release us from it by giving me that information, which, you cannot deny, is my right to possess. A man, sir, must see how he stands, before he can begin to fight."

"Preston Martins stands where his mother's son could not but stand—without blame and above reproach."

"You have answered my question," said Preston Martins, with his proud calmness. "Say to me now what a not altogether unfortunate circumstance—since it spared her,—prevented your saying to us. Tell me, St. John Worthington, what you would not tell Teresa:—what else did that paper contain?"

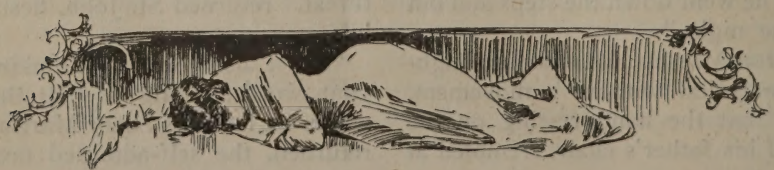
"My friend's happiness is as dear to me as my own happiness. One word of what that paper contained will never pass my lips!" and as St. John Worthington spoke, he folded his arms, and the sensitive face grew hard as stone.

"Worthington," cried Preston Martins, "you are the friend for whom my soul has ever yearned! And your friendship, like everything else, has come to me to be held but for a brief moment and then relinquished. Your refusal is more eloquent than many words. The suspicions I tried to hurl from me are by it confirmed beyond the possibility of a doubt. I know my father's sin! I know my father's shame! I know my father's crimes! And they are such that they thrust me, his son, beyond the pale of love and friendship and honor and all that the heart of man holds dear! This is God's decree as well as man's. And I accept it."

"I am not going to reason with you, nor even remain with you, Preston," returned Mr. Worthington. "I only say this. I am your friend and will not be cast off!"

"Will you indeed remain my friend?" cried he. "Then do this for me. Teach her to forget me. Make her, whom we so cruelly wronged, happy. Then you will have proven yourself to be second only to that Friend Who bids us remember that in our hour of woe He sticketh closer than a brother.

(To be continued.)



LITERARY CRITICS AND CRITICISMS.

BY MARY E. DESMOND.

A theme that has been so much discussed that it is in danger of being hackneyed is criticism. Matthew Arnold wrote much regarding literary criticism, Swinburne gave his views on the subject, Emerson discussed many phases of that topic, and that famous Irish orator and politician—Edmund Burke—wrote many spicy comments on critics and criticisms. Many other well-known writers of different periods could be quoted who have written much regarding criticism, and whose thoughts on this subject are very pertinent in this twentieth century of progress and criticism.

One of the tendencies of this reading age is the growth of a class of would-be critics who absorb the daily papers, devour all the sensational news of the day, and with a superficial knowledge of subjects of current interest, they assume the role of critics. Frequently such persons "hold forth" upon almost any subject with an attitude that implies that they are convinced of the wisdom of their utterances and are filled with pity for those who may not agree with the ideas their egotism has inspired.

It is not, however, on these self-opinionated demagogues that we wish to dwell. As a rule, their time of popularity is short, for their hearers are not fools, and they soon gauge such persons at their true worth. There is another specie of critic abroad in the land in all the glory of his own egotism—the captious literary critic. This many-sided personage may or may not have had a college training—such a training does not always eradicate egotism, but in some cases perversely fosters it—and he is convinced that his mind is so highly developed that he is capable of judging all efforts at literature, be they what they may.

First, let us consider what qualities a real critic should possess. According to the Century dictionary he is "A person skilled in judging of merit in some particular class of things, especially in literary and artistic work; one who is qualified to discern and distinguish excellence and faults, especially in literature and arts; one having the knowledge, ability and discernment to pass accurate judgment." The second definition is: "One given to censuring and inclined to find fault and to judge with severity."

Again, Johnson's Encyclopedia defines criticism as "The art of judging with propriety concerning any object or combination of objects. The elements of criticism depend on the principles of beauty and truth, which should be the final object of criticism. Thus historical criticism teaches us to distinguish the true from the false, or the probable from the improbable

in historical works. Literary criticism in a general sense has for its employment the investigation of the merits and demerits of design, style, or diction, according to the received standard of excellence in every language."

From these definitions it is evident that the aim of literary criticism should be to condemn falsehood and uphold truth, and also to judge the merits of literary style. Of what this literary style should consist many great minds have differed, yet all agree that honesty of purpose, based upon morality, must be the foundation of literature if it is to stand the test of time and the censure of honest critics. When there is not such a foundation, however learned an article or a book may be, or how well presented in high-sounding phrases which please the ear yet often corrupt the mind, it will not attain a long life and will not succeed in its object. False statements and erroneous philosophic ideas have often appeared clothed in fine language, but invariably the error has been detected by thinking men, who may be termed the true critics, and such literature has found the fate it deserved.

While we may disagree with many of Matthew Arnold's views regarding our country and its customs as seen through English eyes, we must admit the truth of his ideas regarding critics and criticisms. In his essays he writes: "I hold the critical power very low, infinitely lower than the inventive. If time given to criticising the writings of others were given to original composition, of whatever kind it might be, it would be much better employed. It would make the critic find out sooner or later his own level, and it would do less mischief. A false or stupid criticism may do much harm to the minds of others"; and, he adds: "My own definition of criticism is; a disinterested effort to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

Regarding the critics who are described in the second definition given in the Century dictionary, we quote Swinburne's words: "Criticism without accurate knowledge of the thing criticised can have no value"; and Dryden says: "By criticism as it was first instituted by Aristotle was meant a standard of judging well; and I must take leave to tell them that they wholly mistake the nature of criticism who think its business is principally to find fault."

This century of enlightenment, with all its facilities for gleaning knowledge on every conceivable subject on account of the improved methods in printing, is nevertheless an age of thoughtless and pernicious criticism. Many whose knowledge is such that they are in no way qualified as critics, and others who have an exaggerated idea of their education or importance, attack any article or book which does not agree with their pre-conceived ideas, and straightway they hurl at it their half-thought-out, egotistical criticisms. After such treatment, apparently both author and production are torn to tatters by the self-appointed and self-opinionated critic and crushed to earth; but, like truth, invariably they soon rise again and demonstrate that the error lay wholly in the tirade of the unjust critic.

Books by Catholic authors come in for a large share of this captious

criticism, coming principally, we much regret to state, from Catholics. In the face of the fact that many Catholic authors have earned a wide reputation for the excellence of their productions, it is passing strange that many well-to-do Catholics whose libraries are stocked with the works of Protestant writers, (many of them mediocre) find no room for the writings of a score of well-known Catholic authors whose books would grace and add a lustre and tone to the shelves of their libraries. It is often left to those of another religion to admire and appreciate the culture of Catholic literature. The writer, not long ago, visited a Protestant institution in a Massachusetts city, and was surprised to see, in the library, the works of that charming essayist—Agnes Repplier; and more surprised when informed by the lady in charge that the books were selected and donated by a Protestant club, by the unanimous vote of the members, and were read and re-read by the inmates of the institution. Can the works of Miss Repplier be found in the homes of many cultured Catholics? It is very doubtful, and the writings of many other Catholic authors which are as conducive to culture and Christian refinement are also missing in these homes.

"But," the captious Catholic critic will say: "The works of Catholic writers are not up to the standard of those written by Protestants"; thereby, in his ignorance intimating that the refining, moral influence of our holy religion goes for naught, and that morals, be they taught in essay or fiction, are superior when coming from the pen of one not blessed with the gift of divine faith. The Protestants who appreciated the beauty, culture and high ideals of Miss Repplier's writings, as above noted, would not agree with such a critic's views, and their discernment might well be imitated by many Catholics.

Catholic journals and magazines also share in this uncalled-for criticism to a certain extent. They are frequently termed "dry and uninteresting," yet their editors, with very few exceptions, are men of great culture and great experience who exercise a keen discernment in that greatest qualification of an editor—the keeping out of what is not in line with the aim and tone of the periodical they edit. Many seemingly intelligent Catholics forget that the aim of Catholic periodicals is not to publish the sensational news of the day in yellow-journal style, but to acquaint their readers with the leading events of the time, especially those of interest to Catholics, and to note their influence on public life. They also aim at promulgating and explaining Catholic doctrines and in dealing with a variety of secular subjects of educational and general interest. And, we ask, when was a knowledge of Catholic doctrine more necessary than at present, when to thoroughly understand the doctrines and practices of our holy religion is the imperative duty of every Catholic, that he may be able to give an intelligent reason for the faith that is in him? Were Catholic books and periodicals more widely read by Catholics, many excellent, fair-minded Protestants would not have the erroneous, and often amusing ideas of the Catholic religion

which we sometimes hear them express; and also affirm that they have received these false impressions from statements made by Catholics.

Truth compels us to say that, to the disgrace of Catholics, many of them prefer and read only secular journals and magazines, yet it is a widely-acknowledged fact that our ably-edited Catholic newspapers and magazines have on their staff and among their contributors men and women of exceptional literary ability, who deal with Catholic questions and leading public events in a masterly manner that challenges the opinion of the most captious critics. Their editorials and leading articles are widely commented upon and extensively copied, often by journals that are anything but friendly toward the Catholic church, thus proving that the criticisms of the shallow-minded, worldly Catholic critics are valueless.

The necessity of having good literature in every Catholic home is unquestioned, yet in many such homes no Catholic paper or magazine can be found, and the books which constitute the family reading are often the most sensational novels of the day. In this highly-wrought fiction vice is often glossed over and so colored as to appear almost a virtue. What the Catholic religion teaches regarding morals is, while not openly condemned, often insiduously made to appear as contrary to human liberty, and between the lines the thoughtful reader can discern a leaning toward agnosticism and many of the other "isms" that are working havoc with Christianity today.

To offset the influence of this evil literature there are many excellent Catholic journals and magazines and a large number of devotional books and volumes of history, science and fiction by Catholic authors, who have won well-deserved fame in literature. With the good so easy of access, why should the sensational, which will eventually weaken and corrupt the mind, be chosen? This is worthy of serious thought for the printed word makes, on the mind, a lasting impression for good or evil that cannot be over-estimated. Could the Catholic critics who are armed with a magnifying glass to detect flaws in all kinds of literature contributed by Catholics, fully realize the harm they are doing by their thoughtless criticisms, they would pause before making such wholesale condemnatory comments.

By this we do not mean to intimate that all the writings of Catholics must necessarily be good. Far from it. In many of our Catholic Sunday School libraries there are juvenile stories that would make an excellent bonfire, and they should be devoted to that purpose. The child of twelve, and often of ten years, is usually bright enough to discover that the characters portrayed in these books are among the impossible, or "goody-good," as one bright little fellow expressed it, and he turns from them to the sensational fiction where his lively imagination can have full play, and where he can admire what to his inexperience seems the true and daring adventures of heroes and heroines more to his taste. Of late years the tendency of Catholic writers of juvenile stories has been to remedy this defect, and we now have many

healthy, inspiring stories for children, with characters true to everyday life. There are also volumes of fiction for adults, written by Catholics, that do not come up to a high standard of literature; but to offset this deficiency, these books, with a few exceptions, are strictly moral in tone, and that fact covers, or at least, partly makes amends for deficiencies in composition.

To confine oneself to the reading of Catholic literature would retard the development of the mind almost as much as to exclude it from our reading. All are aware that there are many excellent books written by non-Catholics which are an education in themselves, and they should be read in order to improve the mind. These books, whether they treat of science, history, or fiction, will aid the reader in acquiring knowledge on a variety of subjects of great interest, and also in refreshing the mind by occasional light reading. With these books, however, which should be carefully selected, should always be read Catholic literature, that the student may not be misled into forming wrong ideas, and run the risk of being led astray in matters of faith and morals, by writers who have little or no faith, and who consequently subtly instil their views into their writings.

It is the duty of Catholics to encourage Catholic literature by giving it their sanction and also by financial support, as Catholic editors, authors and publishers have not yet attained the faculty of living on faith alone. Let these Catholics who sharply, and without reason, criticise the literary work of Catholics indiscriminately, do a little serious thinking regarding the injury they are doing by such unjust criticisms; let them aid by word and contribution the good work that is going on in the spreading of Catholic literature in any form; and let them realize how praiseworthy is the propagation of such literature with its far-reaching influence.

IN PURER ETHER.

BY ESTHER A. WAGGAMAN.

Pretty little Sister Paul was troubled. A suspicion of a frown rippled between her straight black eyebrows, and the corners of her mouth were drawn as if she held a question on the brink of her lips and feared it might idly escape before she had an auditor.

Sister Paul was very young; her face had lost none of its chubby rosiness since it had been framed in the stiff linen barbette, and the sedate habit and veil of black which she wore, made her look younger by the world's measure of contrast. But even if her veil had been drawn down to her dimpling chin, her inexperience and unfitness for her present position would still have been apparent. All day she had been fluttering distractedly around this office

of St. Clare's making so many ineffectual efforts to take the place of the directress, that she had tired herself out by her futile struggle and by her wonderings as to what she should do next.

When she had first assumed her position at Sister Margaret's desk she had enjoyed the responsibility of her temporary dignity. The office was a large cheerful place where the sunlight poured in warm floods through the uncurtained windows and coaxed the lank geraniums on the window sills into bloom. The red flowers showed bright patches of color against the black wood work, and seemed to lessen the severity of the sparse furniture. A solemn glass-doored bookcase, built in one corner, reflected darkly a faded print of the Prodigal Son, hung near the ceiling, a table piled with writing slates, four stools set against the white-washed walls, and two rocking chairs that creaked invitingly in front of the fireless register. And though the floor was as bare here as it was in the rest of the convent rooms there was a frayed carpet-covered hassock under the desk upon which Sister Paul placed her two small feet, and then, with the feeling that the use of such a luxury must be almost sinful, she hastily put them down again, explaining to herself aloud, "I'm too happy to make myself comfortable today." With a show of system and a desire to adhere closely to business methods she started to work. But the heaps of papers on the desk confused her, and, after sorting them aimlessly over and over again, she tried to enter some accounts in a leather-bound ledger, which she hauled down with much difficulty from the topmost shelf of the book-case. Then for an hour she hunted for an unimportant receipt which she had tucked in her girdle for safe keeping. There were letters to write, bills to make out, circulars to send. Sister Paul began to realize that she was unequal to the situation, and in her sorrowing humility she forgot the pleasure she had taken in her pride. And, to add to her distress, all morning and afternoon, at varied intervals, there had been knocks upon the door and sundry voices asking questions to which she did not know how to reply. One summons came when she was nearly at the end of a column of figures which she had added up three different times with three different results. A moment more of undisturbed quiet and she felt that she must reach a correct conclusion. But another knock sounded, louder than before!

"The Directress is not here," said Sister Paul with the least touch of impatience in her tone, and getting up she threw the door wide open.

"It's only the mail," said the stout Portress apologetically, as she came into the room and deposited the leather mail-bag on the desk. "I hear Sister Margaret is ill, that means that you will have to open the letters today."

Sister Paul had followed the Portress to the desk, where the leather-bound ledger lay open. She shut the book with a bang, and smiled now without any effort. After the elusive addition of figures any kind of a definite duty would be a relief.

"I suppose I must," she said.

"Of course you must," said the older nun decidedly. "I never knew such a rush of work, and half the sisters ailing. If you don't attend to the letters there's nobody who can."

"There are lots of them," said Sister Paul, emptying the contents of the mail-bag and heaping the letters playfully together. "I wonder—I wonder if the girls object to having their letters opened?"

"Well I guess the ones who need it do and the ones who don't need it, don't," remarked the Portress, solemnly epigrammatical.

Little Sister Paul looked grave.

"Well it seems to be a wise precaution in a large school like this," she said. "We have so many pupils this year that we cannot ignore their correspondence."

"And indeed we can't," was the emphatic response. "Didn't I stop an elopement last year?"

"Dear me," gasped Sister Paul, viewing the pile of letters half fearfully. "An elopement? I never heard of that."

"Why," said the good-natured Portress, settling her ample proportions in one of the rocking chairs, "did you never hear of an elopement? It's—a—when a man and woman run away to be married, you know."

Sister Paul blushed at this supposition of her ignorance.

"Of course I know what an elopement is," she said, "but I never heard of this attempted one."

"Thank the Lord we stopped it in time," continued the older woman fervently." Of course as soon we read the plan of the run-away we sent for the girl's parents. The mother was so anxious, that she sent a telegram at every station asking if her daughter was safe, and begging for an answer, quite forgetting the fact that she was traveling towards us as fast as the locomotive would carry her. How could we calculate where to send a telegram?"

"How foolish," said little Sister Paul. "But I suppose she was too excited to know what she was doing."

"Perhaps," was the charitable rejoinder.

"And did the mother take the girl away from school?" asked Sister Paul, faintly curious.

"Of course."

"And what—what became of the man?"

"The Lord only knows," replied the Portress, piously.

"And the girl?"

"Oh! she married someone else—They always do." Sister Paul reflected a moment. "Yes I suppose they do," she said at last.

The Portress arose and hurried heavily out of the room. She was too busy to linger long in one place, and the front door bell was ringing importunately. Sister Paul watched her go, and then she turned towards the pile of correspondence on her desk.

The letters were huddled together like worn and wearied travelers indifferent to all but rest now that their destination was reached. They were waiting patiently to speed to those loved ones to whom they had been sent. Some such commonplace thought flitted through Sister Paul's mind as she sat regarding these scarred messengers. Then with a reproving glance at the ledger, which had defied her, she carefully selected a small steel paper cutter from the pen tray and deftly slit open the first envelope. The letter was from a mother and the little nun, after reading half a page, quickly refolded it and laid it tenderly by, experiencing an exaggerated sense of remorse for having intruded upon so sacred a confidence. But in spite of her contrition she felt better able to cope with this task than

with the business affairs of the convent, for she had assisted Sister Margaret before in opening the mail. She turned to the second letter, and then went on unhesitatingly.

Most of the notes did not demand a reading, and when she recognized the handwriting she only half opened the envelope. She was scrupulously averse to allowing her curiosity to command her sense of honor, and she knew, too, that she must hurry, for the girls would expect to have the mail delivered to them at six o'clock and it was ten minutes of that time now.

For an hour the silence had been uninterrupted; the clock in the corner leisurely ticked the seconds away, and out in the side garden the shadows of the rounded box bushes stretched themselves to unprecedented lengths. With a quick glance at the clock to reassure herself, Sister Paul, breathing a sigh of relief, picked up the last letter. But before opening it she held it in her hand to examine it from every point of view, for it seemed different from the rest. It bore a foreign postmark, and was directed boldly to—Miss Olivia Atwood.

The little nun turned the letter over gingerly; she felt, intuitively, that she was about to make some sort of unpleasant discovery. The letter was from a man, she was confident of that fact. It seemed a fragment of a romance. Perhaps it was a plea for an elopement. Perhaps the writer was waiting outside the gate even now! But the post-mark contradicted this last imaginary contingency. He was in Paris, the city of the unregenerate.

"Miss Olivia Atwood," the little nun repeated the address over and over again. The words sounded familiar and yet she could not remember anyone by that name. The girl must be a new arrival at the convent. She was probably homesick and dissatisfied. If this letter besought her to run away, she would no doubt act upon the suggestion.

Sister Paul was curious now, but she was also nervous and her fingers trembled a little as she put the tiny point of steel into the fold of the thin, grey envelope. There were not many pages, that was a relief. But an elopement might be planned in a very few words. Summoning all her courage to her assistance she looked for the introduction of the letter. It had none. Then following her usual plan she turned to the last page for the signature, but that, too, was a blank. It was plain that she must read the letter all through, and reluctantly she began.

"If my new book is a success I will send it to you—that is the only line I should write tonight for my brain is leaden for want of sleep. I have been so busy with my pen that I begin to hate the sight of such an instrument of torture. Work—work—all day long—these glorious Spring days when the air is life-giving, the land is full of flowers and the air is laden with perfume. Oh! I'm a savage by instinct, my darling, and I long for a tent, a crown of feathers, and your love—your love in the wilderness." (Little Sister Paul gasped. She had never read a love letter before. It was surely her duty to go on!) "But this is only a mood, darling, that comes to me sometimes when I am burning the midnight oil—only sometimes when I turn my back upon my desk, and look out over the great white stretches of moon-light, and I wonder why men have made life so complex

with their inventions, luxuries and conventional codes, when we might be living close to the heart of Nature with no fear of anarchists banging at our plate glass doors." (Sister Paul was getting interested in spite of herself.)

"My position as private secretary to the old attaché, who owns this chateau, is not at all bad. Queer he took a fancy to a fire-eating American like me, but I'm beginning to think I must be a very attractive person since you were good enough to love me. The old man is away most of the time, giving me hours to become famous—if I can.

It grieves me to think of your drawing fashion plates for the papers. Won't you give it up? You have so much real talent that I hate to think of your falling from your high ideals and working only for money. Money! money! How the word grates on my ears. Surely there is something else in life. Is art to be made subservient? Art which was meant to lead men upward—upward to the stars. Oh! the world will indeed be a desert if our worship is to be that of the faithless Israelites of old.

And yet what is it that stands between us and our paradise? What is it that keeps us an ocean apart? But it cannot always be so. It must not be long before you are mine—mine."

Little Sister Paul leaned back in her chair in a state of breathless bewilderment. What must she do with a letter like this? She was certain that she could not deliver it without seeking advice from some one older and wiser than herself, for such a communication was enough to distract any girl from her lessons. And yet if she withheld it!

In her own pure girlish heart she could not help feeling a secret sense of sympathy for a woman who could command a man's whole-souled love. She had never reflected seriously upon the matter before, because her place in life had seemed so fixed by her own unalterable desire. She had wanted to enter the convent ever since she could remember, for the religious life had always attracted her, and the world and its feverish joys could not lure her from the positive pleasure she found in prayer. But a simplicity marked even her spirituality; she had lived the unquestioning life of a child happy and free. Never before this afternoon had she felt the need of any worldly-wise experience.

The six o'clock bell rang out harshly from the convent spire. Sister Paul hesitated for a moment and then, with an expression of real pain in her eyes, she looked hastily around the room, as if fearing a witness to her dutiful duplicity, and slipping the letter in her deep serge pocket she gathered up the remaining mail and fluttered out of the room to distribute it among the girls.

In the hall-way she met the sociable Portress, who said,

"The May procession is not yet over; there must have been some delay."

Sister Paul was too abstracted to stop to reply, but hurrying to the wide porch, which over looked the garden, she watched the sinuous procession of white-veiled figures winding among the trees. Every evening in May the girls marched to a shrine built of rocks at the end of the garden walk where stood a statue of Our Lady in a niche hewed out for it by fervent hands. A hundred fitful tapers burned in glasses of oil set among the jutting stones. In the red glare of the sun the lights

shone a sickly yellow, but above them the white face of Our Lady seemed to smile as she looked down upon her devotees singing her litany.

The chanting went on. Some venturesome birds hopped from their nests to add their trilling notes to the ninety other voices. At any other time Sister Paul would have joined in the prayerful music, but her mind was troubled and her eyes were strained as she tried to distinguish Olivia Atwood in the distance.

At last the procession turned. The singing ceased, but the sound of many feet crunching the gravel on the garden path came nearer. Sister Paul stood leaning weakly against one of the vine-twisted pillars that supported the balcony above, and as the girls silently ascended the stairs in single file, she handed them the letters. The task was soon accomplished.

"And is there nothing for me?"

Sister Paul turned quickly, the interrogation had startled her as much as an accusation of guilt. For a moment she was speechless, and she stared at her questioner beseechingly, noting at the same time every trifling detail about her dress and features. The girl was tall, nearly a head taller than Sister Paul, and she looked much older and more mature than the other pupils in the school. She had taken off the thin white veil, which she had worn in the procession, and she was folding it carelessly in an uneven square. Her black hair was dishevelled and the loose ends fell in soft curls about her face. In her yellow brown eyes there was an expression of disappointment which made Sister Paul feel like a convicted criminal, for she was sure that she stood before Olivia Atwood. But in spite of her embarrassment the nun could not help experiencing an unexplained sense of disappointment. She had expected the owner of such a love letter to be beautiful, and this girl, with her large mouth, high cheek bones and dark complexion, was strikingly like an Indian. Sister Paul admired the piquant blonde style of prettiness. The force in a face did not appeal to her.

"And is there nothing for me?" the girl repeated the question with faint hope in her tone.

Sister Paul trembled visibly.

"And—and who are you?" she asked, striving to gain time. The girl smiled at the abruptness of the question. Her teeth were unusually white and glistening.

"I'm Olivia Atwood. Have you forgotten me? I'm Sister Raphael's niece."

"Oh! I remember now," gasped Sister Paul. She felt that the burden of her guilt had been lifted. She saw her way clear now. She would show the letter to Sister Raphael and let her decide. Clutching at her pocket she turned and hurried away while Olive looked after her wonderingly. But Sister Paul did not stop to consider her own suspicious behavior; with one hand she grasped the letter, with the other she held up the long skirt of her habit, and running up the steep steps to the third floor she arrived breathless at the door of Sister Raphael's studio.

The door was shut, but Sister Paul did not go through the formality of knocking. She half imagined that Olive was pursuing her.

(To be continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

The appearance of a Life of St. Clare of Assisi is quite opportune, this being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Order of Poor Clares in this country. Under the title "The Princess of Poverty," Father Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap., has issued a translation of the Life of St. Clare written shortly after her death by order of Pope Alexander IV. This ancient biography is very incomplete: "The writers of the Middle Ages," says Father Marianus very truly, "had their peculiar style and method. In completing the lives of the saints they seemed to be strangely oblivious of everything except what actually tended to establish the sanctity of the individuals concerning whom they wrote. Such matters as their parentage, the place and country of their birth, the history of the times in which they lived, their natural disposition and personal character, in fact, everything which illustrated only their human side seemed to have no interest for them whatever."

The translator has endeavored to make up for deficiencies by footnotes and supplementary additions, and also subjoins a brief historical sketch of the Order of Poor Clares and an account of the modern foundations, particularly in this country. The volume includes the memoirs written by Sisters Maria Maddelena and Maria Costaza, recording their experience in seeking an abiding place in the new world, by far the most interesting part of the book. With five cents given to them as alms these poineers of the order in America found themselves in New York "without friends, without means." Among the "little trials" noted by the Poor Clares, was "having at times to go without our meals." But the state of uncertainty in which they were left was their great trial. Refused by Cardinal McCloskey and Bishop Purcell they found refuge in Philadelphia. "Everything was going on well. . . . We had hired a sewing machine and were taking in some sewing. . . . But our happiness was too great to last long. Very soon our troubles were to begin again." They were summoned by the archbishop to hear the sad news that he could not retain them in his diocese. The furnishings of the little home were given to the Grey Sisters of the Italian Mission who "were glad to get so many useful things, yet sorry, too, to receive them from us under such circumstances."

In New Orleans they met further discouragement, and in Cleveland, Ohio, had such an unhappy experience that they were obliged to separate from the German community that they had joined by order of Father Gregory Yanknecht.

"God knows we did our best to carry out the injunctions of Father Gregory. But God also alone knows how difficult it was for us. We had no fault to find with our good Sisters. They were extremely kind and obliging. But we found it impossible to accustom ourselves to their German ways. Nothing but German was spoken; most of the prayers and public reading were in German; not to mention a number of other things which, though small in themselves, were too much for us. Had we been young novices we should in time have grown used to everything. But we were too old to become novices again."

In their search for a home they made the acquaintance of Hon. John Creighton, and through his generosity were enabled to found their first home in Omaha, four rooms and a kitchen, which soon became inadequate for their needs, and again the Creighton family came to their assistance, procuring for them a larger and more suitable residence.

"Our chief benefactors were Mr. and Mrs. Creighton. It was their custom to call personally each Saturday to bring us provisions; and they were not ashamed to carry them to the house in their arms, to the great admiration of our neighbors."

Here is a touching acknowledgment of the kindness of a humbler friend: "for quite a while we noticed that, every morning while we were at Mass, some one came, and performed a number of little services for us, sawing and chopping wood, putting in coal, bringing provisions, and doing numerous other acts of kindness. For a time we did not know who it was, and we used to call our unknown friend our St. Joseph. But one morning our good St. Joseph left his saw behind him, and when afterwards he came round to look for it, we then discovered who our St. Joseph was. He was Mr. Lee. He continued to

perform these little acts of kindness all alone."

"The Princess of Poverty" is a singularly attractive book, dealing with religious life yet replete with practical experiences of meeting issues in a new world. It is the only English translation of the life of St. Clare of Assisi, and readers will be grateful to the translator for doing his work so thoroughly, bringing to their knowledge such a fund of information on the Order of Poor Clares and their vicissitudes in establishing foundations.

Published by the Poor Clares of the Monastery of St. Clare, Evansville, Ind. $1.15 including postage.

While September is still in possession of the land the Catholic Home Annual for 1902 makes its appearance with its decided reminders of Christmas and the New Year. As usual this "Annual" presents an attractive table of contents including contributions from some of the best-known fictionists in the literary world. A review of notable events of the year and a miscellany of information invaluable for reference make up an excellent issue. Benziger Brothers, New York, 25 cts.

"Lalor's Maples," a novel by Katherine E. Conway, author of "The Way of the World and Other Ways," which was so well received last season, is in press with the Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, and will appear about Oct. 20. The verdict of many experienced novel-readers and critics on it, is summarized in the words of one, "the sweetest love-story and home-story written in many years." It promises a success far exceeding that of the popular "Way of the World," or the "Family Sitting Room" books.

The papers read at the convention of the Sunday school teachers of the Archdiocese of Boston, April 14, 1901, have been republished in book form. The value of this little book is indicated by the subjects treated and the names of those who addressed the convention, directors and teachers so intimately acquainted with Sunday school work that a knowledge of their methods and a glimpse at their experiences cannot fail to help those who are less successful in imparting religious instruction. The following is a list of the papers read: "Order and Discipline in the Sunday School," by Rev. Francis J. Glynn, rector of St. Mary's Church, Melrose; "Kindergarten Teaching in the Sunday School," by Miss Margaret F. McCabe; "How to Make the Sunday School Attractive," by Miss Mary C. Gartland; "Teachers' Meetings," by Rev. Francis J. Butler, Saint Columbkille's Church, Brighton; "Some Problems in Sunday School Class Teaching," by Miss Mary C. Mellyn.

The Farmer Co., Philadelphia, have just published a new book on gardening entitled, "The Garden Book for Practical Farmers," written by Mr. T. Greiner. Mr. Greiner has had 30 years' practical experience, and the man who has a garden, large or small, as well as the man who intends to have one, will be interested and profited by a study of his book. It is one of those books which inspires its readers to reach out for better results through more thorough work, and is in line with the previous writings of Mr. Greiner, which have done so much to advance the gardening interests of the United States. The book is handsomely printed in clear type on fine paper, containing 129 practical illustrations. The price is 50 cents, postpaid.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn, and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

If you live in a warm climate, or a malarial district, use MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS. They keep the liver active, and purify all unhealthy secretions of the stomach. They relieve that yellowish or tawny color so often seen on the skin.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Where in the Scriptures is it stated that the authority given to Peter was to be transmitted to his successors?

A. "And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Matthew xvi., 18, 19.

These words refer directly and immediately to Peter, who is constituted as the rock and the foundation for maintaining the Church in unity and firmness, and who, accordingly, has been invested with the plentitude of power, as indicated in the keys.

The builder of the Church is Christ, and, to use His own similitude, a wise builder establishes the house upon the rock, so that it may withstand tempest and storm. The Church is to last till the end of the world: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Matthew, xxviii, 20. Therefore the foundation is to last. The Church is to last and do its work while earth lasts and men live upon it, because Christ "gave Himself a redemption for all." Christ going to heaven established His Church to carry on His own work of saving souls. There are always souls to be saved. Therefore, always the Church of Christ; therefore always the rock on which the Church is built; therefore, always Peter. Now, Peter, the man to whom the power was entrusted, died; but the power remains. It is transmitted to his successors. It is necessary always for the unity and endurance of the Church. The existence and the object of the Church postulate this necessity. The tones in which Christ addressed Peter convey the notion of the transmission of the power. When Christ after His resurrection sent forth His Apostles to teach and baptize, and added: "behold I am with you all days to the consummation of the world," is it not evident that the word "You" includes all their successors to the end of time? So here Peter is given the power, Peter is to die, the power to remain in his successors.

This meaning was always accepted in the Church. Witness such expressions as these: "Peter has spoken in Leo." "Peter spoke through Agathon." Such were the words of the fathers in council. St. Peter Chrysolgus writes: "We exhort thee, O honorable brother, to attend obediently to all things, which have been written by the most blessed Pope of the Roman city, because the blessed Peter who lives and presides in his own see, manifests to those who seek it the truth of faith." This was written in the 5th century.

Q. What was the earliest method of appointing Peter's successors, and who authorized it? What authority has there been for subsequent changes in method of appointment?

A. Peter lived many years in Rome; he died in Rome. His successor to the See of Rome is the Head of the Church. So it is a fact of history that the Bishop of Rome is always Pope. No one else has ever been Pope. It is commonly held that Christ did not wish to leave to the changing views of men the decision as to where should be the centre of Catholic unity, and that therefore by immutable and divine right, the primacy of the Church is attached to the Bishop of Rome, and the see of Peter fixed in Rome for all the ages.

Now, as to the successor to Peter in the ages: Many circumstances and the will of man enter here. Men select and elect: God confers the power on the man chosen.

In the earliest ages, clergy and people chose the bishops. So was the Bishop of Rome selected, and assent was given by the neighboring bishops. The consecrating bishop was the bishop of Ostia. In doubtful elections, the Christian emperors decided. As kings of Italy, Odoacer and Theodoric the Great claimed for themselves this right. After Justinian recovered Italy, the Exarch of Ravenna was notified of the election of the new Pope, and the Byzantine emperors confirmed the election. Later, Eastern power over Italy declined, and factions arose in Rome. Elections were held generally in presence of commissioners sent by the Western emperors. Factions were at times prevalent, and the German Emperors were able to exert influence. In 1059, a decree of Nicholas II. and a new era. The election was placed with the cardinal-bishops; the clergy and the people were to approve, and the "honor" of the German

Emperor, Henry, was to be not interfered with.

By degrees, the influence of the German Emperors decreased, and the cardinals, not cardinal-bishops alone, but all the members of the Sacred College, had the right of election. This is the present condition. Christ chose Peter: he leaves to men to select the successor of Peter. Men choose according to human methods. Methods of election and appointment have varied in the Church as in civil society, according to times and circumstances. Men may select one of their number to be Head of the Church: only God can confirm that choice with power and jurisdiction. Immediately that a man is Bishop of Rome, the power and jurisdiction of Peter are his possession.

Q. How does the Church regard the Popes who have been accused of immoral actions and conduct?

A. Accused is not proven guilty. And so in fact many of the charges made against certain Popes have not been substantiated. They lack the evidence that a jury would require to convict, and, in the light of historical investigations, frequently such charges are shown to be mere fabrications. Admitting, however, some shadows and even darkness, we recognize that Peter, the first Pope, denied his Master. Other Popes, failing in goodness, have but demonstrated the weakness of human nature, have proved in their lives the truth that Christ spoke to the Apostles: "Without Me you can do nothing." Not position, dignity, power confers goodness; this is the gift of God, the work of divine grace. No matter how depraved a man may be, the Church recognizes that if he has the authority of bishop or Pope, this is not dependent on his goodness, but is attached to his office. In its exercise, that authority is the same, whether in the hands of good or bad. And so the Church holds as legitimate all actions of all the Popes, when as head of the Church, they used their power and jurisdiction over the Church, its bishops, its clergy and its people. Age, name, character will not enter into consideration of the value of an act. If Peter speak, then Peter has spoken, be he saint or sinner, penitent or impenitent. His is the power: to him obedience.

Christ recognized the authority of the high-priest, though that priest was a wicked man. St. Paul acted in respect for the priest of the old law, when already that law was superseded by the new. And he wrote: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God." Romans, xiii, 1. And St. Peter wrote: "Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." I Peter, II, 18.

From a remote town in Minnesota comes these questions: Who are the A. P. A.? What is their origin? What is their object?

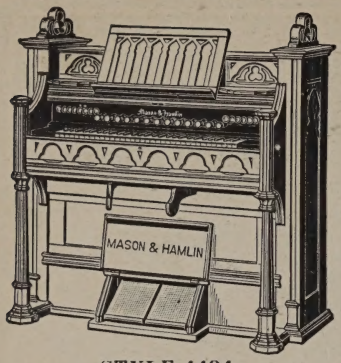
Evidently the writer is but making acquaintance with an organization that lives only a disgraceful memory. The A. P. A. organization was moribund in its birth; it is so long defunct, that we scarcely remember more than this: it uttered an infantile cry, and perished in the shriek. Its name was too burdensome, American Protective Association, for such a puny shadow. It succumbed. Its origin was in gloom; one ray of light, as it sought to emerge from its dark cellar, killed it. Its object was to "protect" America from all Catholics, particularly from Irish-Catholics. America scorned the protection: the mighty eagle of the skies, American Liberty, waived its broad wings to the air of freedom, and the blind bat, A. P. Association, dashed out its feeble life against the wind. So have perished its predecessors of know-nothing times; so will destruction come on all associations that plot against the rights of men to live, and to rise, and to worship God.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured) and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers of Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

CARE and precision are the characteristics of Ivory Soap manufacture. Each cake is just as good as any other and all are from soap that is as pure as it can be made. For these reasons the continued use of Ivory Soap gives confidence and pleasure; confidence by its harmlessness, and pleasure in the delightful sense of cleanness it brings.



STYLE 4404.

Came with the 20th Century

and is the culmination of the combined skill of artist and artisan, directed to this end for nearly fifty years. It is especially designed for use in chapels small churches, etc. We have many styles and supply all needs.

Mason & Hamlin Co.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN,** and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's, the original. Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N.J.

23 YEARS
THE STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE

Jaeger

WOOLENS

Only True Sanitary Underwear

Send for Catalogue.

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL WANTS

Agencies in principal Cities

New York:	16 West 23d St.
	155-57 Broadway
Brooklyn:	504 Fulton St.
Boston:	230-32 Boylston St.
Phila.:	924 Chestnut St.
Chicago:	82 State St.

BURDETT COLLEGE

PATENTED
ACTUAL BUSINESS FROM THE START
BURDETT COLLEGE

Business, Shorthand.

Sessions from First Tuesday in September to July...

New Pupils can commence any school day in the year.

694 Washington St., - Boston

Bias-Gored Straight Fronts in scores of Charming Models

EXEMPLIFYING
THE REIGNING VOGUE.

Long Skirt, Low Bust,
Deep Hip, Paris Clasp.

Hand Finished in
Brochè, Coutil, Satine,
Batiste, Netting, at

$1.00 to $5.00

World-Wide Renown attends the Form-Reducing KABO

as the only Corset for Large Figures that reduces too high and too full abdomen from 4 to 6 inches with ease and comfort and without harm, lending singular refinement to the carriage and making possible the true straight front poise.

Price (long or short waist) **$2.50**

Of all Dealers, or write for Style Album,

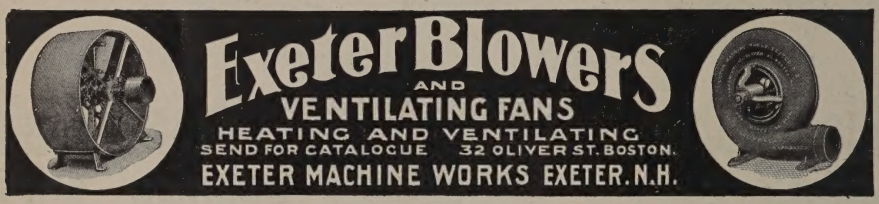
C. C. CO.,

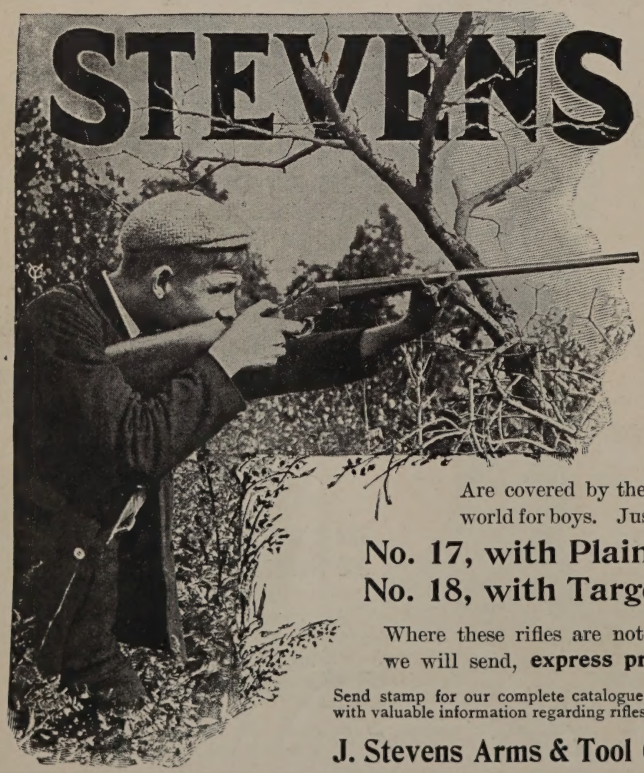
388 BROADWAY - - NEW YORK
200 MONROE STREET - CHICAGO

THE HIGHEST GRADE.

BUSH AND GERTS PIANOS

WAREROOMS:
521 Washington Street, Boston.





RIFLES

All **Stevens Rifles** are guaranteed to be

Safe, Solid, Accurate.

The line is most complete, embracing pistols, heavy rifles for target and hunting purposes, light pocket rifles with skeleton stocks.

The "Favorite" RIFLES

Are covered by the same guarantee. The best in the world for boys. Just as reliable and advisable for men.

No. 17, with Plain Open Sights, $6.00
No. 18, with Target Sights, 8.50

Where these rifles are not carried in stock by dealers we will send, **express prepaid,** on receipt of price.

Send stamp for our complete catalogue, containing description of our entire line, with valuable information regarding rifles, ammunition, etc.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Box 1594, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

FRANZ WERNER RENNERT
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Raised on

Mellin's Food

We will send you a booklet filled with Mellin's Food baby pictures on request

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

IVER JOHNSON

AUTOMATIC TOP-SNAP EJECTOR SINGLE GUN

Best—That's All.

Iver Johnson Automatic
Top Snap Ejector
Single Gun

Is all that is claimed for it—**THE BEST.** Made to shoot quickly and accurately. Saves time, labor and trouble; always pleases the sportsman and sells itself as soon as seen.

Price, $8.50

Ask your dealer or sent on receipt of price, cash with order. Catalogues free.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works,
Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the well-known Iver Johnson Bicycles, Guns and Revolvers.

New York Salesrooms, 99 Chambers St. Estab. 1871.

Our Business is to make Folks Comfortable.

Chairs are Essential to Comfort. We Understand How to Make Them.

That shown above is our "UNIVERSITY." It's a brain worker's chair, has an adjustable back, and arms that lift up and turn over forming shelves for writing, holding books, etc. We make over thirty other styles of **RECLINING CHAIRS.** (*Catalogue C.*)

And over sixty kinds of **ROLLING and CARRYING CHAIRS,** meeting every requirement in health or sickness. (*Catalogue B.*)

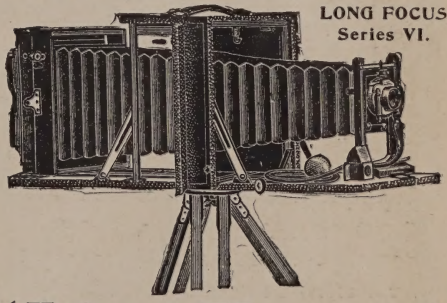
A WORD TO INVALIDS. We make a large variety of devices for your comfort, such as Beds, Lifts, Tables, Back Rests, Commodes, etc. (*Catalogue A.*)

TO BOOK LOVERS. Sargent's Economic System of Devices for Brain Workers. It embraces our unrivalled Ball Bearing Rotary Book Cases, Reading Stands, Dictionary and Atlas Holders, Adjustable Reading Desks attachable to any chair, etc. (*Catalogue D.*) Illustrated Catalogues free. Postage 2 cents each.

GEORGE F. SARGENT CO., 289 P Fourth Av. (next 23d St.) New York

"It's All in the Lens"

LONG FOCUS
Series VI.



"It's a Korona"

NO OTHER "JUST AS GOOD"

The best mechanical design, and materials showing the finest finish and workmanship.

LENS—Clear, clean, accurate definition.

BOX—Light to carry. Tight to keep out light. Compact for convenience and rigid when ready for the shot.

FINDERS—So brilliant that the image is as clear as the human eye.

Any one who loves pictures can easily acquire the skill to make beautiful, clear photographs.
Our 1901 Catalogue had for the asking.

GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

CHICAGO OFFICE:
28 JACKSON BOULEVARD.

Mention this magazine.

"ANOTHER YEAR IS OPENING AND ANOTHER YEAR IS GONE."

HEADACHE

A Sour Stomach
A Sallow Complexion

All proceed from imperfect digestion. It's easy to acquire PERFECT digestion by using

Murray's Charcoal Tablets.

At all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. 25c. per box.

A. J. DITMAN, 2 Barclay St., N. Y.

TWO POINTS
OF SUPERIORITY.

LIGHT TOUCH which means Durability,

SPEED which means large amount of work accomplished, are sufficient to justify your consideration of

The FOX.

6 Different Models.

A comparison is all we ask; we are satisfied you will agree that we have a

SUPERIOR MACHINE,
"Superior in Every Essential Feature."

Late models equipped with every automatic feature. Catalogue and price list on request.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

If you would like to learn how an eminent physician — a specialist on throat and lungs, and for many years resident physician in New York's greatest Hospital for Consumptives—cured his own father of Tuberculosis in the advanced stage, send your name and address to the Tincture Amäl Mfg. Co., 11 W. German St., Baltimore, Md., and receive an authorized detailed statement of the case as reported for the medical journals.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

EDWARD MARTYN.

DR. LYNCH.
President of the Ballyvourney Branch of the Gaelic League.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.
See page 111.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

"Sing sweet thy sweet thanksgiving, O Soul! and ring ye bells,
Till the world shall catch the chorus and the anthem heavenward swells!
For His love and for His mercy, for His cross and chastening rod,
For His tender benedictions, let the whole world thank its God!"

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVI. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 5

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

With the spread of the Gaelic League through the length and breadth of Ireland a change is being gradually brought about in the social life of the people, particularly as regards public amusements. In the stress of the political warfare which occupied the eighties many things were neglected. The Irish people, like the inhabitants of a beleaguered city, were manfully repelling an attack at the front gate, while all the time the besiegers were insidiously creeping in over the walls in their rear. In other words, while the aim before us was to make our land "a Nation once again," and while our efforts to attain this end were solely political, Ireland was rapidly losing all her national characteristics. The Gaelic movement was not dead, it is true; bands of earnest workers on both sides of the Atlantic continued to learn and read and write Irish. Some books and primers were published by the society for the preservation of the language, in Dublin, and these helped many of our most earnest Gaelic workers to take the first steps; but the time

CAILIN IN AN IRISH CEILIDH AT A GAELIC LEAGUE ENTERTAINMENT.

"THE FETTERING OF RED HUGH."
Scene from The Daughters of Erin Irish dramatic entertainment in Horse Show week.

was not yet propitious for a great public effort to preserve the old tongue, and there were not even many evidences of an Irish literary movement on the lines of '48. In these days two names occur to me of men, who stood for the intellectual and literary side of the Irish movement, through all the hurly-burly of the Land agitation. In Ireland we had Dr. George Sigerson of Dublin, in America you had John Boyle O'Reil-

MRS. C. MILLIGAN FOX OF THE LONDON GAELIC LEAGUE.
Collector and Publisher of Gaelic Songs.

ly, each of them a centre of light and culture.

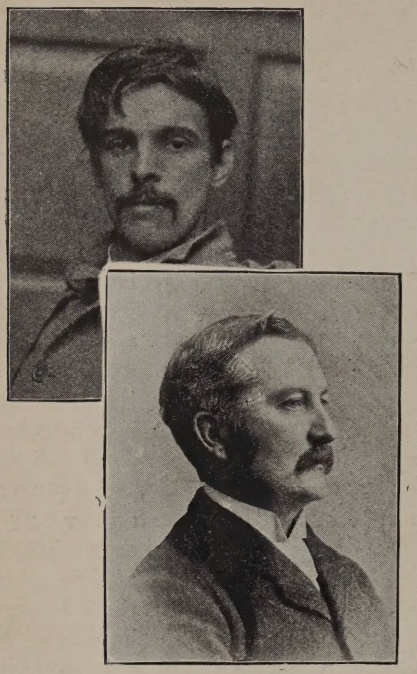
I do not intend here to discuss at length the origin of the Irish Literary and Gaelic revival. Suffice it to say that the first rallying note was sounded when Dr. Douglas Hyde read before the National Literary Society of Dublin a lecture entitled, "The Necessity of de-Anglicising the Irish Nation." Every one who heard, every one who read that lecture, when pub-

lished, was immediately convinced of that necessity. Existing societies had patiently and faithfully appealed to the Irish people to save and revive their ancient language; but in the heat of political warfare who would turn aside to save a dead or dying language? "If Ireland is to be a nation you must de-Anglicise her." This was a new way of putting the old appeal; but how much more forcible! It convinced the young men of Ireland, and they rallied to the assistance of the workers and scholars. The Gaelic League was founded to carry out the work of saving the national language, and de-Anglicising the Irish people. Amongst its initiators we should especially remember, along with Dr. Hyde, the late Father Eugene O'Growney, who carried the propaganda among the priesthood; Mr. John McNeill, the organizer and worker who was to build up the organization; and A. T. O'Neill Russell, who had brought from the Gaelic society of America a spark of enthusiasm from a fire which had been burning all along. There were others who may, for all I know, have been as prominent, but I speak of those whom I have known personally. The work of the Gaelic League has gone through three stages. In the first years its task was to teach the language; a step further was taken when those it had taught began to produce literature, prose and verse; then in the third stage the League, having built up a reading public and a school of young writers, proceeds to fill the place of a publisher, and organizer of social amusements. Within the last two years even the popularity of the League has advanced by leaps and bounds which surprise and almost dismay those responsible for guiding the organization.

TWO OF THE STEP DANCING COMPETITORS, DUBLIN OIREACHTEAS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

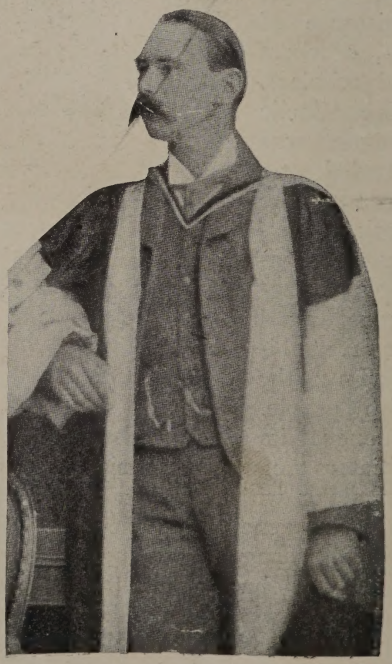
I will now proceed to give some instances of the manner in which the Gaelic Movement is affecting social life in Ireland. The record of public events and entertainments in Dublin in



W. B. YEATS.
A. PERCIVAL GRAVES.

the present year is sufficient evidence. In March the Rotunda round room was the scene of a Feis, or great competitive gathering for League branches in the province of Leinster. In Easter week, The Daughters of Erin, a political society which has adopted the Gaelic ideal of nationality, provided a series of entertainments of a high-class character. Historical tableaux, which I was invited to direct, illustrated the following historical events and legends: The Death of Brian at Clontarf, in some twelve scenes; The Story of the Children of Lir; Diarmund and Grania, Oisin in Tir-nan-oig, Owen Roe O'Neill. An Irish Ceilidh was enacted in which country life was reproduced in characteristic fashion, and in which prominent Gaelic leaguers, including Dr. Hyde himself, appeared. In May the Feis Ceoil, or great musical festival, came off. Irish solo singing, pipe and harp playing, and old song collecting, were subjects of competition.

The Feis, though not as yet satisfactory in every way to Gaelic workers, is bound in time to bring about a genuine musical revival in Ireland, and has already proved itself worthy of support. Early in June came the Oireachteas occupying with its various functions a whole week. The Rotunda round room was thronged night after night, and the public enthusiasm was simply indescribable. I stood for hours wedged among the cheering crowd to see prizes for oratory, scholarship, literary work, and music, distributed to competitors from every part of Ireland. Oireachteas week ended on Saturday, but the Dalkey branch prolonged



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

festivities into the first day of the next week by getting up a festival on its own account on Dalkey Island, which lies between Dublin and Killiney Bay, one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world.

There was what I may call a royalist conspiracy on foot, in the shape of a design to revive the old custom of proclaiming a King of Dalkey Island on this occasion. Dr. Hyde was invited to fill the vacant throne, but as the supporters of the League differed as to the desirability of this sportive ceremony he rejected the offer and the island at this hour is kingless, or perhaps it was proclaimed a republic. One thing I know for a fact, that when the Dalkey League could not have an Crasibhima Aoibhinn for their king they refused to have anyone else to reign over them.

RED HUGH O'DONNELL AND THE SONS OF SHANE O'NEILL IN PRISON.

To return to our record of the year's work. In the summer months a weekly band promenade is the feature of every suburb and seaside resort round Dublin. Military bands are unpopular in Ireland at present for obvious reasons which the Gaelic League, as a "non-political," institution has nothing to do with. But the public demand for out-door entertainments had to be met, and the Gaelic Aerideachts or out-door concerts were organized to fill the demand in Drumcondra, Blackrock, and other places. Gaelic Leaguers on excursions to Galway, Meath, Waterford, and other places, carried the musical crusade with them and attracted crowds. In August the great Dublin horse show comes off, and thousands flow into the Capital from all parts of Ireland. Theatres and other places of amusement rival one another in trying to cater to the public. The Daughters of Erin, who were financially strong after the success of the Easter venture, determined to fill the need that existed for an entertainment on Gaelic national lines. They took a large hall for the week and ran a programme which included a series

THE WINNERS IN THE FOLK TALE NARRATION COMPETITION AT THE OIREACHTEAS.
Prize presented by Seumas MacManus.

THE ORGANIZER, THOMAS CONCANNON, MEETING SEUMAS MACMANUS AND OTHER FRIENDS IN DONEGAL.

of historical tableaux, a short national historical play on the subject of Red Hugh O'Donnell's escape from prison; an Irish Ceilidh; and, to crown all, a brief play in Gaelic by P. T. McGinley. The music was admirably in keeping and included choruses by the Fear-na-muintir choir, and selections by Owen Lloyd on the harp, and Denis Delaney of Ballinasloe, a blind piper.

Another interesting event in August was the Pan-Celtic Congress, a really impressive display organized by E. Fournier d'Abbe, a sympathizer with the Gaelic movement who has done great service to the cause. Various reasons united in making it impossible for the Gaelic League to join officially in the proceedings of the Congress, but no friction marred the occasion. Sympathizers from Brittany, Wales, the Highlands, and Isle of Man; and great scholars like Dr. Zimmer and Professor Kuno-Meyer assembled in the Irish capital. The delegates wore national or ceremonial dresses and the Irish Pan-Celts appeared in costumes specially designed for the occasion, on the lines of the ancient garb of the race. At the evening receptions the ladies appeared in beautiful robes embroidered with gold, and wearing mins, torcs and other Celtic ornaments. There can be no doubt that the Pan-Celtic gathering will lend strength to the Gaelic revival, and if any president could have been found other than Lord Castletown, who had recently served in the Boer war, public enthusiasm might have been aroused on the occasion.

I am writing in the month of September so I cannot finish the year's history, but next month will, at any rate, bring about a most interesting episode. Dr. Douglas Hyde will appear on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre as chief actor in a short play of his own. We have had our amateur performances, but on this occasion Irish will be spoken on the real theatre stage for the first time. A long poetical drama by George Moore and W. B. Yeats, in English, will follow. In choice of subject these authors have gone to Gaelic legendary resources, as the title of the play, "Grania," indicates.

After the dramatic event of October there will be preparations to fitly celebrate first Hallowe'en and then Christmas. After that a new year's work will lie before the Gaelic workers of Dublin. May they have success in the glorious work of de-Anglicising the Irish metropolis.

. . . . . .

Now we will take a survey of the provincial branches and in doing so may begin with London. Yes, London, which boasts itself the Capital of the world, is from the Gaelic League point of view a province, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a colonial dependency. But in my opinion the work done in London by the Irish Gaelic colony is of the very greatest importance, for the pernicious influences which result in Anglicisation are attacked and neutralized at headquarters. An immense number of clever young Irish men and women are employed in the civil service offices in London. There used to be a danger of their forgetting their Irish, and perhaps their foolish ambition often was to astonish their friends and relatives on their return visits to the old country by appearing as much as possible like London natives. I have seen country parents who gloried in the transformation of their sons and daughters, and who seemed to think they

might die happy in the knowledge that they had given them the education to raise them to a new station of life. But whatever may be the folly of some parents or the ambition of the young civil servants themselves when they go to London now, the Gaelic League is lying in wait to catch them and teach them common-sense and self-respect and a proper pride in their own country. Before the first feeling of home-sickness has died away, and before the evil fascination of the modern Babylon has had time to win a hold upon them, they have been brought to exhibit their skill in step dancing, or old-strain singing. They discover that to possess such accomplishments gives them a place and importance, and if they know how to speak Irish they will be reading and writing it before the first half year goes by. On their first visit home they will go, not as exhibitors of fine clothes and cockney accents to astonish the natives, but as apostles of the Gaelic Movement to West Cork, or Kerry, or Clare, or wherever that home may be.

The London Gaelic League was the pioneer in developing the social attractions of the Movement. For some years past its annual concert has been one of the musical events of the year. Irish singers and Irish composers have been hunted up and brought into the ranks, and no expense or trouble has been spared to engage first class artists, to teach them to sing in their native language. Amongst the singers we may mention particularly Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who, though born as far away from home as California, has remained a typical O'Sullivan all the time. According to his own account the Gaelic atmosphere was about him from his cradle and his first memories of music are the Irish Hush songs and Come-all-ye's which his old nurse used to sing for him. He is not an Irish speaker, but has learned sufficient Irish to sing with intense dramatic effect some ballads in the old tongue at every Gaelic concert and every Feis Ceoil.

Mr. O'Shea, another London singer, is a native speaker, and at the last Oireachteas concerts rendered in magnificent style a number of old style songs, specially arranged for the Gaelic League by Mrs. C. Milligan Fox. As Mrs. Fox is my sister I can speak with some authority as to the influence the London Gaelic Leaguers have had on her musical career. She was educated in the musical schools of Frankfort, Milan and London, and had already met with some success as a composer of original songs when Finian McCalum, the Gaelic League secretary in London, brought under her notice some unpublished old-style melodies which he wanted arranged for concert purposes. In carrying out his wishes she became entirely absorbed in the work, and from that time almost laid aside her career as a composer of original melodies in order to devote herself to collecting and noting down the old bardic and rural songs of Ireland. She has spent every summer in Ireland, interviewing pipers, fiddlers, and ballad singers, and consulting with Gaelic Leaguers as to the proper words for the melodies she admires. She has discovered treasures in the most unlikely places. For example, on the Twelfth of July, in a Northern sea-side town, when the air was loud with the sound of Orange drums, she came upon an old blind man playing a flute in front of a shop door and recognized, in spite of the hurly-burly and noise of the crowd, the

faint sweet notes of the "Paistin Fionn." The blind musician was one Michael Kelly of Tralee, who has been tramping the country for nearly fifty years, and who possesses a storehouse of exquisite music learned from famous pipers, fiddlers, and singers, long dead. Mrs. Fox spent a whole day taking down airs from Michael Kelly, and among them found one which she thinks cannot be surpassed for grandeur, and which the old man called "The Banshee's Lament for King O'Connor." Her collection of songs with Gaelic words will be probably published this winter.

Alicia Adelaide Needham, who has attained the position of one of the most popular song writers of the day, is another example of the influence of the Gaelic League. Her talent as a composer and her literary taste would have undoubtedly made her famous in any case, but I think she owes it to her collaboration with Francis A. Fahy, President of the London League, that she has become so distinctively an Irish song-writer. Her arrangements of his graceful lyrics, "Maureen," "Husheen," and the rollicking "Donovans," have become almost hackneyed in their popularity, while "Dark Rosaleen" and "The Exile's Return" thrill and warm the patriotic fervor of an Irish audience, in an indescribable manner. "Husheen" and "Maureen" have Gaelic translations set to them, and are doubly popular on that account.

Alfred Percival Graves had achieved fame in collaboration with Dr. Villiers Stanford before the Gaelic League was heard of, and he belongs more to the Anglo-Irish Literary movement than to the Gaelic League proper, but he has been from the outset a friend and helper. The London Irish Literary Society under his rule had Gaelic classes before the League arose, and its rooms in Adelphi Terrace were put at the service of the Gaelic committee.

I cannot conclude my reference to London without acknowledging the influence exerted by Dr. Mark Ryan amongst the "Strong" Nationalist party. He has always taught those who value his opinion that the Gaelic revival is the very soul of nationalism. When speaking at '98 gatherings, previous to the recent centenary, he made it a custom always to begin in Irish, and the first words of his Connaught tongue invariably evoked immense applause. Dr. Henry is another London professional man whose services have been of value, and there is also a Dr. Molloy, who hails from the most Western point of Ireland, and who is the greatest of all their orators.

Have I left myself time to talk of the provincial branches in Ireland? Well it must be done briefly and in the first place I must tell the people of America that the thriving condition of the organization is due to the arduous labors of a Gaelic worker who came to us from over there.

Thomas Concannon, a native of the Aran Islands, County Galway, went to America when eighteen years of age and succeeded in pushing his way in the world. With no capital but his brains he attained to success in business, and a fair prospect was opening before him when in the year '98, finding that a number of his friends were on the point of starting to Ireland to share in the Centenary celebrations, he joined the party. Our first meeting with him was in the Dublin League rooms on the eve of the great Wolfe

Tone Monument procession. Miss Norma Barthivich, who was then secretary, had arranged that all Gaelic Leaguers arriving in Dublin could meet and chat in the society's rooms in O'Connell street. The gathering on that occasion brought together many who had been hitherto strangers. Amongst these were Padraic MacManus from Buenos Ayres and Mr. Sol. Gillingham from Pretoria, who not long ago was condemned to death but respited to exile in Ceylon. Mr. MacManus has since done good work in stirring up the interest of the Argentine Republicans and prompting them to subscribe to the League funds. Thomas Concannon gave up his business prospects and never returned to America. He has since then been going round the country, inspecting schools, interviewing bishops and priests, addressing meetings, and above all, forming league branches. He has made the league a power in the land at some sacrifice to himself.

Among those whom Mr. Concannon has secured as supporters of the movement, I may mention particularly, Mr. Edward Martyn of Tillyra Castle, Ardrahan, Lady Gregory of Gort, Mr. Hugh Law of Marble Hall, Dunfanaghy; Mr. W. B. Yeats and George Moore. These are all literary people whose influence and opinion go for much.

I could write a complete article on the social work of the Belfast Gaelic League, especially as I had the pleasure of organising its tableau entertainments on two occasions. The Aonach Tir-Conal, at which Father O'Growney's play was acted would need a whole chapter to itself. The revival in Derry has taken place with amazing suddenness and success and down South the little town of Ballyvourney in West Cork has eclipsed every other district in Ireland by the jollity of its Gaelic gatherings and festivals. Galway City and Cork, as scenes of the Connacht Feis and Munster Feis respectively have done credit to themselves as provincial capitals.

I have no doubt whatever, but that in the coming two or three years Ireland will see a still more encouraging transformation wrought by the Gaelic League, and a great factor in bringing this about will be the popularizing of the Movement by dance and song, by play-acting and out-door concerts, in short by every device which will help to develop the social side of the Gaelic Movement.

TAMMANY HALL AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY M. P. CURRAN.

In the "North American Review" for October Mr. Walter L. Hawley attempts an analysis of the social, racial and political conditions upon which the strength and weakness of Tammany Hall are supposed to be based. As a contribution to contemporary history his paper possesses little value, for the reason that it is made up largely, in fact almost exclusively, of unsupported assertions, of slanderous statements that have been repeatedly refuted, of indictments without offer of proof, and of insinuations that are particularly mischievous because skilfully veiled. The Catholic press might well afford to ignore Mr. Hawley's tirade against the historic wigwam and its controlling forces had he confined himself to a discussion merely of the political questions involved. But he has gone beyond that. He is not content to hold up to public reprobation the men whom he charges with almost every form of crime against the moral law and against the sanctity and perpetuity of American institutions. He must forsooth establish some sort of alliance between these political malefactors and the Catholic church. "Tammany," writes Mr. Hawley, "exists and dominates the city of New York by skilfully combining, under the creed of self-interest, race and religious prejudice." Then he sets aside the established rules of logical disputation and shifts the burden of proof. He says: "This assertion may be denied; it cannot be disproved."

We are not left long in doubt as to what Mr. Hawley means by "race and religious prejudice." He tells us that thirty out of the thirty-five district leaders of Tammany are "Irish-Catholics." The other five are Germans or Jews. Consequently there are no "American" leaders in the wigwam. It is worthy of note that Mr. Hawley follows the custom adopted by all preachers and writers who make it their business to assail the Irish-Catholic as a foe to free institutions and honest government, of contending that while the descendants of nearly all other races and creeds are classed as Americans the man with an Irish cognomen is always Irish. The son of an Englishman or a Scotchman or a Welshman passes freely for an American, but the great-grandson of an Irish immigrant is, in the view of his critics, Irish still, especially if he clings loyally and devoutly to the religious faith of his forefathers. To the credit of a large majority of the scions of the great Irish race it may be said that they are proud of the designation. When it is contended therefore that thirty out of the thirty-five leaders of Tammany Hall are Irish-Catholics, we are in a position to reply simply that the sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of Irish-Catholic settlers in New York have won, by their intellectual force and ability and by their brilliant achievements in an open arena of competition, a preponderating influence in the most puissant political organization in the world.

"The real voting strength of Tam-

many," Mr. Hawley continues, "lies in channels of social and religious sentiment." And again: "In brief Tammany relies for much of its voting and moral strength upon three elements of human nature—gratitude, avarice and religious sentiment, * * * * and the creeds it sustains are tolerant of its misdeeds." Tammany numbers among its adherents men of all known religious beliefs and men of no religious belief at all. It sustains no creeds, and consequently no creeds, as creeds, are tolerant of its misdeeds. Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Infidel and Christian Scientist meet upon a common plane within its precincts, the plane of Democracy. Religious sentiment forms no link in the chain that binds its composite elements together and holds them in harmonious political relationship. It is true that a large percentage of the Catholic voters of Greater New York generally vote for Democratic candidates for public office. Consequently they vote for candidates nominated by Tammany. But there are enrolled among the opponents of Democracy in general and of Tammany in particular some of the most prominent as well as some of the most obscure and least known Catholics in the great metropolis. Of these quite a considerable proportion are allied permanently with the Republican party, while others profess the general faith of Democracy and oppose the local policies and administrative methods of the Sachems. These men sit in neighboring pews in their churches on Sunday; they meet in social gatherings and organizations formed for charitable endeavor or religious work, and in their several ways discharge their duties as citizens and as members of a common Christian family without reference or relation to their individual or collective views upon political questions. The same conditions prevail among men who belong to the various Protestant sects or denominations. Some are Republicans, some are Democrats; some are adherents of Tammany and some are its most active and energetic opponents. Where, then, does Mr. Hawley find religious sentiment as an element of Tammany strength?

The insidious effort of Mr. Hawley to involve or engulf the Catholic Church in the whirlpool of invective that surges around the battlements of Tammany Hall is creditable neither to his judgment nor his reputation as a writer upon social and political topics. The Catholic Church of America is not in politics. It is not in politics in New York. Its prelates and its priests confine themselves strictly to their duties and functions as the pastors of souls. Indeed there exists an ecclesiastical injunction in the Archdiocese of New York against political activity on the part of the clergy. Priests may vote as their consciences or their judgment dictates. This is their inherent right as citizens of the Republic. But they may not exert themselves or employ either their high spiritual authority or their superior mental attainments in instructing or influencing others, less gifted than themselves, in the exercise of their duties of citizenship. The individual Catholic voter must, so far as the Church is concerned, decide and determine his political status; he must elect the principles and policies and the candidates that he will support by his ballot without clerical aid or interference. These statements of absolute

fact run counter, of course, to the common views which non-Catholics and anti-Catholic agitators entertain respecting the relation of the Catholic citizen to his Church and its ministers. Such people readily believe the traditional and moth-eaten slander that the Church is in reality a political organization, and that the pulpit and the confessional are recruiting points for the political party with which she is in alliance for the time being. But the honest citizen, be he Protestant or infidel, who takes pains to inform himself upon the subject, and who brings to the inquiry a disposition to be fair and impartial, will soon reach the conclusion that the Catholic Church is the only church in America which resolutely and religiously keeps aloof from the strife and contentions of politics. Proceeding upon the false and malicious assumption that the dominating force in Tammany Hall is religious sentiment, and that that sentiment is Catholic, Mr. Hawley frames another count in his indictment. This deals with the social and mental qualities of the men who vote the Tammany ticket and who fill administrative offices while Tammany is in power. For centuries the Catholic Church has been charged with the crime of active hostility to popular education. It has been said of her, and it is said now, long after the slanderous allegations have been refuted, that she discouraged education because she desired to keep the people ignorant and therefore in a condition the more readily to accept any doctrine or dogma promulgated, without question. Evidently Mr. Hawley finds in Tammany's tactics today a repetition or revival of this alleged policy, for he boldly asserts that the Tammany chieftains keep the moral and intellectual standards of the organization down to the level of the slums. They draw an abitrary line through the list of registered voters of the city, he says, and place upon one side of it "the criminals, the vicious, the unscrupulous, the poor, the partially educated and the ignorant." These elements are the natural supporters of Tammany, we are informed. On the other side of the line are grouped the men of property, education and refinement. These are the natural foes of Tammany. This alignment which Mr. Hawley evolves from his inner consciousness, because it has no existence in fact, is somewhat familiar to students of American history. It recalls the days when the fate of the Republic hung trembling in the balance, when men were divided into classes, when Toryism and Democracy contended for the mastery, and when the Sons of St. Tammany helped to win the battle for human freedom and individual liberty. While it was generally admitted by the revolutionary leaders that the extinction of British control and domination in the colonies gave force and effect to the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence, it was painfully palpable that, even after the election of Washington, there existed in the large centres of population a very strong party or faction which favored the perpetuation of aristocratic lines and distinctions and the creation of an American privileged class. At the head of this faction was Alexander Hamilton. Its body was composed chiefly of men of property, men of inherited titles, and men like Hamilton who instinctively distrusted the people. The cardinal principle of the aristocrats

was the centralization of the powers of government and their distribution subsequently among the states. To effect this centralization and to insure its permanence they proposed to have the President and the senate elected or chosen for life, or to have their tenure of office assured during good behavior. As they inevitably would be the judges of their own behavior their removal for malfeasance would be impossible. The President and the senate furthermore were to be empowered to appoint the governors of states and likewise the judges. These governors would have absolute veto power over all legislative acts. In New York the Hamiltonian scheme of government found much favor among the commercial, banking, capitalistic and manufacturing classes, and among the unconverted English Tories. John Jay, Chancellor Livingston, General Schuyler, the Van Renssalaers and other large property owners and prominent public men gave their support to the Federalist cause. Opposed to it were Governor George Clinton, the son of an Irish immigrant, Robert Yates, John Lansing and others who later became prominent in the affairs of the state.

It was to antagonize these aristocratic schemes that the Tammany society was organized just two weeks after Washington's first inauguration. Its object was declared in its first constitution to be "to connect in indissoluble bonds of friendship American brethren of known attachment to the political rights of human nature and the liberties of the country." The founder of the society was William Mooney, the son of an Irish immigrant. He served in the revolutionary army and was familiar with the sentiments of his former comrades in arms, every man of whom was bitterly and unalterably opposed to the aristocratic tendencies of the Federalist-cabal. The battle which the Tammany society or Columbian order fought then was waged against privilege on account of property, rank or birth. It is fighting the same battle today with changed conditions, but upon the same lines of strategy. The organization is lampooned and villified and held up to obloquy because it champions the cause of the people—the masses rather than the classes. Listen to Mr. Hawley: "Tammany strives to favor the multitude; therefore the moral and intellectual tone of local government is kept down to the level of the masses." And listen also to what Dr. John W. Francis wrote in his "Reminiscences" of those troublous times, when the fierce battle between property qualification and manhood suffrage was in progress during the administration of George Washington: "There existed in New York a supercilious class who missed no opportunity of sneering at the demand for political equality made by the leather-breeched mechanic with his few shillings a day." There exists in New York today a supercilious class, much larger than that of which Dr. Francis makes mention, which sneers at the workingman because he aspires to political equality with the college President, the rich banker, the millionaire trust magnate, the university graduate and the high-class professional man. And Mr. Walter L. Hawley puts the sneer into "magazine English."

I hold no brief for the defence of Tammany Hall or its policies. But I have studied its history and watched its operations, its successes and its

failures, for a quarter of a century, and I do not hesitate to state my conviction that a large majority of those who indulge in reckless abuse of it are actuated by motives that would not bear analysis in the crucible of real reform. Tammany Hall, as a political organization, is no better and no worse, no whiter and no blacker than other kindred associations of citizens having in view the advancement of political principles. To assert, as Mr. Hawley asserts, that the organization is held together by brute force or by the cohesive power of public plunder, is to run counter to the well-established facts of history. Tammany has been in existence for over a hundred years. It has survived defeats, scandals and public upheavals of popular indignation that would have crushed any other association. Members of it and leaders of high rank have been imprisoned for various offenses. Yet it has lived and thriven and grown powerful in spite of all these reverses. Rival organizations have sprung up to contest with it for supremacy in the Democratic field, but they have all passed into history and Tammany stands forth today with a solid army of over 150,000 enrolled men who are ready and willing to do its bidding. Is this army of 150,000 men composed of thieves, criminals, plunderers of the tax-payers, uneducated and vicious spoilsmen? Could they be held together in political association and relationship with no stronger tie to bind them than the thirst for spoils or an opportunity to break into the treasury? Tammany holds together in defeat and in victory, in the dark days of adversity as well as in the clear and bright days of prosperity because, with all its faults and failings, it has remained true to the principles of individual liberty and manhood suffrage. It has never catered to the rich aggregations of capital. It has always helped the poor and needy. It has been loyal to the people.

In 1837 the Whigs succeeded in winning away from Tammany a large section of its voting strength. The bankers and brokers and some of the tradesmen seceded and a Whig administration was elected to control the municipality. During the winter of 1838 owing to the panic there was widespread distress among the poorer classes of the people. It is stated upon excellent authority that Horace Greely was converted to the doctrines of socialism by the scenes which he witnessed that year in the sections of the city where the masses of the people dwelt. The Whig government did nothing to mitigate the hardships and sufferings of the poor, and hundreds died weekly from starvation. Then it was that Tammany entered upon its career of charity and benevolence. It was out of power and out of office, but its members worked with a will to relieve the distress. They distributed clothing, fuel, food and money. Women were induced to give up some of the luxuries to which they were accustomed; they organized themselves into auxiliary committees; they stitched and knitted; they visited the homes of the needy, and brought relief and sunshine and hope wherever they went. To the efforts of Tammany may be attributed the checking of a general famine in New York City in that trying season. The praise-worthy campaign of benevolence started then has been continued to the present time. Whoever will take the trouble to go down into the congested tene-

ment districts of New York will learn by observation and from the testimony of the dwellers there that Tammany Hall is one of the most efficient and practical charitable organizations in the city. Whenever poverty invades a home either because of the death or disability of the head of the family or from any other cause the Tammany District leader is informed. He despatches one of his subordinates to inquire into the facts and conditions, and prompt relief is sent the moment his report is received. Medical attendance is furnished to the sick, and food and fuel are supplied. If any members of the family are able to contribute to its support temporarily, employment of some sort is found for the willing ones, and the pinch of poverty is thus relieved. The organization spends thousands upon thousands of dollars yearly in charitable work of various kinds. Of course its enemies contend that all this is done for purely selfish purposes. The organization wants votes and this is only a form of political bribery. But those who are the recipients of its benefactions take a higher view of the impelling motive, and shower blessings upon the hands that helped them. Reformers may rail and scribes may rave over the "crimes" of Tammany, but there are thousands, nay tens of thousands, of poor people in New York who know by experience that it has virtues also, one of which was styled by the highest authority "the greatest of these."

Tammany, according to its critics, is a criminal organization. It exacts money from those who seek political favors. Some of its members have been guilty of offences. Official preferment is bought for a price. Criminals are shielded and protected. Evildoers who are able to pay are held exempt from punishment. The prevailing condition is one of moral turpitude. There may be some truth in all these statements. But it is a matter of historical record that Tammany has always succeeded in eliminating from its organization the elements that have brought it into disrepute. It is to this fact chiefly that it owes its remarkable longevity. Upon what sort of evidence are these sweeping charges based? who are the witnesses? what is their character? In recent years three legislative committees have undertaken to investigate the methods and policy of the organization. One only was productive of tangible results. It carried William L. Strong into the mayor's chair and elevated to the judicial bench Mr. John W. Goff, an Irish-Catholic lawyer. Mr. Goff acted as prosecuting attorney for the Lexow committee. The police department was the chief object of attack. The witnesses against it were the criminals who had felt the heavy hand of police repression, gamblers, confidence men, poolroom managers and the keepers of disreputable dens, all of whom had been raided or driven out of business by the police authorities. These people were, in many instances, paid for their testimony by interested parties, and the committee of inquiry believed their stories notwithstanding their own admissions as to their long careers of crime. The city was "reformed" through this investigation, and prosecutions were instituted against the captains and patrolmen who had been implicated. Three captains were convicted and dismissed from the service. Upon a review of their cases by the

Supreme Court the decisions of the lower courts and of the police board were reversed, and the Strong administration was forced to reinstate them in office and to pay their salaries in full. The only conviction which stood the test of judicial review was that of a patrolman for taking, without paying for it, an apple from a fruit stand on his route. But the people who wanted to believe in Tammany corruption, dishonesty and maladministration remembered only the charges preferred and the evidence offered by Mr. Goff in their support; they forgot or entirely ignored the judicial reversal of the decisions based upon that evidence, and Tammany's bad name was perpetuated.

But Mr. Croker and his associates at the head of Tammany have made large fortunes, say the critics. How did they make these fortunes if not by levying blackmail, robbing the citizens, dickering in offices and in favors to those who stood ready to pay for them? How do the wall street magnates make their fortunes? Is it not by taking advantage of their opportunities? The directors of a great trust meet and determine a policy. This policy is sure to affect the value of the company's securities and of the securities of other corporations. Only the directors know the policy adopted. They go into the market and purchase or sell the stocks that are to be influenced by the course of action determined upon. The "market" is not aware of the change in conditions. It goes on trading as usual. Next day the news is received, but the directors have made millions because of their advantageous position. In the conduct of a great city's business there are opportunities for profitable investments in real estate, and those who have "inside" knowledge of contemplated improvements seize these opportunities and make large profits. This is done in every large city in the United States. There is no more dishonesty in one transaction than the other. Human nature is the same whether we view it on Wall street or in the city hall. The instinct for profit is strong in man and it will assert itself in the speculator and in the politician with equal force. Under the Strong administration which was installed in power to relieve the tax-payers from the burdensome exactions of Tammany the tax-rate was increased over twenty per cent in two years. Nobody accused Mr. Strong of stealing the people's money. Yet Tammany, which had kept the tax-rate down to the minimum, was charged with all sorts of crimes against official honesty. The men who paid the bills in both instances restored Tammany to power four years ago.

It is a lamentable fact that the standards of official life just now are very low. They are no lower in Tammany Hall than elsewhere. Legislators sells their votes at Albany for a price; similar sales are made in Harrisburg, Boston, Springfield, Ill., Concord, Augusta, Hartford, Indianapolis and other state capitals where corporations seek favors that the people do not want to grant, and where millionaires seek senatorial honors for the wearing of which they are not qualified. A legislative committee reported to the New York legislature in 1898 that the managers of the great canal system had actually stolen $9,000,000 which had been appropriated for the maintenance and repair of these great inland waterways. For

this monstrous theft of the public money nobody has been prosecuted. The superintendent was not reappointed. That was all. Two men who were sent to Cuba by the national government to establish a postal service on the island stole upwards of $150,000 in a year. There is good reason to fear that they will escape the consequences of their crime through the influence of political friends high in authority. What is needed as a corrective of existing political abuses is a toning up of the public system, a quickening of the public conscience and a raising of the standard of public morality. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. The public servant is as good or as bad as his constituency. If he is held to a strict accountability for his acts, and if he is promptly dismissed and adequately punished for malfeasance, his successor is sure to take the lesson to heart and to avoid the errors and evils that wrought the undoing of his predecessor. Lasting reform in the public service cannot be effected by distrusting the people or by setting up class divisions or distinctions. The "leather-breeched mechanic with his shilling a day," of whom Dr. Francis writes, may be as good a citizen and as sound a patriot as the man in broadcloth with his millions. It is too late in the day to expect intelligent Americans to believe that the Catholic Church is in league with corrupt politicians, or with politicians of any sort. Religious ghosts no longer frighten men who do their own thinking. The problem of national, state and municipal government must be solved by the enlightened patriotism of men of all races and all religious beliefs, acting in harmonious and patriotic association. No faction or cabal, or clique or class possesses an exclusive right to govern in a Republic. When we must look to Mr. Hawley's "men of property, education and refinement" as our natural and rightful rulers or administrators then the experiment of self-government must be pronounced a failure, and the day of monarchical rule will have arrived. Over a century ago the American people determined by their suffrages and by their heroic sacrifices what the form of their government should be. They chose the Democratic in preference to the aristocratic form. The structure they reared then has successfully withstood the shocks of war and panic and has lived long enough to emphasize the sublime doctrines of personal liberty and the rights of man as they were proclaimed by their greatest tribune, Thomas Jefferson. These principles are venerated and cherished today by a vast majority of our composite citizenship. It is only the small minority of tuft-hunters aping the fashions and foibles of monarchical peoples who dispute them or desire their overthrow. In the view of such men it is a crime against the social order for the mechanic, the artisan or the laborer to aspire to take part in the government of his country or his city. Against this un-American, un-republican doctrine Tammany Hall protests resolutely, and for this notwithstanding its faults and failings which are common to human nature, it is entitled to full credit; and for this, among other things, it is bitterly assailed, maligned and traduced by the apostles of aristocracy and privilege. But its members remain true to the principle enunciated by the patriots of the early

days of the Republic. Like their fathers, they would "rather be governed by a man without an estate than by an estate without a man."

If it be true that the individual Catholic sometimes swerves from the straight path of official rectitude his deflection is not brought about by the precepts of his religion, but rather because of their neglect. Through her great preaching and teaching forces the Catholic Church constantly inculcates the principles of morality, virtue and honesty. She bids him respect authority and be loyal to those rightfully in power. She impresses upon his mind the importance and solemnity of his duty as a citizen, which stands second only to his duty as a Christian. She tries to convince him that the better Catholic he is the better and higher he will rank as a citizen. And while the inculcation and promulgation of these sublime doctrines have been her allotted function since the day of her Divine founding, she is accused now as she has been accused in the past of harboring sinister designs and entertaining sinister views respecting the authority of the State and the fealty of the citizen. But through evil report and good report she has continued without halt or abatement the work entrusted to her, and in spite of ceaseless calumnies and slanders she is today the most conservative force in American life. She alone of all the religious elements in the Republic rises above the squabbles and strivings of selfish men, and preaches the gospel of self-denial and self-abasement. She alone is indifferent to the rivalries of the Platts and the Crokers. She alone follows in the footsteps of the Master, who said: "My Kingdom is not of this world." And yet she alone is charged by men of the Hawley stamp with complicity in the sins of a political organization with which she has absolutely no relation or connection whatever. She is no more responsible for the alleged shortcomings of Tammany Hall than she is for the defalcations, breaches of trust, robberies and other crimes committed in the large centres of population throughout the world. Her mission is to make men better, more honest and more virtuous, and it is because they do not heed her teachings and follow in the path she lays out that they fail in their duty to God and country.

THE FEDERATION CONVENTION.

WHAT CITIZENS EXPECT FROM IT.

BY T. B. MINAHAN.

As a result of the preparatory meetings held in New York City and at Long Branch, National Federation of the Catholic societies of the country may now be taken as a fact. The question of such Federation has during the past two or three years awakened general interest. It has been widely discussed. The only real objection ever raised—danger in a political way—has been fully and satisfactorily answered. The trend of opinion among Catholic citizens is now strongly in favor of responding to the call for a National Convention. From every section of the country reports already promise a very full and representative gathering on the tenth of December at Cincinnati. There is nothing surprising in the success of this effort towards a National Union of the various societies of Catholic laymen. With the urgent necessity for such action on the part of Catholic citizens, with the inviting results possible to be realized thereby the wonder is that such a Federation has been so long delayed after those already formed by citizens of all other denominations. Separated, even though very numerous, societies of Catholic citizens remained a cypher in national life; united, these same societies will necessarily become a power to be reckoned with. The anticipated results of Federation are quite fully and thoughtfully summarized in the circular letter sent out by the temporary organization recently effected at Long Branch:

"*First*:—The pleasure and profit of knowing, understanding, and sympathizing with one another.

Second:—The facility of meeting in Convention where, by friction of brain and interchange of expression, we may improve our plans of organization and enlarge our power for good.

Third:—Greater strength and dignity for every individual organization as a result of its membership in the Federation. (The strongest state in the Union standing by itself, would be an insignificant power, but as an integral part of the great American Republic, it has a part in shaping the destinies of the world.)

Fourth:—Wide advertisement of our various societies and their objects, with the consequent large increase of membership for all of them. Some of our most useful societies are known only in particular sections of the country, or only in large cities.

Fifth:—Opportunity to discuss the needs of our Catholic people who are not yet joined by associations of piety, charity or benevolence.

Sixth:—Promotion of the growth and spread of Catholic Literature.

Seventh:—Refutation, that will reach the whole body of the people, of misunderstandings and calumnies, dogmatic, historical, and inferential, which are so often uttered against the Church.

Eighth:—The impregnation of Catholics with horror for the dreadful doctrines of Anarchy, one of whose dire results is that a great President has fallen by the Assassin's hand, and the whole of our beloved country is buried to-day in grief.

Ninth:—Intensification of the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of all our co-religionists.

Tenth:—The social, civic, and intellectual improvement of the whole Catholic body through the benefits derived by union among ourselves.

Eleventh:—The practical demonstra-

tion on a large scale, to our separated brethren, of what the Catholic Church really is; and the elimination from their minds of the bug-a-boo, which they have sometimes mistaken her for.

Twelfth:—The gradual eradication of all the old-time unreasonable prejudices against the Church as a body and against Catholics as individuals: prejudices, once so strong and yet not entirely dead, as to have sometimes made our otherwise fair-minded fellow-countrymen, allow us to be repressed or even, at least indirectly, deprived us of some of our Constitutional rights."

No stronger argument for Federation can be made than these anticipated results if Federation will bring about their realization. The time to argue the question of whether or not we should have Federation of Catholic citizens is now behind us. Catholic citizens after harkening to the arguments for and against have closed the discussion by an almost unanimous—"Yes. We wish it; we need it. Conditions surrounding the American Catholic citizen demand it!"

For the leaders entrusted with the work of putting Federation in active operation—of starting the machinery—there would seem to remain but a single thought. How will the Convention at Cincinnati set about constructing the means to accomplish the results anticipated? What are to be the practical methods? What general plan of action adopted? This would seem to be the pivot upon which the success or failure of the coming con vention must turn. To meet in large numbers; to adopt, as already presented, or to amend the constitution formulated; to enthuse for hoped-for results; to deliver sane entertaining addresses—these are matters common to similar gatherings, and in a way, serve a purpose. The pre-eminent work, though, confronting this Convention involves great difficulty. It is now a question of the best constructive ability. We all know clearly what is wanted, what we hope for from Federation. But to fashion a plan—broad yet simple; to wisely select the instrumentality most suitable for accomplishing the end,—here is the rub!"

Hard, sustained, persistent work can be counted upon from those selected and willing to take it up. Their best individual efforts, however, will prove unavailing, if failure is inherently embodied in the plan of work chosen. The best method of work, and men of constructive and executive force to carry it out are the needs. This Convention must therefore face the necessity and responsibility that from its hand must come the living practical force capable of solving the difficult problems of how to organize the work and select the best instrumentality.

This, as I take it, is the single thought that should rivet the attention of those likely to take part in the deliberations of this Convention. There is little to fear from the variety of the societies taking part. The delegates will all be American citizens united by the bond of Catholicity, animated by the one desire for successful Federation, no matter what societies they may represent, or what nationality they may have sprung from. He will serve best his constituency who, as a delegate to this Convention, brings to it thought upon the all-important matter of the plan of organized work. It is one thing to organize theoretically on paper; it is another to so organize as to bring about results. Work, per-

sistent, sustained, is the only means that will bring results in anything. Results are what the Catholic citizen will demand from Federation. Results, in the way of practical instrumentality, not theorizing, are what the Catholic citizen will exact from this Convention. Results evidenced in its work will be supported with unflagging interest, and, to any reasonable extent, in point of necessary means. Therefore results, not speech-making, should be the keynote of the coming Convention.

A BICYCLE IN MOROCCO.

BY HENRY COLLINS WALSH.

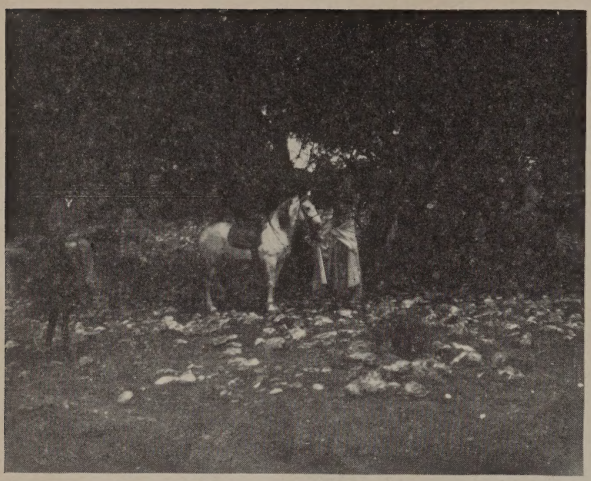
The bicycle has become such a commonplace of our civilization that the man in knickerbockers or the girl in divided skirts upon the wheel attracts no more attention than the ordinary pedestrian; this calm every-day acceptance of the bicycle, however, does not yet by any means prevail in all the four quarters of the globe. Recently I made a tour through a considerable section of that remarkable country known as the Empire of Morocco, a country that has successfully kept any waves of progress from breaking upon its shores, a country where the old order never changes, and where the past is embalmed in the present. It is no wonder, indeed, that a bicycle should attract extravagant attention in this country, for excepting at Tangier, which is close to Gibraltar, and more or less Europeanized, there is not a wheeled thing throughout the land. Locomotion is accomplished by natural means or by the aid of horses, mules, or camels. These are always ridden; there are no carts or wagons, and, indeed, there are no roads, nothing but bridle paths.

With a couple of companions and a wheel, I arrived at the port of Mogador, on the west coast of Morocco. Here we remained for several days preparing for a trip into the interior, our main destination being the City of Morocco, or Marakesh, as the Moors call it. Mogador is at no time stocked with tourists, so that our arrival appeared to attract no little attention. Indeed, we headed a rather remarkable procession whenever we stirred abroad, so many followers had we in the way of picturesque beggars and would-be guides, besides a general crowd of curious camp-followers. But the excitement that our mere arrival created, an excitement augmented by the fact that we had landed from a small yacht, a craft rarely seen in those waters, was as nothing compared to the sensation created by one of my companions when he first mounted the bicycle. The machine was brought over from the yacht in a small naphtha launch, together with luggage, guns, ammunition, etc. The guns and ammunition were held up at the custom house, but no objections were made to the bicycle and luggage. We were given a hint, however, that the guns might be landed if we would conceal them from view; this hint came

to us from an official source, so we smuggled the contrabands of war in during the darkness of evening. We concealed the guns beneath our clothes and limped painfully with them to a little hotel kept by a Spaniard, which we made our temporary quarters. Guns are all very well when they are not carried as concealed deadly weapons; in this capacity we found them decidedly uncomfortable.

STOPPING FOR A SHOT.

It was on the morning after our arrival that the wheel created its first sensation. Evidently this was the first appearance of a bicycle in Mogador, and as wheels of any sort are entirely unknown in this locality, the sensation can scarcely be wondered at. One of my companions, feeling that a spin would untangle his sea legs, mounted the wheel soon after breakfast. I was walking quietly along on the main thoroughfare when he glided by me, and I was nearly carried off my feet and trampled upon by the wild rush from all corners. Men and boys fell over each other in their eager attempts to keep up with the procession. The excitement spread like wil fire. From every turning came flying masses of humanity to see the wonderful sight, and everywhere arose mighty roars of amazement and delight. The grave Moors forgot their dignity, the



OUR PARTY ON THE WAY.

Jews abandoned their occupations, and all rushed after the magic wheel, their loose garments flying in the breeze; while swarthy negroes, their eyes bulging in astonishment, joined in the mad race. Pandemonium broke loose, men hallooed and burst into loud guffaws, donkeys brayed, dogs barked, and even the unemotional camels opened their eyes in mild wonder.

It was a great day in Mogador, a day to be remembered and talked about. Tales of the wonderful wheel spread quickly through the country districts, and people came from miles away to gaze upon the marvel that an *Anesera,* or Christian, had brought into the land. Country Moors famed as fast runners, and such have remarkable endurance and speed, came into town for the express purpose of racing against the now famous wheel. Many a race was run on the hard sands near the line of the sea, and the Moors, hating defeat, raced again and again until from sheer exhaustion they would fall panting upon the hot sands. But the magic wheel, it is needless to say, was always victorious, and so came to be regarded as something possessing superhuman powers.

At Mogador we procured horses, mules, a camel, guides, etc., and proceeded into the interior to the City of Morocco, one of the three capitals of the Empire, and the favorite resort of the Sultan. It takes some time to get ready for a journey in Morocco, because the Moors are great procrastinators and have an extraordinary ability for creating delays. By a promulgation of the Sultan we were obliged to procure a military escort. This consisted of one rather dilapidated soldier clad in a tattered jelab, who, however, was considered sufficient for legal purposes. The escort was supposed to throw the protecting aegis of the Sultan over us, for that monarch has to pay damages whenever a Christian is slaughtered in his domains, consequently the unbelievers must be protected, but at their own expense.

The American Consular agent gave us the benefit of his advice in the matter of selecting guides, of which there was a large selection to choose from. One handed me a note written by an English captain with a recommendation quite out of the usual order of such documents. It read:

"To whom it may concern:

"The bearer is the biggest rascal I have met in Morocco, and this is saying a great deal. Beware of him!"

We acted upon the Englishman's advice, but did not translate the message to the proud possessor of it; we

thought it best for the sake of other travelers to let him remain in his blissful ignorance.

On the evening of our first day's journey from Mogador, after riding over the sand dunes that surround that city, and getting into more fertile territory, we pitched our tent near a small farmhouse. The farmhouses in Morocco are miserable-looking apologies for residences, and resemble rather a pile of stones than a human habitation. The farmer offered us a room, but we preferred our tent, and enjoyed a really good dinner prepared by our Moorish cook. The Moors know how to make excellent soup, and prepare meats in a very appetizing manner by broiling small pieces upon freshly cut sticks, and serving them upon the same. The meat is eaten hot from the sticks, for the Moors dispense entirely with knives and forks. They have a favorite national dish called *kuskasoo,* made of barley, meats, vegetables and raisins. This mixture they roll up into little balls and shoot into their mouths like marbles.

IN THE CITY OF MOROCCO.

After dinner a full moon rose and inaugurated one of those brilliant shining nights known only in warmer latitudes. Our interpreter informed us that the surrounding rocky country was a likely one for wild boars. These animals are mostly hunted at night in

Morocco, so at about midnight we started out to try our luck. The guides preceded us as we stole stealthily along, wearing soft Moorish slippers on our feet so as to make as little noise as possible. For about two hours we crept about but heard scarce a sound except perhaps the whispering of our guides, who in their flowing white garments appeared like ghosts in the weird moonlight. Suddenly, grunting sounds broke upon our ears, our guides commenced to make excited signals, and we could hear our hearts' loud beating as we stole in different directions to surround the beast. I had scarcely taken up a position by a rocky mound when I heard the crack of a rifle held by one of my comrades, and then a huge boar came rushing along. Black, and fierce-looking, he stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight. I saluted him with my Winchester, and almost at the same instant another shot rang out from the direction of my other comrade. The boar gave a headlong plunge and then lay writhing in the dust, tearing up the earth with his tusks. This was our only boar hunt along the way, but we found plenty of pheasants, grouse and such small game to occupy us at times along the line of march.

MAIN THOROUGHFARE, MOGADOR.

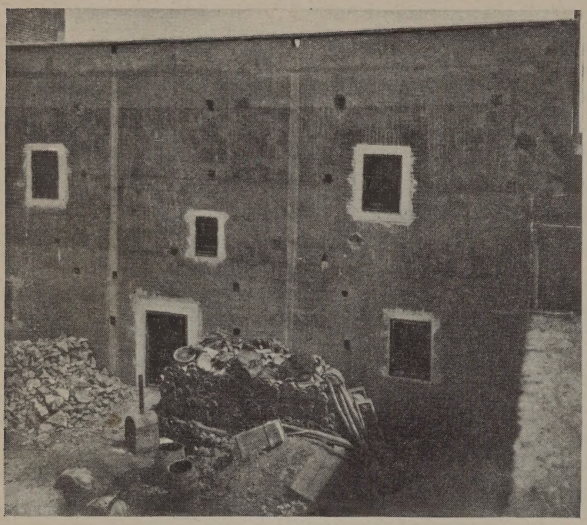
It took us about a week to reach the

city of Morocco. We would rise with the sun, ride until noon, stopping only for lunch and then on until the evening fell. There was little or no opportunity to use the bicycle as there are practically no roads except in the immediate vicinity of the larger cities. So the machine was strapped on top of the load that the camel bore. The heads ought to be wide enough to allow also the passage of their bodies. Consequently they will play the deuce with their packs, if not watched, by attempting to squeeze pack, body and all, through apertures scarcely large enough to admit a goat. Several times the bicycle was nearly wrecked.

Our arrival at the City of Morocco

THE BICYCLE AT MOGADOR.

curious animal seemed to resent deeply this added burden, this last straw, and kept up a constant growling and champing of his jaws. Camels are stupid beasts, and nobody pays any attention to their mutterings. They appear to think that any gap or opening through which they can push their silly did not occasion anything like the sensation we produced at Mogador. The Moors of the interior hate foreigners bitterly, and we were received with scowls and curses as we wound our way through the narrow covered streets. During our stay in this city we were the guests of Kaid Maclean,



REAR OF KAID MACLEAN'S HOUSE, CITY OF MOROCCO.

formerly an officer in the English army, but now practically the commander of the Sultan's forces. The window of my room overlooked the walls that surrounded the beautiful grounds of the Sultan's palace, and upon these walls in a ghastly row were forty human heads, terrible examples of the absolute sway of the autocrat of Morocco. Stretching beneath the window also was a great square, a place devoted to both business and pleasure. In the morning it was a general market place and was crowded with bargainers, and tents, and donkeys. In the afternoon the Arabs folded their tents, and the place became a sort of open air vaudeville theatre with a continuous performance. The Moors sat on their feet, forming great circles, whose centres were occupied by story-tellers relating tales from the Arabian Nights, by jugglers and acrobats, and snake charmers, whose dances were accompanied by the music of tom-toms and gimbreys. The Moors have no sense of monotony, they love repetition, they listen with keen interest to the same stories and witness the same performance day after day.

It was into this motley arena that one of my companions entered, mounted upon the wheel. But though the people crowded about it so as to block its progress, the bicycle evidently was not looked upon with favor. On the contrary, it was greeted with curses and revilings, and occasionally stones were hurled at the rider.

Bicycling did not appear to be conducive to health and longevity in this capital city of the Moors, so the machine was placed in the court yard of Kaid Maclean's house and allowed to rest during the remainder of our stay. Being guests of one of the Sultan's officers we wished to avoid, if possible, any unpleasant complications.

Lately the young Sultan of Morocco, Abdul Azziz, was presented with a bicycle, and he has become much interested in the machine. He is still a mere boy, hardly out of his teens, but his pleasure in the wheel is regarded with horror by the Moors. Here is an extract from a letter written by an official at court to a friend; this letter was read to an Englishman traveling in Morocco and he translated it from the Arabic. It shows with what disfavor the wheel is regarded by all pious Moors, as indeed is every foreign invention. The extract runs as follows:

"Would ye know my friends, how

and why the change of the Vizierate which placed Kaid Menedi at the head of affairs came about? The ex-Grand Vizier happened inopportunely into the presence when our lord was being seated upon a bicycle by one of the infidels. To him, thorough Moslem and Moor of the Moors, the sight was revolting, indecent. Thinking of the inevitable effect of such things in sapping our lord's authority, he ventured upon remonstrance. What followed thou knowest. A mission, a journey, swift riding followers from the palace, heavy chains, and a seat upon a mule's back; and now the ex-Vizier lies rotting in prison."

It is probable that the young Sultan will continue to ride his machine, and his officials will probably not venture any more advice against his indulgence in the pastime. But the same wheel which caused the Vizier's downfall may yet work the monarch's ruin. There are wheels within wheels in Morocco and the country at present is in an exceedingly turbulent condition, brought about by the Sultan's fondness for foreign ways and inventions. A spark may set aflame the terrible fanaticism of the Moors, and in that event the "fierce white light that beats upon a throne" would be but an aid in reducing it to ashes.

CAMEL CARRYING BICYCLE.

DAY DREAMS.

THE CREED OF ANARCHY.

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.

Michael Bakunin, a Russian, born in 1814 and dying in 1876, author of a "Revolutionary Catechism," is commonly cited as the father of anarchy. He was educated at a Russian military school and on graduating was appointed an ensign of artillery. In 1841 he went to Berlin and studied philosophy under the Hegel School. In 1843, he was in Paris, and by this time was closely identified with the Socialistic and Communistic societies of that city. In 1847, he made an address in Paris, advocating a general Russian and Polish uprising against the Emperor. For this public declaration he was expelled from France and his life from that time to his death was a checkered one, moving from one country to another to escape the officers of the law. His most radical public speech was made in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1868, and a few sentences from that address will serve to show the awful degradation of his principles. "If there were really a God, surely he would use that lightning which he holds in his hand to destroy those thrones to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would, assuredly, use it to overthrow those altars where the truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God; for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds you will never know what freedom is. When you have got rid of the belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence and that of the surrounding world are due to a conglomeration of atoms, in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then and then only you will have accomplished the first step toward liberty, and you will experience less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented. The first lie is God; the second lie is right. Might invented the fiction of right to insure and strengthen her reign. Might, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society, and should be in the hands of the majority. It should be in the hands of those nine-tenths of the human race whose immense power has been rendered subservient to the remaining tenth, by means of the lying fiction of right, before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and to drop your arms. Once penetrated with the conviction of your own might, you will be able to destroy the mere notion of right. And when you have freed your minds from the fear of God, and from that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains that bind you and which are called civilization, property, marriage, morality and justice, will snap asunder like thread. Let your own happiness be your only law. But, in order to get this law recognized, you must destroy everything as it now exists, the good with the bad, for if but an atom of the old world remains, the new will never be created."

His "Revolutionary Catechism" is as anarchistic in its teaching as the above address. One paragraph will suffice to show the narrowing depths to which his infidelity led him:

"The anarchist is a man under a vow. He ought to have no personal interests, no business, no feelings, no

property. He ought to be entirely absorbed in one single interest, one single thought, one single passion—the revolution. He has only one aim, one science—destruction. For that and for nothing else, he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry and medicine. With the same object he observes men, characters, the situations and the conditions of the social order. He despises and detests existing morality. For him everything is moral that helps on the triumph of the revolution. Everything is immoral and criminal that hinders it. Between him and society there is war—war to the death—incessant, irreconcilable. He ought to be ready to die, to endure torture and with his own hand to kill all who place obstacles in the way of the revolution. So much the worse for him, if he has in this world any ties of relationship, of friendship, of love. He is no true revolutionist if these attachments stay his arm. Nevertheless he must live in the midst of society, pretending to be what he is not. He must penetrate everywhere, among the upper classes as well as among the middle—into the merchant's shop, into the church, into the government offices, into the army, into the literary world, into the detective force and even into the imperial palaces. He must prepare a list of those who are condemned to death and dispatch them in the order of their relative misdoings. A new member can only be admitted into the association by a unanimous vote and after his qualities have been proved, not by word only, but by deed. Each member shall have under his control several revolutionists of the second or third degree, not yet wholly initiated. The most valuable element are women, who are completely initiated and who accept our whole program. Without their aid we can effect nothing."

Such are some of the terrible principles of anarchy. Their motto is, remove everyone in authority from policeman to President—aim high—strike the highest, for then we will attract attention. Anarchists are enemies of all kinds of government. They want to abolish every kind of authority. Under their plan civilization would go back to barbarism, and might would be above right. It is not very difficult to get at what anarchists believe and wish, for they do not hide their ideas but are ever pushing them forward and have an international association with branches in every civilized country. At a trial of some of them in the city of Lyons in France in 1883, forty-seven anarchists signed a written statement of their principles, and one of them read it publicly in court. From that document I quote a few sentences: "We wish liberty, that is to say, we demand for every human being the right and the means of doing that which pleases him, to satisfy all his wants, without any other limits than natural impossibilities and the wants of neighbors equally respectable. We wish liberty and we believe its existence incompatible with the existence of any power whatsoever, whatever the origin or form—whether it be elected or imposed, monarchical or republican—whether inspired by divine right or popular right, by anointment or by universal suffrage." Here, we see, that an anarchist on his own statement is as much opposed to our own form of government as he is to any other form—Empire, Kingdom or limited monarchy. This statement further says: "The best governments are the worst." "Anarchists believe

and propose to teach the people how to get along without government, as they already begin to learn how to get along without God." Down with God and religion and then, they argue, and logically too, down with all authority. Take away the ten commandments and the rest will be easy. Again they say: "We wish to destroy all states and all churches, with all their institutions and laws, religious, political, judicial, financial, magisterial, academical, economical and social." Simply do away with every single solitary thing that man has evolved and made for the good of humanity since creation. Stamp it all out of existence. One of their high authorities says: "We admit no other activity except destruction. We declare that the forms in which that activity shall express itself may be widely varied—poison, dagger, noose, the bullet"—in other words any and all forms of destruction are to be used to gain the victory, and it is a fact that the anarchist makes a study of all the latest known forms of deadly poisons and all the highest forms of destructive chemicals. A competent chemist will always find a warm welcome from an anarchist. Another anarchistic authority says that destruction is their watchword and he urges a series of outrages and of audacious and even mad enterprises striking terror into the powerful and arousing the people until they believe in the triumph of revolution. This explains why they attack the persons high in any nation —the head of authority, for thereby they draw greater attention to their action and principles.

A very common word among them is "Removal." To remove a man is to kill him—get him out of the way. Down with God. Down with religion. Down with property. Down with government. The question is often asked are these men and women sane. To some extent they are—insane, however, on this point and hence dangerous to every nation. This propaganda has existed in Europe for years. European powers have driven many of the better known anarchists into exile and they have camped in this country and we have been too heedless and careless, and yet we had fair warning. When Bresci assassinated King Humbert of Italy it was proven that the plot was hatched in this country, and Garcia Clamevilla, now living at Spring Valley, Ill., and editor of a Chicago anarchistic paper called the *Firebrand,* publicly declared that President McKinley would be the next victim. He drew up resolutions praising the murderer of Humbert and these were published at the time.

THEIR PAPERS.

In New York city there are two papers of anarchistic type; one called the *International Organ—The Freiheit,* edited by the infamous John Most, a sharp, shrewd and educated demon. The paper has a wide circulation both in the East and West. Editorials breathing dynamite, fire and destruction are the common features of this paper. "A recent editorial, when Queen Victoria died," is said by a writer in the September *Bookman,* "to have been probably the most venomous article that ever appeared in any American newspaper." *Liberty* is another paper published in English in behalf of anarchistic principles. It is a three column, four page paper, but is far less violent and venomous than John Most's paper. Here is a quotation from Most's paper some time ago, in

which he justifies murder. "Humanity can only be aimed to do away with all kinds of murder and so long as murder itself is the best means to that end so long will humanity seize the weapon and become the murderer of the murdered. If murder is permitted to any human being it certainly is permitted to all, but particularly to those who practice the destruction of the murderers by profession or by the grace of God." Hence he justifies murdering any authority who sentences a man to be hung.

Here is an extract from the *Freiheit,* the morning after the President was shot, September 7: "The greatest of all follies in the world is the belief that there can be a crime of any sort against despots and their accomplices. Such a belief is in itself a crime. Despots are outlaws; they are in human shape what the tiger is among beasts; to spare them is a crime. As despots make use of everything, treachery, poison, murder, etc., so everything should be employed against them."

L'Aurore is published at Spring Valley, Ill., in the Italian language; and expressed unbounded joy over the murder of President McKinley, and satisfaction that the assassin had announced himself an anarchist. One of the most prominent organs of anarchy in this country is published at Paterson, N. J.—*La Questione Sociale.* Emma Goldman is a frequent contributor to this journal, over her own signature. Here are a few sentences quite common in that journal: "Killing a King makes people think." "We want to exterminate evil by force." "We never consider consequences." "We are opposed to government, which means political tyranny." "We do not believe in religion, laws, or individual ownership of property."

Anarchy simply means destruction—but ask anyone of its promoters what they propose to put in place of what they wish to destroy, and the answer one receives is—"We destroy—we obliterate—we leave to others the work of rebuilding." This venomous creed has at last left its bloody mark upon the pages of our history in a sharper and deeper outline than its first outbreak in the now famous Haymarket riots in Chicago. The clear duty of the nation is to make the distinction deep and clear that liberty is not license. No man has a right to do as he pleases. Liberty must be safeguarded by law and law by liberty. Liberty of speech and liberty of the press must not be allowed to overstep the bounds of common decency and common sense. Liberty is not liberty that allows men to promulgate in public speech and in print doctrines subversive of all society, of all government, of all lawfully constituted authority. Anarchy is a pestilence. It must be quarantined and destroyed by public authority. Already we have laws that guard the postal service in the interests of morality. Let it be extended to the books, papers and literature of anarchy. Let them be barred from the U. S. mails. Anarchy fears not God, fears not human law, but despises God's law as well as man's. Hence its principles are destructive of society and society has the inherent right to protect itself. Abolish all their literature. Suppress all their meetings. Let the rigid and iron hand of the law place itself on them once for all. Otherwise sooner or later we will have another French Commune in our midst, when to burn a

church, kill a clergyman, stab a government officer will be the height of heroism. Driven from every nation under the sun, why should they be unmolested here?

'Tis true that some of the evils of modern society, man's inhumanity to man, greed after gold, have led to such erratic, wild and savage doctrines, but society can not be reformed by murder.

Hon. W. J. Bryan, McKinley's opponent for the highest office in the gift of the American people, put it well, recently, when he said: "Free governments may be overthrown, but they cannot be reformed by those who violate the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Under a government like ours every wrong can be remedied by laws, and the laws are in the hands of the people themselves. Anarchy can neither be excused nor tolerated here. The man who proposes to right a public wrong by taking the life of a human being makes himself an outlaw, and cannot consistently appeal to the protection of the government, which he repudiates. He invites a return to a state of barbarism, in which each one must at his own risk defend his own rights and avenge his own wrongs."

What the great Edmund Burke wrote of the French Commune may well apply to anarchy: "When men will have thrown off the fear of God and the fear of man, nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician. It is like that of the Principle of Evil himself — like Satan — incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. Their mind is not satisfied with the contemplation of human suffering, their humanity is at their horizon and like the horizon it always flees before them. These philosophers consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air pump or in a recipient of mephitic gas."

Anarchy is the curse of liberty, and yet its followers mouth the word as if they and they alone knew its meaning. Ought any man to have the liberty to print and speak publicly things which are harmful and injurious to the social well-being of man? Ought the anarchist, even here in free America, have the right to insult everything that is dear to American humanity? Ought they to have the right to sow the germs of discord, to rouse up the passions of men, to invite to murder?

Why, if this is liberty, soon the social and moral order that men have evolved and we call civilization must crumble to pieces. True liberty has need of restraint—of the restraint of duty—physical, moral, civil and political liberty. No man can do as he pleases in the physical world. I can't, much as I might like to, especially when in a hurry, take one step from my house to the postoffice, and one step to bring me back again. I can't jump off a train going 50 miles an hour and expect to escape all danger and injury. No, there is a limit to my physical liberty. I can step one foot, but not a mile; I can eat a piece of meat, but, no matter how hungry, I can't eat twenty-five pounds of meat at one meal. So moral, civil, and political liberty have their limits and restraints. My personal opinion of anarchists is like what a doctor once said of a sick person, one-third sick, one-third cussed, and one-third lazy. An anarchist is one-third fool, one-third possessed by the devil, and the other third too lazy to work.

One particular plank of anarchy that

crops out in all its movements is that there is no God. Do away with God and then with all authority. Hence our civilization in fighting anarchy must ever keep before the people this truth: that society, humanity, government needs God and God's protection and when society turns from God and God's laws, its logical course sooner or later runs into the current of destruction, both social, moral and political.

Guizot, the great Protestant historian, says: "When man no longer believes in the existence of the soul, his love of liberty rests on a most precarious footing. The negation of the soul is, in fact, the negation of Liberty. The recognition of the material side of our nature only must have for its practical result to make that nature subject to the laws which govern matter and the laws of force. On the other hand, whatever serves to enlarge the powers of the soul and to free them from the thraldom of the senses, is conducive of the progress of the soul towards liberty, because moral liberty is the only foundation upon which all forms of liberty can securely rest."

Even Voltaire acknowledged that: "it is absolutely necessary for princes and people that the idea of a Supreme Being, a Creator, should be deeply engraved in the mind." Hence this country was stirred to its depths by the recent murder of the President and cries out: away with anarchy—let the heel of liberty crush this foul serpent! So be it! But let us remember that woe is our land if religion is not here to check and curb the furious passions of men, preaching to them with Pentecostal fire that the majesty of God's law must be honored. We must rear a generation of citizens that believe in God, and believing in Him are prompt to obey. Anarchy means infidelity—it appeals to men in various forms and ways—but its ultimate object is to destroy the idea of God in men's hearts. The grand old principles of Catholic Christianity stand out luminous today as ever as the bulwarks of society, principles so well and often expounded by the Grand Old Man of the Vatican in many a public document, but notably in that masterly encyclical of June 20, 1888, on Liberty. Its first paragraph reads: "Liberty is nature's noblest gift. It can be enjoyed only by beings that possess reason and intelligence. Liberty gives dignity to man by placing him in his own guidance and making him master of his own actions. But how this dignity will be borne by man is a matter of much concern. For it can become to him a source of the greatest good or the greatest evil." This beautiful document of Pope Leo XIII. ought to be read by every lover of liberty. It has sixty-five paragraphs, and every one of them radiant with light and printed with heavenly fire—every one of them an answer to the nobler aspirations of humanity.

The words of the dying Chief Magistrate of this Nation, loyally professing his belief in God and God's way seem to be a presidential call to the people of the Nation to get back to God and God's way. To the last he clung to his trust in God and died with the name of God upon his lips. His last public utterance, the address at Buffalo the day before he was shot, closed with an invocation to God to bless this country and its people, and it may well stand as his last will and

testament to the great nation he loved and served so well. That address breathes peace, and it seems as if, in uttering it, he caught an echo of the melody of the song that was chanted of old in the night watches around Bethlehem and made the dawn of the next morning immortal—Glory to God and peace to men and nations. May this crime serve to weld us all nearer and nearer to God and may God's "Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," lead us to better paths and ways.

IN PURER ETHER.

BY ESTHER A. WAGGAMAN.

(Concluded.)

Sister Raphael, enveloped in a blue gingham apron, was standing before an easel, comparing the sunset on her canvas to the fading light in the western sky. She had dismissed her class in painting nearly an hour before, and had lingered purposely to study the evening glow. She started as Sister Paul came hurrying into the room.

"What has happened?" she asked, giving a faulty touch to her picture.

"Oh Sister," began her visitor apologetically, appalled at the consternation she had caused. "Nothing—oh! nothing has happened. I only want your advice."

Sister Raphael was too much relieved to be vexed; she put away her brushes and sitting down in a low canvas-covered chair prepared to listen. She was a large handsome woman, strikingly like her niece, all except her eyes which were small and deep set.

"It's—it's about a letter," began Sister Paul, still breathing heavily from her hasty ascent, "a—a love letter."

"A love letter," repeated the older nun in some dismay.

"Who—who has been writing to you?"

"To me?" the words were eloquent with surprise, reproach, confusion. "Oh Sister, you surely didn't think anyone would write a love letter to me?"

Sister Raphael laughed easily. "Why you blessed child!" she exclaimed, "then what are you so excited about?"

Thus questioned the importance of her revelation seemed to diminish. Evidently Sister Raphael did not regard a love letter from the same tragic standpoint. Sister Paul determined to be calm and tell the whole of her story.

"I had to open the mail today," she began, perching on a high stool which stood in front of the easel, "the Directress was sick in bed and she thought I might take her place because I help her sometimes. I know where all the books are kept. Well, when the letters came I had to open them, and this one—I read." She brought the crumpled envelope from her pocket. "It's—it's from a—man."

Sister Raphael smiled again.

"Really! How extraordinary!" she said, her eyes twinkling.

Sister Paul did not notice her bantering tone. She was totally devoid of a sense of humor.

"It is an extraordinary letter," she agreed, smoothing out the two rumpled sheets, "and it has no beginning and no end."

Sister Raphael looked serious now.

"An anonymous letter," she said, taking it from Sister Paul's ready hands; "an anonymous letter you say. Where are my glasses?"

"Well I suppose it isn't exactly anonymous. Olive might know!"

"Olive," the good lady leaned back in her chair, and laughingly refolded the rumpled sheets. "It's all right if it is to Olive. She's engaged to a very nice young man in Paris. She's not one of the regular pupils; she came here to study French—she graduated long ago. But after her marriage she expects to live in France, and so she wants to understand the language thoroughly. Besides, she finds that she can board more cheaply here than she can outside. My brother-in-law, when he died, left her barely enough to support herself, but she manages to make a little money with her drawings."

"Oh!" said Sister Paul, penitently. "I'm very sorry I read the letter—I—I didn't know about it."

"And how could you? Olive will understand."

"If I explain?"

"Why if you choose."

Little Sister Paul descended silently from the high stool, and taking the letter, she went slowly down the broad stairs. She blamed herself for a whole misspent day. The ledgers, the accounts, the bills, the circulars were in a more confused state than when Sister Margaret had inconveniently gone to bed, and this letter, which in her zeal she had withheld, was a confidence into which she had trespassed with no right and no authority.

Would Olive be angry with her? She tried to fancy how she would feel under like circumstances, but the next moment she banished the thought for it did not seem right to conjure up even an imaginary love letter of her own. Would Olive be angry? She dreaded the confession she would have to make, for Olive seemed so much older, so different from the other girls.

The play-room was deserted, for the evening was warm and the girls had gathered in little groups on the porch outside. Sister Paul timidly approached.

"Is Olivia here?" she asked.

"No, she is standing over there alone."

Sister Paul looked in the direction indicated, and saw a slight figure in black leaning over the white railing of the porch where she could watch the lights being multiplied in the far away city.

In her soft shoes the nun made no sound as she came closer to Olive's side.

"Olive," she laid one small hand on the girl's black sleeve, "Olive, will you forgive me?"

The girl turned questioningly.

"Forgive you?" she repeated—"Why it's little Sister Paul. I trust you've been doing nothing really wicked."

This laughing greeting embarrassed Sister Paul still further. Her premeditated apology stuck in her throat. "I—I hope," she began.

"And so do I, Sister Paul, I hope you've come to confess some sort of a human weakness, for it would be quite a relief to know you had one. I've always said you were too good for earth."

The little nun blushed to the edge

of the band of linen that bound her forehead.

"Oh don't; don't say that," she entreated; "you—you won't say that when you know."

"Then go on," said the girl merrily. "I feel as judicial as your father confessor. What have you done? Out with it. I'm curious to know."

Sister Paul stooped over and rummaged in her deep serge pocket. "I—I kept your letter. I—I read it because I thought it might be an elopement, or something." The explanation sounded exceedingly vague and her voice was lost in a nervous whisper.

"An elopement," exclaimed the girl. "Surely you didn't imagine that Ralph was planning an elopement. So his letter came after all? I couldn't understand why I did not get one today. I was fancying all sorts of unpleasant things." She seized the well-fingered envelope, that the nun held out to her, and began to read the letter in the dull light of the gas that streamed through the open window of the playroom.

Sister Paul was still in an apologetic frame of mind. She stood by watching Olive curiously until she saw her reach the end of the last page.

"I—I am very sorry," she began again. "It was a mistake. I have done nothing all day but make mistakes."

Her tone was full of hopeless humility, and her penitence seemed so disproportioned to her sins that Olive, who had forgotten her presence, looked up and smiling said,

"Why Sister Paul, have you been standing there all this time?"

"It has not been so long."

"Not long? Why I've crossed the ocean, and lived through an Eden, with the serpent left out, and I've been dead and buried and lived again through an eternity of bliss."

Sister Paul was plainly bewildered, and her big blue eyes opened wide in affright, but the girl did not notice her expression. She had opened the letter and was again poring over the closely written pages.

"Did you ever know what it was to love, Sister Paul?" she went on; "to love someone so that all privation seemed pleasure, pain a delight, and this life but a moment of time? Did you never long for all the beauty, the fame, the wealth of the ages that you might give it all—all to prove the strength of your love that is too great to tell?"

The little nun's eyes had grown dreamy; her fear of the girl was gone.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "yes."

Olive was startled by her unexpected answer.

"You!" she said, putting her arm about the nun's waist, and gazing questioningly into the young placid face, "you—you have felt that way? Then why did you come here?"

The nun's eyes were still turned upward to the stars.

"Because—because of that," she said.

Unconsciously the girl loosened her hold. She felt as if some impregnable barrier had been raised between them, and she listened, puzzled by her own incapacity to comprehend a psychical problem presented to her for the first time. She hesitated before she asked: "You feel—actually feel that way about God?"

It was Sister Paul's turn to be curious now.

"Why yes," she said with the straightforwardness of a child.

Olive sat down upon one of the

stiff-backed benches, and relapsed into silence. Sister Paul stood waiting; she did not know for what.

"I am older than you," began the girl musingly, "several years older than you. Before my uncle died we were rich and so I traveled and saw the world and all sorts and conditions of men. But you—oh! I'm such a heretic—perhaps that's the reason I cannot understand."

"A heretic!" repeated Sister Paul; "what sort of a heretic?" The girl laughed mirthlessly.

"The worst sort I fancy. I worshipped the gods in Greece, the ruins in Rome, and the shops in Paris, and the Alps of course. I feel here like a wolf in the lamb's fold. I suppose if Sister Raphael had had any other relative to cling to she never would have let me in."

"Oh!" gasped Sister Paul again. She had never heard anyone talk this way before, and as Olive went on she tried to remember some simple sermon that she might repeat it to this girl, for she half believed that she might impress her if she were only skilful enough to expound the doctrines of the Church. But she was not naturally talkative, and dreaded an argument, and she felt Olive would laugh at her weak attempts to evangelize, yet at the same time she tortured herself with the thought that she was holding back from an unholy fear of being ridiculed.

The girl read her thoughts and sat watching her, amused by the troubled look on her face.

"Perhaps I'm not beyond redemption," she said at last with mock seriousness. "I believe in character building for one's own sake—I believe in the ideals of art, and I'm beginning to comprehend the standards of religion." The clanging of a bell in the hall-way silenced her voice and brought the conversation to an abrupt conclusion.

"That means I'll have to go to supper," she said as the noise of the bell ceased. "But I'll see you again, Sister Paul," and, turning quickly, she left the nun in a state of mute bewilderment.

Two days later as Sister Paul was passing down one of the long corridors she heard Olive calling to her, and she retraced her steps to the door of the girl's room, pleased to think that a stranger desired her simple company. Olive was sitting before a table busily engaged in tying up a number of sketches in a thick envelope. She did not speak as the nun entered, but pointing silently to a chair, went on with her work.

Sister Paul obediently sat down in the only unoccupied chair and looked admiringly around her. The room was furnished like the nun's cells, with wash-stand, table, and narrow iron bed, but Olive had done much to change the aspect. A Persian shawl draped the doorway and in its voluminous folds two gilt-framed mirrors had been skilfully placed opposite each other so that they seemed to lead into vast apartments beyond where the white-washed walls hung with warm glowing paintings in oil, delicate etchings and sketches of far-away places, vague and imperfect, drawn with the unreal touch of a dreamy memory.

When Olive had directed her package she turned to Sister Paul, and, patting the bulky envelope, she said: "I'm a degenerate, a hopeless degenerate. I longed to paint pictures to hang in the salon and here I am, draw-

ing fashion plates at three dollars apiece. Some day I hope to illustrate Ralph's books; that will be more to my liking. Did you know that he wrote books, Sister Paul?"

"Yes, I read that in his letter you know," she answered hesitatingly with a return of her former embarrassment. "It must be nice to write books; I wish I could."

She seemed so far removed from the fever of ambition that Olive regarded her doubtfully.

"What for?" she asked.

"They do so much good. They help one to work, to pray, to find heaven."

"Not always," said the girl, half amused.

"Of course not always, but they might; they could."

"So might pictures," said Olive meditatively, biting the end of her pen-holder, "but my ambition does not lead me quite so far. Some day I hope to rise above fashion plates for there is nothing idealistic about them. Now here are some. People may call them artistic—I call them trash." She opened the drawer of her table, and bringing out a handful of sketches, she began to sort them over carelessly. "Now here's a new design for a hat—a hat that would suit you, Sister Paul." She lazily leaned back in her chair and her quick imagination dressed the nun in worldly attire.

Sister Paul picked up the sketch and viewed it critically. "It's very pretty," she said at last. "I once had a hat something like that before I came here. I believe I wanted to bring it with me."

"Why, what for?" exclaimed the girl wholly astonished. Her visitor smiled happily, "Because I hated to give it up," she said. Olive looked puzzled.

"Did you ever care for things like that?" she asked anxiously. "Did you like the warmth, the softness of beautiful things?" Her curiosity was roused, she felt that she would like to study this singular girl's nature for it seemed so far above her own, and as she looked at the tranquil face before her she wondered if there had been no soul struggles, no doubts, no disillusions. What experiences of life could purchase this uncomprehensible spiritual content? What commanding force had led a woman without cleverness or poetic vision into a world of restful thought while other minds with sharpened powers of intellect and will groped blindly for the passageway?

Sister Paul hesitated before answering. "Why yes," she said.

"And did you know what luxury meant? Did art and music never move you? Did you know what it was to love and to have love—human love?" The girl was bluntly inquisitive now. The conventions had given way. She felt that Sister Paul's social standards had been forgotten. She could meet her directly, soul to soul.

An expression of sadness came into the nun's soft eyes. "My father and mother loved me, and I was their only child. I cried every night for weeks when I thought of the separation, but the happiness of living for God took away the pain of parting."

"And they were poor?" the girl went on, feeling like a surgeon, who when he makes the first incision with his knife goes on half-stonily, animated by scientific zeal.

"No," said the little nun, "they were rich, so rich that they used to tempt

me by telling me of the wonderful things I should see and hear if I would only stay with them and travel over the world."

The girl was listening now with wide-open eyes. "I cannot understand," she said, shaking her head hopelessly. "I cannot understand."

Sister Paul misconstrued her meaning. "You must not think my mother was not good," she said. "But she loved me and it was hard for her to give me up."

Olive flung her arms impulsively about the nun's waist. "I should think so indeed," she said. "I feel a protective sense of affection for you already. Oh! you're so different from anyone I have ever known. I hope you won't think me too wicked to see me sometimes. I feel so old—so old beside you."

"Why," said Sister Paul, "I'm twenty-five."

"And I am twenty-seven, but I was old before I was young."

Sister Paul did not know what to reply. She felt that she had lingered long enough, and she rose preparatory to taking her departure. "You are far cleverer than I am," she said humbly. "You might get tired of me if you saw me often."

Olive smiled and looked dreamily out of the window. "Perhaps," she said, in her half-laughing way. "Perhaps. I would like to try," and before she could add more she heard Sister Paul's footsteps retreating down the long, echoing corridor.

This was but the beginning of their close acquaintance. At first Olive had found the nun only an interesting study, and she wrote to Ralph, telling him that she had discovered a unique character for his next book, "A brand new flavor for a heroine," she said. "A commonplace mind made strong and keen-sighted by holiness." But as the days went on she was further fascinated by Sister Paul's simplicity and by her straightforward honesty and humility, which were so contrary to the world's teaching that the older girl regarded these virtues from a half-humorous standpoint. But even while she laughed in her kind impulsive way, she was awed by the inaccessible heights on which the little nun seemed to move so tranquilly. And she began to realize dimly that this new world was closed to her because spiritually she was undeveloped. Her uncle, who had adopted her when she was left an orphan, was a man who had no patience with creeds. He wished his niece to grow up without any religious prejudice, he said. In its place he had preached a man's exalted sense of honor. That was the only definite doctrine he had to give her. He considered it enough. No wonder then that Sister Paul's piety was a revelation to her, and though it made her feel that their congeniality was based on differences, it pleased her to dwell upon their contrasting natures, drawing out the story of the nun's uneventful life by telling of her own varied experiences. And, when in time she began to feel a genuine affection for Sister Paul, she was also conscious of a protective solicitude for the stainlessness of the young man's soul.

"I'm almost afraid to talk to you," she said one night. "I've a new sense of responsibility ever since I met you. You've convinced me that there must be a heaven."

"Why?" began Sister Paul, half-protestingly.

Because there must be a place for rare exotics like your soul to bloom. I know how wicked the world is, and I wouldn't want to tell you."

Sister Paul looked pained. "It is so far away," she said after a moment's pause. "It is so far away."

They were standing in front of the Infirmary steps. Olive leaned over the white-painted balustrade, and listened for the muffled sounds of the distant city. She could hear the hoarse rumble of the cars as they crossed the bridge close to the convent wall, and through the dull haze, which had followed the twilight, she could see the blurred lights on the narrow streets. Sister Paul's last speech had aroused new thoughts in her questioning imagination. How was it possible to live so near to a great world and not feel the strain, the struggle, the feverish restiveness? Suppose she could subjugate her impulsiveness, her self-will, her worldly desires, her craving after affection, would such a conquest bring this seraphic peace? She laughed at the idea, and turning to Sister Paul, she said, "Do you think I have any religious sense or have I been spared that privilege?"

Sister Paul seemed puzzled. She had been attracted towards Olive from the first, but she had always found her difficult to comprehend. "I—I don't think I quite understand."

"Well, I mean am I capable of taking a religious view. I have always believed that one ought to look after the sick, the maimed, but that's a humanitarian standpoint. I've believed in doing the best with one's talents because art is sacred to me, and though I have drawn fashion plates to foster woman's vanity, I could forgive myself sooner than I could another."

"I'm sure there is no harm in your pictures," said Sister Paul quickly. "I think it wise of you to work so that you may lessen the time of your separation. It must be hard on Ralph to have you so far away."

She had fallen into the habit of calling him Ralph for Olive had so often talked to her of him. She spoke with sweet sisterly sympathy, but the words sounded strange coming from one who had voluntarily cut herself off from all human ties.

Olive again relapsed into silence, surprised by Sister Paul's unfeigned interest. She could not understand how anyone who had relinquished all hold on earthly possessions could exhibit such eagerness to obtain worldly happiness for others. She was too much engrossed in her own thoughts to notice three girls who came to the door of the Infirmary, and she did not hear them when they called to Sister Paul.

Sister Paul arose from the wooden steps and Olive turned in time to see her girlish figure silhouetted against the square of light in the Infirmary doorway. The Infirmary was a homelike place; the rough floor was covered by a well-worn carpet, and on the lower sash of the diamond-paned windows hung white Swiss curtains gathered on tapes. A part of this small parlor had been partitioned off as a miniature drug store. Here Sister Paul was stationed to assist the Infirmarian in measuring out the harmless doses which the doctor prescribed. Every night a troop of girls came to the window of this drug store to ask for cold cream, camphor, headache tablets, and tonics, which they took with indifferent regularity. Sometimes they wished a mild surgical

operation performed, and then out came Sister Paul's sharp little lance, and the festered finger was cut before the patient had time to protest.

Olive was present at one of these slight operations and the sight of the ugly finger and spurting blood had sickened her. She had left the room and gone out into the night air to recover, more puzzled than ever before by what she now pleased to call Sister Paul's complexity.

The June days wore away in stifling monotony. The grass was parched, the flowers burned, the sun hung like a burnished copper brazier yielding a pitiless heat. Olive worked hard over her fashion plates, but the market was dull, the summer wardrobes had been supplied and there was not such a demand for models. The girls in the school-room were growing irritable for they were tired of their books and counted, longingly, the weeks of their coming holiday. As associates Olive found them unbearable. They were all so young, so crude, so silly, she said, and they talked only of their proposed idle pleasure.

"If it were not for Ralph's letters, and for you, Sister Paul," she said one night, "I should die—*die*." They were again sitting on the Infirmary steps, Olive's favorite resting place. Sister Paul looked troubled.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because oh! because I'm so lonely."

"But people don't die of loneliness," interposed the nun, with that confidence born of slight medical knowledge. "You don't feel sick, do you?" she added anxiously.

"I'm all right physically I suppose. If I were ill I should be more miserable, for I should fancy I was going to die outright—and the thought of death, oh! it is terrible."

"Why," said the little nun, calmly, "are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" the girl turned and looked at her with wide-stretched eyes. "Of course I'm afraid. Look there." She pointed to the black starless sky. "Isn't there something horrible about being cast out into that infinite darkness alone—alone, while your body lies deep down in the earth an inanimate thing—a hideous thing with the worms crawling about it, and no strength in your hands, no life in your lips, to drive them away?"

"Don't—don't talk that way," implored the nun, half-frightened by the girl's wild words. "It is your soul—your soul that lives."

Olive placed her strong hands on the nun's narrow shoulders and stared searchingly into her face. "Do you mean that you have no fear of death?" she demanded almost fiercely.

Sister Paul did not hesitate. "Why no," she said.

Olive dropped her hands to her sides, and turning away, she gazed dreamily out into the misty darkness. For a long time the silence was unbroken, while the nun folded her white hands in her wide sleeves and prayed softly for the girl. Some whispered words escaped from this shadow-land of sound and they roused Olive from her reverie.

"That I may be robbed of the fear of death," she repeated. "Is that a wise prayer, Sister Paul? In the old days fear was my only conscience, but since I've known you I've adopted you instead." She had recovered her old half-bantering tone. Sister Paul was relieved, for she always fancied that Olive's sudden silences were eloquent

with wild unspoken travesties of truths and the nun's feeling of friendship was so strong that she longed to help the girl in this unreachable world, which seemed as limitless and impalpable as the darkness around them.

"I'm not a conscience," objected Sister Paul. "I'm not good enough for that."

"Consciences are not always good," laughed Olive. "I've heard of people with a bad conscience, haven't you? You're better than my old one, Sister Paul. You see I'm beginning to judge of things by your standards. But my soul is such a weakling beside yours—you won't approve of me when I tell you I've been in a bad humor all afternoon. Ralph sent me a book, and the Directress won't give it to me."

"Why?"

"She says it's wicked."

"Oh! what sort of a book?" asked Sister Paul timidly.

"I didn't see it. I don't know the name of the author; Ralph didn't tell me. I only knew that the Directress said it wasn't fit to read, and no doubt double-locked it."

"Oh!" gasped Sister Paul, again! "I don't suppose he knew what was in it."

"Perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't," she laughed mirthlessly. "But I'll find out, for I have a letter from him in my pocket. I thought I would come over here and read it, for the Infirmary looks so cosy that I can sometimes fancy Ralph is sitting on the opposite side of the table. That big bare play-room would give his artistic soul the horrors."

While she was speaking she got up in her quick, impulsive way, and turning, ran up the steps to the Infirmary. Sister Paul followed her more slowly, and to show her hospitable solicitude for the comfort of the guest she pulled the lamp on the table a little closer to Olive's chair and then considerately withdrew to the drug store window to wait for her nightly patients. Ever since that dreadful day when she had conscientiously intruded upon Olive's correspondence she felt that she must acquit herself of any possible accusation of curiosity. But she could not help feeling an interest, and from her point of vantage she could watch every expression that flitted across the girl's mobile face.

The letter was not long; only three narrow pages, but the first part seemed to contain good news for Olive's eyes shone with delight; she gave a little scream of joy; the next moment she seemed puzzled, and she looked quizzically at Sister Paul, as if some problem about the little nun claimed her sole attention, and then she hastily read the first page over again as if to convince herself of the truth of its contents.

"Ralph is coming," she cried with triumph in her tone. "He is coming—coming here. In two weeks he leaves Paris. In three short weeks I will see him. Thank God for me, Sister Paul, for I don't know how to pray," and burying her face in her hands she sobbed aloud.

Sister Paul was unequal to this unexpected emergency. For a time she looked as if she, too, was on the brink of tears, but controlling her desire she busied herself among her bottles, mixing a dose in a small medicine glass.

"Dear me," she began soothingly. "You are actually having hysterics. Come, take this; it will quiet you. I

thought you didn't approve of women with nerves."

"And I don't; of course I don't," said Olive, laughing now. "Don't give me any of your medicines, Sister Paul. I'll be all right in a moment. I'm not used to happiness. I don't know how to take it. Think of Ralph's having written a successful book. Think of the glory of that, Sister Paul."

In her excitement she began to pace up and down the room.

"A book," repeated Sister Paul, spilling the unacceptable dose; "has he written a book?"

"Why, don't you know he writes books?" said Olive, impatient now at the nun's forgetfulness. "Don't you know he's been struggling all these years, and now he has succeeded—*succeeded.* The book was written in both French and English. It appeared simultaneously in Paris and New York. It has taken like wild-fire. He would tell me nothing until he was sure of its success, and now—now he is coming home."

"And the book?" said Sister Paul, not knowing what else to say. "Will you let me read the book."

The girl stopped suddenly in her feverish walk, her joy for the moment arrested.

"Why of course," then she hesitated. The lamp-light shone dimly on her pale face; the fingers that held the letter trembled visibly—"If you care. It's the book—They've locked it up."

An expression of genuine horror came into the nun's soft blue eyes. "Oh! no; no, he did not write that," she said. For a moment Olive regarded her half-defiantly,

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because he could not; he would not if he loves you."

"But he has," she said hoarsely, "he has," and turning impulsively she ran from the Infirmary, leaving Sister Paul to look after her, tenderly reproachful.

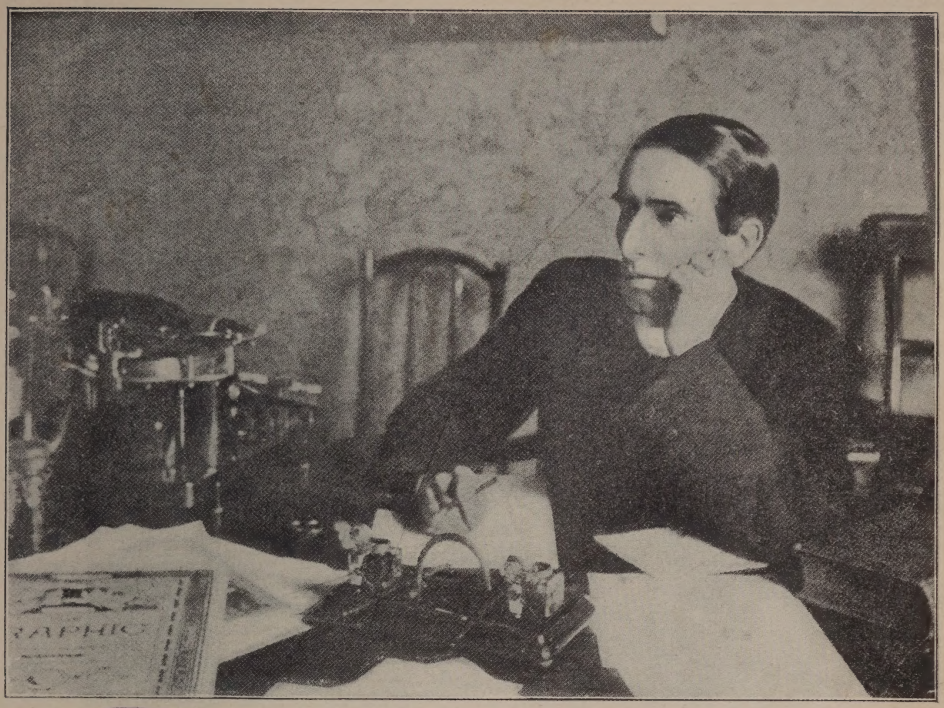
Olive sped along the wide darkened porch, unmindful of the idle groups of girls who wondered at her haste, and she went straight to the room of the Directress, determined to read Ralph's book at any cost. Something besides love added to her eagerness; she felt that he had been wrongfully accused; she would be his judge.

There was no one in the office at this hour. One flickering gas jet filled the room with stooping shadows. Olive cast a despairing look at the closed book-case, the crowded table, the high mantel, uncertain where to begin her search, then acting intuitively she lifted the heavy lid of the desk, and there lying among a heap of papers was the book—Ralph's book—his name stamped in glittering letters upon the fresh binding. She seized it hurriedly, and fled unseen up the stairs to her own room.

As she entered the doorway her foot caught in a fold of the Persian drapery, and one of the mirrors was dragged to the floor and broken to fragments. Olive gave no heed, but the noise had made her more nervous. As she turned on her drop-light she was trembling like one with the ague, and she felt that she had not strength to hold the book, so she rested it on the table in front of her and began to read.

The first two chapters were exquisite in color and beauty of style. There could be no harm in Sister Paul's reading this she told herself, and she smiled, wondering why she had constituted herself custodian of

(Concluded on page 507.)



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBR

MR. LEE-JONES IN HIS OFFICE AT LIMEKILN LANE.

MEETING PUBLIC PROBLEMS.

UNIQUE PLANS OF SOME MEN IN LIVERPOOL.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

There has been much discussion recently in England as to the best method of providing food for the thousands of starving children compelled by the law to attend the public schools. In London a committee appointed by the school board to investigate the question reported that there were fifty-five thousand under-fed school children in that city alone. The legislators who voted for compulsory education seem to have forgotten that pupils whose minds are dulled by hunger can never be properly educated. Many teachers in Liverpool, pitying the starving little ones dragged to school by the board officers, tried to establish soup kitchens or to feed them from private tables, but nothing on a scale commensurate with the need was attempted until Mr. Lee-Jones organized his Liverpool Food Association to supply starving school children with one-cent dinners. These consist of a cup of nourishing soup, a piece of bread and jam, and a currant roll, the soups being varied each day in the week. Those who cannot afford to pay are supplied with free tickets. During the past year several *hundred thousand dinners* have been furnished.

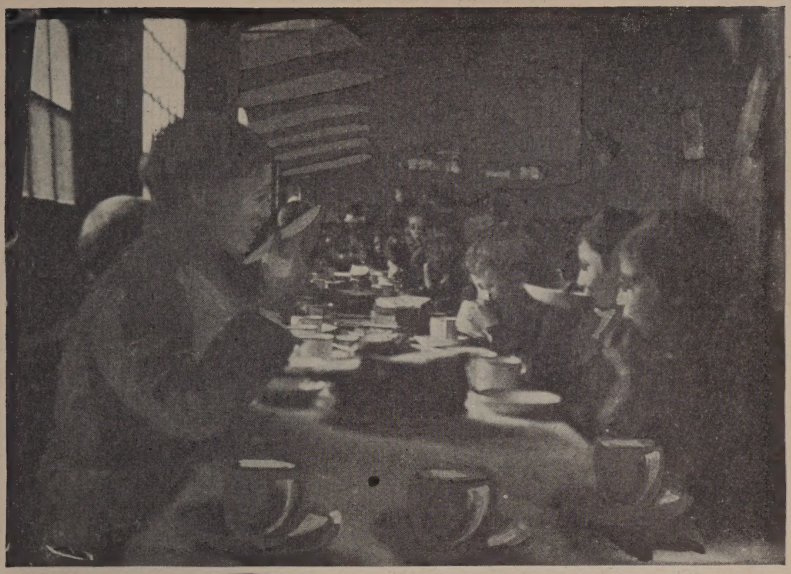
Mr. Lee-Jones possesses one of the most interesting personalities to be found in the charity work of Liver-

pool. While still at college, he was planning many schemes of helping his less fortunate brethren. Later he decided to resign his business, give up his beautiful home, and live among the poor. We found him in the heart of the slums at 119 Limekilm Lane. His thin, expressive face lighted up with the joy of the enthusiast when he found that we were deeply interested in his work. "Come," he said, "let me show you my kitchen. I know something of chemistry, and every bit of food is scientifically thought out, that with the least expense we may produce the most flesh, muscle, tissue, sinew and bone in a child. I will challenge the world to produce a better dinner for one cent! That amount really covers the cost of the food. I had dreamed of making my Food Association self-supporting, but we have found so many children utterly destitute that I have had to resign that hope. Not only do we feed the school children, but the sick in every quarter of the city. The poor are nearly always able to obtain medicine, but they have no one to prepare proper food for them when ill. We make beef tea, mutton broth, milk pudding, custard, calves' foot jelly, raspberry and black currant cordial, and a special course of maternity food. The strictest attention is paid to the preparation of this food; it is then placed in heat-retaining carriers and given to our corps of lady attendants. More than one hundred of these noble women have volunteered to carry food to the sick, no matter what the weather—and in winter our snows and sleets are atrocious. We provide them with an out-door costume which enables them to pass unmolested through our worst slums."

UNDERFED SCHOOL CHILDREN.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Association organized by Mr. Lee-Jones is attached to no church, but has the sympathy and aid of many



EATING ONE CENT DINNERS.

priests and Catholic laymen. Monsignor Nugent is one of the patrons, and Mr. Chilton Thomas is on the consulting committee. The noble work of feeding thousands of little children as well as the sick and unfortunate appeals to all interested in the welfare of humanity. His invalid diet system has been adopted in many of the large cities, and he is constantly asked to divulge the secrets of his wonderful penny dinners! While we were in the kitchen several children arrived with buckets to buy soup to carry home. All who work among the poor can apply to Mr. Lee-Jones for free tickets to be given to starving men, women and children. They can take the food home or eat in one of thirty "food centres," which he has opened throughout Liverpool. During the most severe weather soup barrows are sent to the docks to provide men waiting for work with a bowl of hot soup and a slice of bread—for which they pay one cent.

LADY FOOD CARRIERS.

Those who lack the penny can receive free tickets by applying to any clergyman or policeman on the docks. These soup barrows are very popular among the workmen and have proved a great blessing to those out of employment. With indefatigable energy Mr. Lee-Jones has opened an amateur hospital in one of his rooms, for the children who arrive with splinters in their fingers, frost-bitten feet or trivial wounds, which are considered too slight for medical attention, yet cause much suffering if neglected. He says that they dress nearly one hundred such wounds each week. Another important branch of his work is the parcel department. Buying large supplies at wholesale he re-sells to the poor at actual cost. Thus for twelve cents he can afford to give material for eight pints of soup, half a pound of rice, quarter of a pound of sugar, half a pint of syrup, two ounces of tea, and two pounds of bread. A number of ladies and gentlemen devote a few hours each week to weighing and tying-up these goods. Twelve thousand such parcels were given out last winter. Then there are his weekly evening entertainments when three hundred children are gathered in his large dining room, to be fed first and then amused.

Six hundred musicians, actors, and impersonators are on his roll of voluntary helpers. These, Mr. Lee-Jones calls upon not merely during the winter, but in summer for his alley concerts. The active brain of this young man (he is just thirty) seems to have thought out all possible ways of assisting and making happy the dwellers of slumland. Sleeping only five hours a night, devoting every moment to his chosen work, his friends rightly fear that he is sacrificing his life to his beloved poor. His enthusiasm enables

SLUM CHILDREN GOING TO AN ALLEY CONCERT.

him to overcome all difficulties. When he first suggested inviting sensitive, refined musicians to play in the alleys his proposition was laughed at, derided as quixotic. What did such creatures know of good music? It would only expose the performers to insults. But he was determined to make the experiment and persuaded some of his musical friends in the social world of Liverpool to assist him, hired a piano, and informed the inhabitants of Court Alley that on the evening of July 10th, 1897, a concert would be given there. These poor people regarded his announcement as a joke until the piano arrived, when they held a hurried meeting, turned out en masse and scrubbed every paving stone in the alley.

SLUM CHILDREN IN LIVERPOOL.

Windows were washed and flags and streamers made of colored tissue paper were draped from roof to roof. Never before had Court Alley been so cleansed and burnished and put in holiday attire.

That evening four hundred happy human beings listened breathlessly to music chosen specially to suit their taste, and rendered by some of the best musicians of Liverpool. These concerts have now become a regular institution, and are given, not only in England, but in our own country. Last summer they were attended by thousands of the most destitute creatures to be found in Liverpool.

"Come this evening and judge for yourself if these people are not appreciative and grateful," was the invitation extended to me. So accom-

CARRYING HOME HER PENNY'S WORTH OF SOUP.

THE YOUNGEST INHABITANT.

this court of honor, where chairs had been placed for us. As we made our way through the dense crowd I was amazed at the instinctive politeness of these people — even the small boys flattening themselves against the houses, that we might have room to pass. The privileged inhabitants of the alley smiled proudly down on us from doorstep and window. They had spent the day whitewashing the gutters, and adorning the exterior of their houses with bits of colored paper

panied by the kind detective, Mr. Yates, and his young son, I attended my first alley concert. We arrived before the musicians, but the alley was already packed with men, women and children, willing to stand for hours that they might hear a little music. At the further end, on a raised platform, was the piano, in front of which a rope had been drawn across the alley to prevent the crowd from infringing on the space reserved for the performers. A young man was waiting to escort us to

PLAYING UNDER A TENT OR ROLLING ON THE GRASS IN ITS SHADE.

and Japanese lanterns, and their faces expressed intense satisfaction at the result of their decorations. Those who lived at the end where the performance took place had invited some small children back of the rope, where we sat. It was a very good place to hear the music, but when a prestidigitator was announced I knew that they could not see, and advised them to stand down in front of the crowd. "Oh, no!" they exclaimed, "we can see well enough; if we went there we would be in the way of those who are on the other side of the rope, and they came first." I could not help contrasting their sense of honor with the behavior of some upper class boys and girls who had accompanied their relatives, the musicians. They complained bitterly if anyone obstructed their view, and had no compunction in standing between the poor children and the performer. My group of little ones were so sweet and unselfish that I became indignant and persuaded one of the inhabitants to permit them to climb on his high steps, where their view would be unimpeded by the ill-behaved rich. As they joyfully took their places I perceived a small girl of eight or ten leaning against the wall. In one arm she held a child whose golden head was nodding sleepily, in the other was a baby tied up in an old shawl. Poor little one! to stand all evening and hold two children seemed beyond human endurance. I entreated her to take my chair, and had to fairly push her into it. Mr. Yates and his son had long since relinquished theirs to two old women who were none too steady on their feet. As the evening advanced their spirits rose and we had some little difficulty in preventing their joining the performers. They were the only ones who caused the least disturbance, all the others being quiet and respectful. Some of the songs sung were well-known to the people, and they were requested to join in the choruses.

AN APPLICANT FOR ST. BERNARD'S.

For two hours these people were entertained; for that time at least they were kept from the taverns and from crime. The innocent and beautiful faces of the little girls stood out in appalling contrast to the degraded, drink-sodden ones of their mothers. Could these children be made happy, not only one evening a fortnight, but during all their hours of leisure, might they not be rescued from that

A ST. VINCENT BOY WHO HAS RESCUED FOUR STREET TRADING CHILDREN AND BROUGHT THEM TO ST. PHILIP'S.

curse of the English poor—the public house? An eminent physician, who has spent his life in the hospitals and amongst the poor in England, says that the only way to keep them from the saloons is for the city to have large halls, well-warmed and lighted, open day and night, where the poor can congregate and be comfortable and happy in their own way. Americans find it difficult to understand the misery of an English winter. The smoke and fog render intolerable the cold, cheerless abodes of the poor. It is dark by three or four in the afternoon. The women are compelled to put their children to bed in order to keep them warm. They cannot afford to light even their ill-smelling kerosene lamps, and when the men return from their work they find their little ones asleep and their wives in the saloons, driven there by the darkness and desolation of their homes. The number of destitute in Liverpool is truly appalling. Efficient as are the public charities of the city there is a very large class of the poor left unprovided for by law. Monsignor Nugent and Father Berry have done much to mitigate their sufferings by instituting private charities, such as the Saint Savior's Refuge, The Boys' Refuge and Night Asylum (an Industrial School), The Providence Home, and *Father Berry's Homes,*

A "SMALL BOY" OF THE SLUMS.

now called Homes for Catholic Friendless Youths. These Homes for boys have proved most helpful in meeting a very serious need.

Outside the Industrial Schools and the workhouse, there is no state or municipal provision in England for the boy or girl cast destitute and homeless on the pitiless streets. That there are many thousands of such cases in Liverpool is due to its being a seaport town where there is no organized labor for women and children, and where drunkenness and immorality are always more prevalent than in inland cities. All English children have an instinctive dread of the Workhouse. They will starve rather than go there. It is true that the authorities do their utmost for those placed under their care, yet the mechanical way in which institutions of this kind are always managed, the iron-clad rules deemed necessary for the control of the class which they harbor, make it impossible to regard the Workhouse as a favorable atmosphere in which to rear the future men and women of any country. About 1892 Father Berry opened St. Philip's House for Street Trading Boys. It was nothing more than an empty barn furnished with sixty beds. An attendant remained in charge all night, that at any hour boys could be given shelter. In the morning, after a good breakfast, they were required to chop kindling for half an hour, Father Berry believing that this assisted them to preserve their self-respect. His theory is that to pauperize the poor is to degrade them. He was so successful in this first attempt that the next year he was asked by the Bishop to take charge of St. Vincent de Paul's Home for working boys. The two houses were soon known as *Father Berry's Homes.* Mr. Chilton Thomas was prevailed upon to become honorary manager, a position which he still retains.

There are now four of these Homes, all in a flourishing financial condition. No small share of their success is due to the energy and devotion with which he has worked and to his remarkable business-like management. Father Berry resigned the presidency in 1897, the Bishop of Liverpool being elected to fill his place. The practical side of the work is still carried on by Mr. Thomas. Despite his arduous duties as managing editor of the *Catholic Times,* he personally oversees every detail connected with these Homes. They are his pride and happiness, his labor for them being indeed a labor of love. St. Philip's is now utilized as a Home for destitute boys too young to work and who still attend the *Catholic Public Schools. Neither uniform nor badge is worn, nothing to distinguish them as the inmates of a charitable institution. Only those who have come close to the hearts of the poor can realize how much it means to these boys to be able to attend school on a perfect equality with the other pupils, and how, in after-life, it helps them to preserve their independence, not to have been branded as the recipients of charity. The one thought of the management is to assist these children of the slums in the development of their character. Experience in dealing with them has shown that nothing is so helpful as a feeling of independence, while in St. Philip's everything is done for their physical and moral well-being. They are looked after by the most motherly of matrons, who treats them as though they were her own children, but as soon as they are old enough to leave school they are promoted to St. Bernard's, where they are trained to

*Many of the public schools in England are taught by Sisters. They are paid the same salary as lay teachers. These schools are attended by Catholic children.

work. Tailoring and shoe-making are among the trades taught, and every article of clothing worn in the Homes is made here. In this way idleness is avoided while the boys are waiting to obtain situations. Many of the boys show great aptitude for this industrial training. A short time ago one of them proved so expert at tailoring, that a large establishment gave him a position at four dollars a week to begin with and the promise of a fine living. In England, where wages are much less than with us, this was considered a splendid opening for a young boy. Street trading is always discouraged by the management, who believe it to be "the training home for our jails, having a most debasing influence on those who take part in it." Yet in St. Philip's a certain number of beds are always ready for any street trading boys who have no other home. Protestants as well as Catholics are received. No one is refused shelter, though whenever practicable those of other creeds are transferred to institutions of their own denomination.

When the boys obtain situations they are promoted to St. Vincent's. Here each contributes the little he earns towards his board. A debit and credit account is opened and for every shilling (twenty-four cents) which he pays in, he is returned ten cents; that is, he receives four cents, and six cents is deposited to his credit in the Post Office Savings Bank. It must be remembered that these boys are not self-supporting, being too young or inexperienced to earn more than a few shillings a week. They are therefore expected to give the treasurer whatever wages they receive. The benefits of the Home are the same for all, the only advantage for those who earn more is that they have more spending money and a larger bank account. With the money saved they can afford occasional holiday treats; they also pay something toward the expense of their clothing. This system of generous dealing with the boys has been found of great assistance in inducing perfect frankness and confidence toward the management. Accompanied by Mr. Thomas I visited St. Vincent's one evening about eight o'clock. Many of the boys were just getting home from their day's labor. They went first into a large room on the ground floor where basins and towels were awaiting them. Then into the dining-room, where they found a good hot supper. Across the hall the more fortunate boys, whose work was over at six, were playing all kinds of games. They were delighted to see Mr. Thomas, to whom they are devotedly attached. His system of control is one of loving confidence. He believes in trusting to the boys' honor, and they seldom disappoint him. He allows them to smoke, and to drink a glass of beer with their dinner. They have done this all their lives and he finds it better to permit in moderation everything that is not positively harmful. The boys have a very fine band, to the music of which they march to Mass on Sundays. Everything is done to make these poor friendless children happy and comfortable. As some are obliged to be at work by 6 A.M., they sleep in a separate dormitory, so that they can retire early, and not disturb the others when called at five in the morning.

Newman House is on the same square, and is the ex-graduate class, as it were, of the Homes, being "A residential club for the old boys from

St. Vincent's and for others in permanent employment who earn sufficient to support themselves." They are treated as young men boarders, though in reality the small sum that they pay is only expected to cover the running expenses of the house. The entrance fee is but fifty cents. A room costs eighty-five cents a week, and board one dollar and seventy cents. Those who do not wish to become inmates can join the social club and share in all the advantages of the library and evening lectures and entertainments. The boys make their own laws and are supposed to govern themselves. If any difficulties arise they are referred to Mr. Thomas, who, after a quiet talk with those in fault, usually arranges everything most harmoniously. His position among this set of boys is that of an elder brother rather than a mentor. The keen, intelligent faces of the young fellows lighted up with pleasure as we passed through the different rooms. Some were playing billiards, others smoking, and reading the newspapers, the shaded lamps in the library casting a cheerful glow over those gathered round the reading table. I was surprised to find how many preferred this quiet room to the gayer ones, where billiards and other games were in progress. These studious boys, rescued from the dregs of Liverpool society, may become the wise law-makers of the future. Having been born in the slums, knowing the danger and misery of such a life, they will be better fitted to cope with these social questions than men who have never experienced their temptations. Five thousand dollars a year, in addition to what the boys pay, is required to carry on the work of the four Homes. This may seem a large sum to expend in charity, but when one stops to think that in less than ten years many thousands of God's children have been helped toward a higher life, made self-supporting citizens, it is easy to see that the output is far less than would be the taxes imposed by the state for the support of these same boys in prison and penitentiary. Apart from any question of philanthropy, it would be a paying investment for the city government to take them in charge, could private charity no longer support them.

While the English Legislature has not yet recognized the advisability of establishing Homes for working boys and girls, it has seen the wisdom of removing younger children from their evil associations, as was shown in a previous article on rescue work in Liverpool. So far as I can learn, this has not been attempted, to the same extent, in any other country. The results obtained have been so overwhelmingly in favor of environment that the old cry of heredity is well-nigh forgotten. Mr. Thomas says that he rarely has a boy in St. Vincent's or Newman's Home who does not turn out well. Monsignor Nugent's testimony is the same as regards his House of Providence—than which no more beautiful charity exists. He established it to prevent the crime of infanticide and to provide shelter and protection for both child and mother. "Twenty-two years of work in the Liverpool prisons induced me to try and prevent the destruction of infant life and to give a home to unmarried mothers." His hope was that the mother, remaining a year with her child in the Home, would become

so attached to it that her love would protect her from further temptation and enable her to face her future with courage. Though only in existence a few years the results have already more than repaid this saintly old man. Being his private charity he felt at liberty to purchase one of the most beautiful estates in West Dingle, a suburb of Liverpool, for his Home. Here he established a large steam laundry, which is now patronized by the many wealthy people who live near it. The sister servants of the Sacred Heart were persuaded by him to take it in charge. The Mother Superior is a lovely woman with the face of an angel. When first asked to undertake this work she was very much opposed to it, not wishing the sisters to be brought in contact with a class of women whom, at that time, she considered low and degraded. After a very short trial she became intensely interested in the work and found herself becoming deeply attached to the sad young mothers, whom she now pities rather than blames. She says that her greatest difficulty is to rescue these poor creatures from their profound melancholy and to convince them that by leading good lives they can wipe out the past and regain their character. They only admit women who are recommended by some priest or reliable person, who can state that the child (usually two or three weeks of age) is the first and only one. The mother then promises to remain a year in the Home, assisting in the laundry and looking after her child as far as possible. At the end of the year the sisters obtain good situations for them, the future mistress being the only person to whom the past is revealed. The children are kept in the Home until five years of age, unless the mothers wish to take them sooner. Two or three of the most experienced of these women are placed in charge of the babies, while the others work in the laundry. At noon all are given one hour to play with their little ones. The day of my visit the children were in the garden. It was touching to see the young mothers, many scarcely more than children themselves, run across the lawn as they emerged from the laundry, and catch their babies to their hearts. Hidden behind a curtain at an open window we watched them as they sat on the grass or walked up and down cooing and singing—making all the queer little noises known only to those who have likewise loved and cuddled some precious bit of humanity. Our eyes grew moist, and our hearts blessed Monsignor Nugent, who had rescued mothers and babies from a fate too horrible to contemplate. Later we walked through the lovely grounds, shaded by stately elms, to the Thames. The quiet river, the peaceful country, may do much toward healing the hearts and uplifting the souls of these poor unfortunates. On our return to the house we found the children playing under a great tent or rolling about the grass in its shade. The infants of a few weeks are kept in a large, airy nursery. Mother Beatrice had one carried into the garden, that I might have a snap-shot at the youngest inhabitant.

It is only by contrasting the condition of the classes helped through such charities as I have attempted to describe with the inhabitants of the slums, twenty-five years ago, that we can realize how much has been accomplished by the noble band of men and women, who devote their lives to the

rescue of these miserable creatures from the maelstrom of vice and poverty which threatens to engulf them. Evil has been found here to be largely the result of environment. Those born in a low and debased atmosphere, when removed from such association, soon develop that God-given impulse toward the good which is the inheritance of all His children, an inheritance which the rescued boys and girls of Liverpool have proved to be powerful enough to overcome their natural heredity.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE REWARD OF SACRIFICE.

He caught and pressed Worthington's hand, then turned toward the hall and went up-stairs. With averted face he hurried past his father's room. His place was in there, but he could not fill it. He could not be a son to the father who had made him an outcast. The drizzling rain had ceased, but it left a heavy fog, which the moon's struggling rays vainly tried to pierce. Preston sat at his window till the stupor of mental exhaustion began to creep over him. The murmuring voices of passing servants, or the sound of their weeping, came to him as from a distance. Then he thought he heard his name called. He sprang to his feet. Was his father dead and his mother there alone, or with strangers and the slaves? He listened, but there was no other sound. But now a voice was in his heart—his father's voice calling upon him for forgiveness. He shook his head as if that parent were before him in the flesh, and said:

"No. I cannot forgive you. Your wrong against us is past my forgiveness."

His well-read Testament, lying under the candle's light, was as an accusing face, for he heard from one page the "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" "Even so I could have said," replied the despairing heart, "could I plead for my enemy ignorance. But he knew what he did!" He recalled Teresa's forgiveness of the cruel wretch who had deprived her of her parents and left her the recipient of the generosity of strangers, and still his heart was unaffected, for she had never known that her position was otherwise, while he had been flung ruthlessly from his proud station down into the abyss of criminality. Thus he sat through the long hours, the human struggling against the divine. Then he remembered the priest alone in the parlor, and hurried downstairs, reproaching himself that in his misery he had neglected the guest who had come at his bidding. The priest was lying on a sofa asleep, but as Preston was turning away, he awoke and, springing to his feet, asked,

"Is there any change?"

"I do not know. I suppose not, however; else my mother would have sent for you."

The hard voice struck across the priest's ears as unnatural, but he held his peace.

"I had hoped that he had at length consented to see me."

The sincere disappointment of the voice touched Preston Martins.

"I beg your pardon, Father," he began, "for having neglected you—"

"I have not been neglected, my son. Your mother has been down twice, and so has Miss Martinez. Mr. Worthington kept me company for an hour before he left, and the doctor has spent much of the night with me. But I missed you, Preston," he concluded.

Preston had dropped into a chair and, resting his elbows on his knees, laid his forehead on the palms of his hands. True to his promise to Teresa, he had begun to inquire into the truths of the Catholic doctrine, and this priest was his teacher and friend. He was a missionary priest and had won many converts not less by the exercise of a singular gift than by his keen reasoning powers. A saint and a scholar, but of the winning, human type, the man whom men respected and women and children loved. There had been but a few difficulties in Preston Martins' way from Episcopalianism to Catholicity, and those few were removed by this priest, and then instructions in the tenets of the Church were begun. The bond that united the priest and the young man was dear to both. It gave the former the privilege of now asking:

"Why are you so troubled, my son? Are you fearful that he will die without seeking God's forgiveness?"

"I have not thought of it," said Preston, lifting his head. "Father, he is going to die without my forgiveness!" The priest rose, and going to the chair where sat the straight young figure, laid his hand on his shoulder. The deep impenetrable silence of the grave was over the house. The candles burning on the mantle threw out a feeble light, which made more impressive the moment. Then the priest lifted his solemn voice and prayed, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!" His hand fell from the young man's shoulder, as he added: "I know nothing of what separated you from your father. Yet man's most grievous offense against man is as a grain of sand to a mountain of stone when compared with man's slightest offense against the Creator. As your father lies waiting for your forgiveness, so will you one day lie waiting for God's. With what measure you now measure out mercy to your fellow-man, will God measure out His mercy to you. Go, my son, and take your place by your father's side. I will pray here for you and him."

At the injunction, natural filial affection sprang up, and it sent Preston Martins from the parlor, repentant, if not forgiving. Unobserved he entered the room where his father lay. The doctor sat at one side of the bed, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes fastened on the white face against the pillow. Aunt Dilsey was on a low stool, and against the wall, like an ebony statue, stood Sam, Mr. Martins' body servant. At the head of the bed, her hand holding her husband's, her tender eyes resting in the fulness of unquestioning love on him, sat Mrs. Martins. At her feet knelt Teresa. As Preston entered, the still figure on the

bed moved, and as one coming back from deep sleep, George Martins slowly unclosed his eyes. His glance fell first upon the kneeling girl's beautiful upturned face and praying lips. "Amy!" the voice was feeble, but there was a note of glad surprise in it.

"Yes, cousin George," she said softly, leaning toward him.

"You are here! Is it to reproach me? Haunt my last hour?"

"No, but to pray for you while you slept; to tell you that I love you when you awoke," said Teresa softly, laying her hand on the fingers resting on the counterpane.

"Pray for me!—love me! This—after what you know?"

"I know only this," she said, with her sweet maidenly dignity, "that I am Gerald Martins' daughter, and Preston Martins' affianced wife." He moaned and turned away his face. She bent nearer to him. "Cousin George," she whispered. "I burned that paper—burned it unread."

"Burned it unread!—your father's will!"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?" His eyes were burning with feverish intensity; his voice was accutely penetrating as he asked the question.

"Because," she said, sending her answer to him in soft but distinct tones, "your people are my people. What touches your honor or happiness touches mine."

He closed his eyes and lay quiet for a long time. Then he again looked upon her and in the dark eyes she saw something of the heart's fierce anguish.

"And he—he let you burn it?"

"He could not prevent me from doing it. And he is gone. He will trouble us no more. I set him free, with my full forgiveness."

Again he moaned and turned away his face, tears, long strangers in George Martins' eyes, oozed from under the closed lids. At sight of them Teresa laid her face upon the bed and began to sob. Then the man reached out a weak hand and found her bowed head. He smoothed the soft black tresses, and whispered, "My little Saint Teresa!" Then added, with a faint semblance of the old winning smile on his drawn, bloodless face, and an echo of the old tender tones in his weak voice, "When you promised me that evening on the hotel veranda that you would not be turned from me, you little dreamed how bitterly you were to be tested. Am I worth the sacrifice, and the silence, if I dare not hope for forgiveness?"

"You are worth Christ's death," she said solemnly. "If there is aught calling for my forgiveness, Oh, believe me, you have it!"

His hand continued to softly press her curls, but his eyes were fixed upon her in a stare. Perhaps he was thinking of the hour he had sat alone in Gerald Martins' cabin, cursing the perfidy or clumsiness of the Indian son who had left her an obstacle in his way. Now she stood between him and public infamy in his dying hour. Presently his hand dropped to the counterpane, a convulsion tore up the calm of his face.

"Worthington," he gasped, "he—he—"

"He was there, too," said Teresa, interrupting him, "and he did not forbid me."

"Ah!" again the slightly-raised head fell back on the pillow. For another interval he lay still, then he moved his head to bring his eyes to the place where he knew his wife sat. She leaned over him, the light which he

had never missed from her eyes illumining them, the ineffable tenderness not destroyed on her beautiful face. The unchanged wife smote him with a greater sense of strangeness than had the sight of the kneeling Teresa. Was it all a fearfully vivid dream, that night's horror, and should he wake presently to find the old torturing doubts and fears confronting him? He reached out his hand and touched hers. It was real enough, that small white hand, upon whose third finger gleamed her gold marriage ring. The strangeness of it, that she should be there unchanged!

"Constance," he said, "what does it mean? That you have forgiven me, too!"

She bent quickly over him and kissed his white lips.

"George! beloved husband! All the pain that you have ever given me was when you lifted your hand against your own life! But that is forgiven, forgotten! you knew not what you did. Your wife has nothing to forgive, love," and she slipped from her chair to her knees and lifted his head on her arm. He buried his face on her breast; then, a cry escaped him, and falling back on his pillow, he moaned,

"You both forgive because you do not know all—all. If you did, I should not have your pardon. I should die alone, as I deserve to die."

The pity of that confession overwhelmed Preston Martins. In that moment the veil was swept from his father's life, and he saw the long, long years, haunted by remorse and fear, felt the sharp darts which the hand of hidden sin dealt him in most unexpected moments, and knew the ever-increasing burden which unrepentance and unforgiveness were laying on his soul. How often had he not cried out for freedom from the unacknowledged woe, even though it should be purchased by the bitterest of humiliations, punished by the severest of laws! When it finally came, though he had not the courage to live through its shame, how glad must not he have felt because he could at last fling aside that weight of secrecy from his soul, and perhaps the hope cheered him that his dying cries might wring forgiveness from those whom he had so grievously wronged. And now! They did not know, so could not forgive! He must go down to death, as he had gone through life, burdened with hidden sins. His soul must take these crimes unforgiven by man to its Creator! No wonder that he cried out his anguish at the thought! No wonder that it smote down hatred and unforgiveness in the heart of his son, and sent him to his knees at the foot of the bed.

"Father, they could forgive, they would forgive!" he cried, "for I know all—all," and his eyes passed from the eyes of the man to his mother, "and I forgive you your sins against us, freely, fully!"

And as he heard those words, an expression that completely changed the face before the watchers' eyes settled upon the countenance of George Martins. At the sight of it, Preston bowed his head, the tears gushed into his mother's eyes and fell over her fair cheeks, and Teresa lifted her clasped hands toward Heaven.

"Now can I die!" said George Martins, his glance travelling around the three and embracing his servants.

"No, father," said Preston Martins, rising, "you are not yet ready to die. Man's claims against you are no more,

but God's remain. You have asked and obtained forgiveness from men, now turn to God. He will not be less merciful."

The man was silent for a moment; then he said, turning toward his wife,

"You will pray for me?"

"I am praying," she said. "But that is all I can do. There is one downstairs who can do more for you. Will you see the priest?"

"No. If you can do nothing for me, assuredly he cannot," he replied.

"Oh, do not say that," pleaded Teresa. "God's consecrated ministers have more power with Him than we have. If you must leave us, do not leave us to mourn like those without hope!"

"My little Saint Teresa!" and they noticed that his voice was growing weaker, "it pains me that I cannot do as you wish."

"But did you not say that day that you would let me lead you back? Did you not give me the assurance that you would at least die in the faith of our fathers? I offered up my life to gain your soul and now is it to be lost! Oh! God, God, is all to be of no avail!"

She did not know that she had uttered this most secret thought, nor that her voice was so wild and piercing. She forgot that Mrs. Martins knelt by her side, that Preston stood at the foot of the bed. She forgot everything but that the soul she was ready to sacrifice life and love and happiness to save was slipping out to eternity, unreconciled with God. In that moment she tasted the full bitterness of the soul's cruelest sorrow, the knowledge of its unworthiness. She had laid her sacrifice upon the stone, but no devouring fire fell from the skies, no voice of acceptance thundered from the clouds. All her repugnance against this slaying of self for another's spiritual good, her prayers for deliverance from the pain which it must bring, her temptations to turn back even after her choice had been made, her miserable outcries for release, were poured upon her now in a pitiless storm, and with a sickness of heart that was worse than despair, she saw that the freedom she had craved was hers. She was her own again, but the soul that she might have helped back to God was lost, or must look for another, firmer, purer hand to lead it over the torturous way. She had failed utterly, ignominiously, and she laid her head upon the bed and wept like a child.

"George, see the priest!" pleaded Mrs. Martins, through her own fast-falling tears. "He will not harm you. He may help you. Do this, beloved, if only for her dear sake!"

Poor little Teresa! The half-expressed wish of this woman was of more avail than your tears and prayers and sacrifice! But who shall say that they were not received into God's great storehouse and carried down by angels' hands to help soften that hardened heart, when the priest took his place by the bed in the deserted room.

"Teresa, don't cry!" said George Martins, with the ghost of his old winning smile. "Go down, and ask the priest to come up to see me."

To the adjoining room, to which the doctor had retired at the beginning of the conversation between his patient and Teresa, Mrs. Martins went, and Preston led Teresa downstairs. She was still weeping, but for joy now, and she clung to him with a hand that had never before been so dependent

upon him, so eloquently proclaimed itself his. But he did not slip it down into his tender clasp, nor draw the sobbing figure to his breast. The right to do so was not his. He took her to his mother's sitting-room, where the dying fire threw out a faint heat, and arranged the pillows for her on the sofa. When he saw her comfortably seated, her shawl carefully folded over her, he knelt upon the hearthstone, and succeeded, with the aid of easily broken splinters from the wood, in kindling a new fire. When the blaze was curling around the logs, and he was about to draw up his chair, he caught the faint click of the rosary, passing between her fingers, hidden under her shawl.

"I am going to leave you to yourself to rest," he said. "I fear this night will give you a relapse." Then he went back to the library and left her alone with her prayers. At the close of half an hour, he went back to the room to replenish the fire. Weariness had conquered her devotional soul. With the pearl rosary between her motionless fingers, she lay on the sofa fast asleep. He drew the shawl over her shoulders, set a screen between her eyes and the glaring firelight, and returned to his place in the adjoining apartment. The candles burned down into the sockets, and then flickered out into darkness, and still no message came from that upstairs bedroom. When the lusty voices of the cocks began to announce the dawn, Preston arose and opened the shutters. The light of the approaching summer day was poured over the land. Not a trace remained of the night's misty rain and dreariness. It was a new world upon which he looked; but after the first glance, its beauty was lost to him, blotted out by the remembrance of the night. So he stood until the East's nacre tints deepened into pink, then rose. A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning with a start, he met the face of the priest; but what he saw upon that face, met from those eyes, made Preston Martins turn again as abruptly toward the window. "He is better!" said the priest. "He will live. God is merciful." Preston bent his head, but his lips refused to utter a word. "He does not need me now, so I will go home."

"I will take you, Father," said Preston, turning from the window. "But will you not wait for breakfast?"

"I have my Mass to say," returned the priest. Preston ordered the carriage. On reaching the church door, which the housekeeper was opening, the priest said:

"I intend offering up this Mass for your father."

"I thought so," returned Preston, following the clergyman into the church. In less than an hour, he was again standing in the library. It was deserted. He passed into his mother's sitting room, but no one was there. The morning light was struggling in between the bars of the shutters and it showed him Teresa's shawl lying on the floor. As he stooped to pick it up his fingers touched her little rosary. He held the silver-strung beads of pearl in his hand for a long moment; then, he kissed them, placed them in his pocket, and went up-stairs. In the hall above she met him, her wonderful eyes glowing like stars.

"O Preston!" she whispered, "he has made his submission and confessed. Tomorrow, he will receive Holy Communion. I am so happy. God is so good. He is happy, too. He

is asleep now. I heard your step and came out to tell you."

As she was speaking, he was placing the shawl about her, and when she finished, he said:

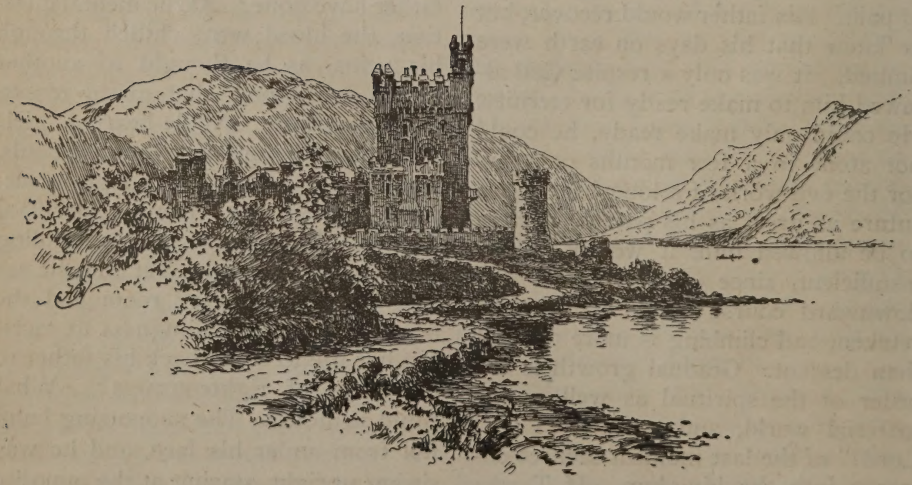
"Won't you go and take some rest, Teresa? You will make yourself ill again. Where is mother?"

"She has just gone down with the doctor. There is no one with your father but Sam. And I am not very tired."

"Go to your room for a while. I will stay with Sam," he said, and as she turned to obey, he opened the door of the sick chamber. The transition from the soft morning to the oppressiveness of the room for a moment seemed to overpower him; then, he advanced and took the chair which the physician had occupied last night. He leaned his elbow on his knee, and resting his chin on the closed hand, let his eyes fall upon the face of the peacefully-sleeping man. As he grew accustomed to the dim light he noticed how calm that countenance had grown, how less sharp were last night's lines of pain. His father would recover, but he knew that his days on earth were limited. It was only a respite God allowed him to make ready for eternity. He could only make ready, he could not atone in a few months or years for the evil work of a long life. If a future as great as his past even were to be allowed him, it would still be insufficient, since each step of the downward course would have to be retaken, and climbing is more difficult than descent. Gradual growth is the order of the spiritual as well as the material world, and not the "Lord! Lord!" of the last moment secures entrance into the kingdom. If Teresa had sent his father to the bar of justice, consideration for him or his family might have tempered the sentence of the court; still there must have been some punishment, if the law were not set aside in his favor. By powerful petitions, appeals from those who loved him, and who suffered more than he in his shame, more mercy might be shown him by the judge. And were only the laws of the eternal court immutable, the heart of the eternal Judge immovable? If there were lifted to God the bleeding sacrifice of a heart for the commutation of his father's sentence would it be despised? Did He turn aside from the penance and prayer of the young Trappist monk, of whom Teresa had spoken? Here his thoughts broke off and wandered over the words which he had heard in this room between Teresa and his father. He now saw clearly through his father's well-laid plan to save the property to himself by their marriage, and understood that to effect this he had not scrupled to work upon Teresa's religious zeal. If they had not loved each other, what would his father have done? At the mental question, the blood went chilled through his veins, as he thought of another victim to support that awful monument to crime. Noble-hearted girl! He bowed before her love of souls, which made her strong enough to sacrifice herself for them. Sacrifice? There could be no sacrifice in wedding him whom she loved. Yet had she not said it? In this very room had she not cried out her willingness to sacrifice her life to bring back his father to the ways of righteousness? What could it mean? The supporting hand fell from under his face, and he was sitting upright, staring at the opposite wall. Did she not love him and was

only marrying him for the sake of the souls of himself and his father? He pushed the thought from him. It was unjust to her, unworthy of his love. She would not have thus deceived him. If she felt not for him, love, human love elevated into sacredness by her spiritual nature, she would have made plain to him the true nature of her affection. She was too true to act such a deceptive part—take the gold coin of his love and give him a counterfeit in return. He strove to think of other things, but past words, past looks, past actions of hers would come back wearing confirmatory faces; and the soul of Preston Martins cowered before them. Never until that hour did he realize all that her love meant to him, nor until then did he so keenly realize that the belief in that love, even when he saw that he must turn aside from it, push it out of his life, had been his shield, his support, his never-failing source of comfort. He had not as yet prayed to be delivered from his evils, but for strength to bear them, to fight on valiantly though burdened with them; but now his whole soul cried out, "Let this chalice pass from me!" Oh! unavailing prayer of the human! For still is the cup we pray against the one which our lips must drain to the bitter dregs! Even as he prayed the knowledge was borne in on him that his soul was to be stripped of this last joy. "It cannot be!" so the unbelieving heart cried back. "Every thing else is lost to me, but this is mine, mine, for time and eternity!"

(To be continued.)



A MEMORY.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

A breathless, cloudless, summer day;
A stretch of prairie parched and dry,
Mere specks against the far off blue
On noiseless wings, the partridge fly.

An intense stillness palpitates
'Twixt silent earth, and silent sky;
No breath, no stir, no human sound—
But hark! A coyote's plaintive cry.

BUILDING A HOME.

BY WILLIAM PEARD.

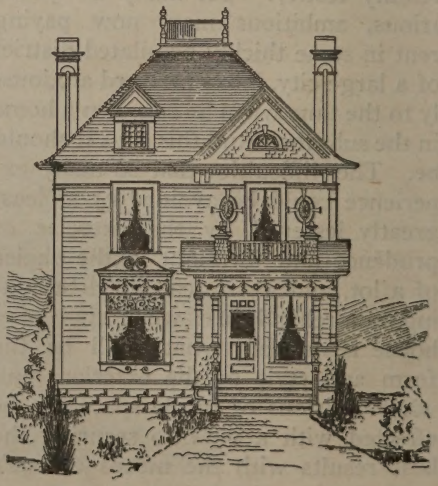
The anticipation of building a house for one's self is nearly always pleasanter than the actual experience, as many who have built houses will readily testify. Yet many an industrious, ambitious man, now paying rent in some thickly-populated district of a large city, looks forward anxiously to the time when he can own a home in the suburbs. And this is as it should be. The difficulties that so many experience could be avoided or at least greatly lessened by the exercise of prudence and foresight in the choice of a lot, and a wise care in determining beforehand just what kind of a house is desired; what shall be the form and style of the exterior; and what divisions of inside space can be effected with a view to securing the best results with the means at one's control.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of a lot. In purchasing a site for a suburban home I should advise the selection of high land, not necessarily on the top of a hill, but a place which may be reached without effort, on a well-graded street, supplied with sewer and with water, gas, etc.—a spot if possible where the sun may be seen uninterruptedly all day long. Where there is a choice of sites, take one facing the south, or nearly so, as it will be found most desirable for many reasons. Restrictions on new streets, regulating the cost of houses to be erected, the distance from the street line required, and also that each house shall be built for but one family, and other similar conditions, are often thought to be oppressive and unjust. I regard all such restrictions, however, as a positive advantage to all who intend building a home of even moderate cost, for they will avert many hidden dangers.

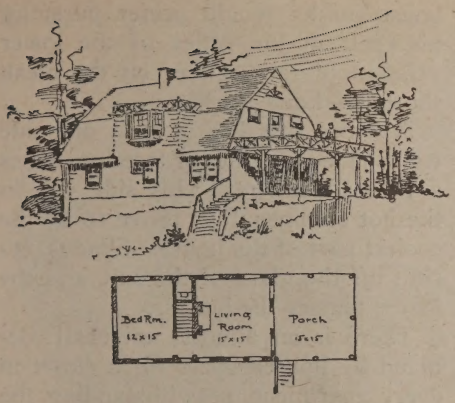
This perspective of a modern Southern cottage has many well proportioned and beautiful outlines. The veranda space is extensive, a feature quite necessary in warm climates. It contains 16 finished rooms, and is said to have been built at a cost of $7,200.

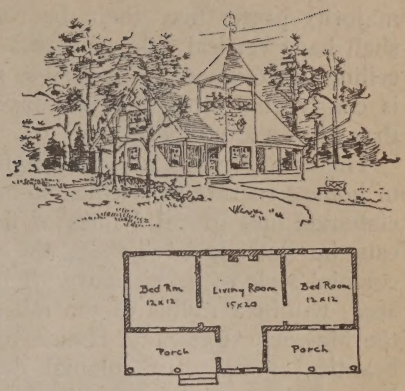
Having secured a plot of ground of the required size and in the locality selected, it is necessary to engage the services of an experienced architect to prepare a complete set of plans and specifications for the intended house. These are necessary, not only for the guidance of the builder in the construction and finishing of a house, but are indispensable to contractors who are invited to submit estimates. Grave and expensive mistakes are frequently made because one fails to secure the services of an architect, in order that his fees may be saved. Ideas of the internal arrangement of the rooms, closets, stairs, pantries, etc., together with the external form of the proposed house—details which were perhaps maturing in the mind for years—are given to him to work out.

Having given the plans and specifications to two or three responsible builders, and having received their bids, you naturally choose the lowest, and sign a contract for the completion of the building. The archi-



Elevation of an artistic design in cottage building, containing seven rooms and unfinished space in upper story, built at an expense of about $3,100.

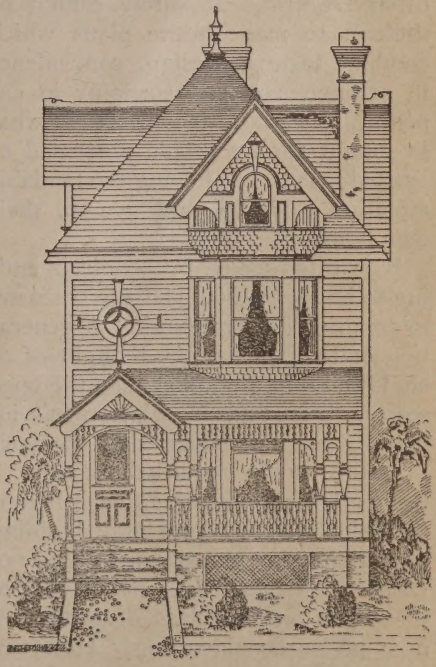




Summer cottages in the mountains or by the ocean, costing from six to eight hundred dollars.

tect's services are here again necessary in superintending the construction of the house and in passing on the quality of the various materials used by the different mechanics. His visits should be sufficiently frequent to ensure good workmanship and to prevent unnecessary delay in the fulfilling of a contract.

The accompanying illustrations are perspective views of dwellings, showing a variety of styles, and varying in cost. As each one is described in full in the notes under the pictures, setting forth the details of building features, cost, finish, etc., it is unnecessary to refer to them here at any great length. There are many elegant samples of French and Swiss cottages to be found in the suburbs of our New England cities, built thirty years ago, when that style of architecture was in fashion. Within the last score of years the Queen Anne style in its modified form has largely prevailed, and when designed without adopting extreme features results are produced which are at once comely and picturesque. The quaint gambrel roof cottage is the prettiest of all the different varieties of frame structures, when the lines are carefully treated. It is, however, almost impossible to give the gambrel roof the proper lines without cutting into the head-room of the upper story. Some people do not object to this curtailment of ceiling space, but the



A neat cottage adapted to the limits of a narrow lot, having eight finished rooms and costing about $2,800.

majority prefer that their bedrooms shall have vertical side walls and full ceilings throughout. This style roof is constructed with greater expense than almost any other form.

There is perhaps no modern form of home structure into which so many elaborate and graceful lines of finish can be introduced as in the old colonial style of architecture. I have seen, within a radius of ten miles of the Massachusetts State House, many beautiful samples of colonial dwellings. I have also seen other specimens of that style which sadly upset all ideas of proportion and good taste. It is a matter of regret that there are in the architect's profession men who do not follow more closely the good old colonial style, instead of drifting off into that which is nondescripit, and often freakish. It surely cannot be difficult to make house plans which combine taste in design, convenience in arrangement, and economy in expenditure. And this is precisely what is sought for by people possessed of limited means, but having the laudable ambition to build, and live in, their own homes.

It is often asked by people intending to build, "Which is the best season to commence operations?" A generation or two ago no one thought of or could build in any other than the open season. Nowadays, while man's ingenuity has not superseded the laws of nature to any remarkable extent, it has made such advances that it is now possible to safely prosecute building operations in almost any kind of weather. I mean the greater part of the work on the class of structures now under consideration. However, it might be safely said that during winter months the average American house-builder would prefer pursuing his craft in the valley of the lower Mississippi rather than on the bleak shores of Lake Michigan.

A house that has at least one side well shaded by vines or trees possesses a rare advantage. This side will in the hot summer days prove to be the coolest part of the house. Shade trees shut off the glare of the sun, and the leaves temper the hot air.

There is an almost universal demand by housekeepers for a closet in every apartment, notwithstanding the fact that its introduction frequently spoils the appearance of the room. The construction of closets causes a break in the continuity of walls dividing rooms, curtails the size of rooms, and establishes dark, poorly-ventilated cavities where spiders love to roam. To take the place of these numerous closets I would suggest the erection of a spacious, well-aired, well-ventilated apartment upon the upper floor of the house, for wearing apparel. A wardrobe might be placed in sleeping rooms for the immediate changes needed for night, such as blankets, wraps, slippers, etc.

The introduction of a plumbing system and drain connections is a matter of great moment in every newly-built house. Too much care cannot be taken in this part of the building, and only a skilful plumber with good reputation should be entrusted with its management. I have seen many specimens of defective plumbing which were wrought by cheap irresponsible contractors, whose only recommendation was that their estimates were low, lower indeed than the work could be properly performed and give a living profit. Don't try to economize in this part of your house fitting. Let

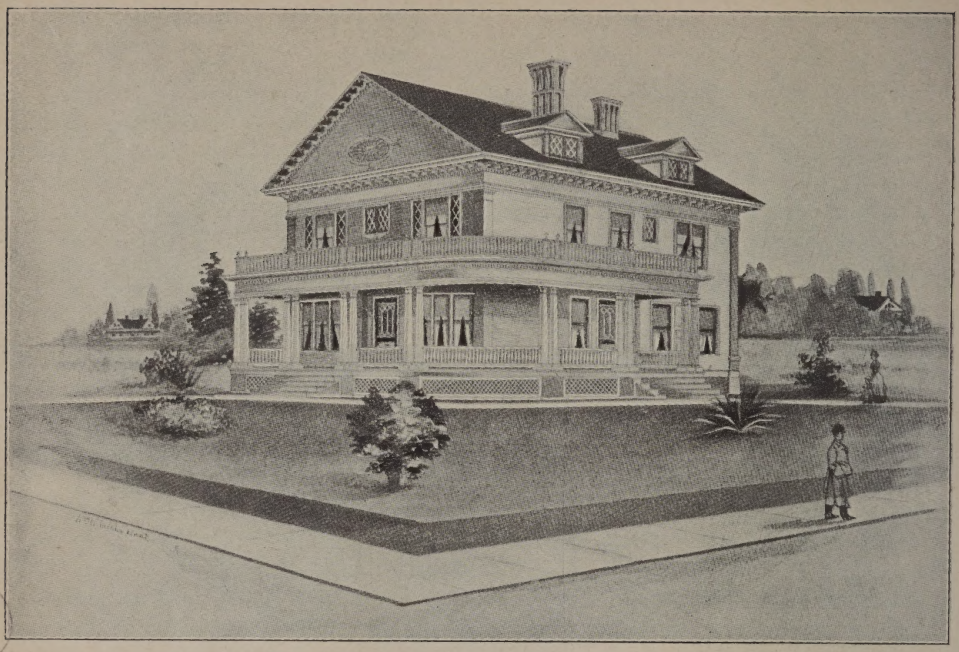
A perspective view of a gambrel roof cottage, showing front and right hand side. This cottage is finished neatly inside and out and contains seven finished rooms and laundry in basement. The main floor is mostly finished in hard wood. Plumbing is of the latest style, as is also the hot air furnace. Gas fixtures and papering are neat and artistic. Cost $4,200.

the plant be set by a contractor whom you know to be competent and honest, or who is known to and recommended by your friends; let him perform the work at his lowest contract prices, and bear in mind that the best system of plumbing attainable both in material and workmanship is the cheapest.

Cellar floors in all instances should be well concreted, level, and smooth, and the walls and ceilings thoroughly whitewashed.

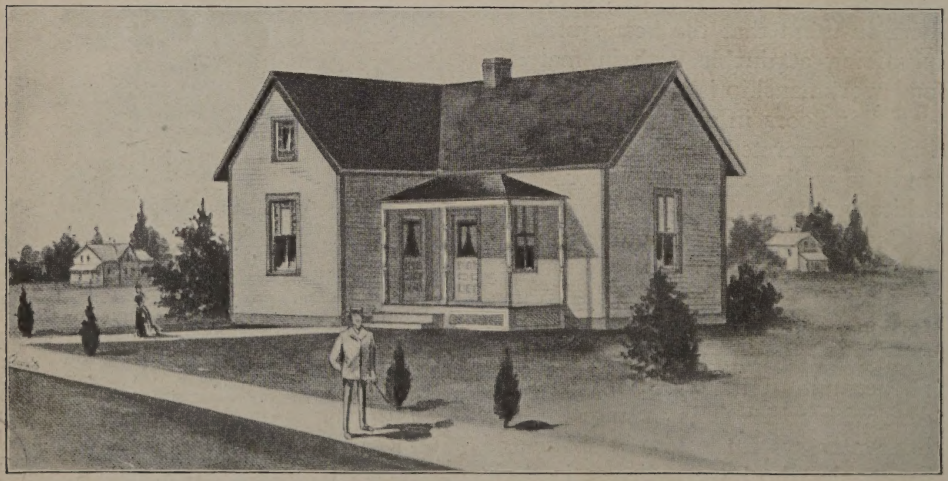
Concerning the heating of a house I find that there is a great diversity of opinion. Of the three methods in use, furnace, hot water and steam, the former is most commonly used, mainly on account of its cheapness and the ease with which it is managed. The hot water system is highly spoken of by people who have it in use in their homes, but its cost is about four times that of a furnace. Steam indirectly used in furnishing heat I consider the

A cottage built at very moderate cost, though containing all the requirements essential to a comfortable home. The lines are graceful and symmetrical. There are eight finished rooms, and an unfinished room in the attic story which may be built up at the pleasure of the owner. On the lower floor there are parlor, dining room, kitchen, chamber and bath room; the second floor contains four chambers and ample closet space. A stair is built to attic floor. The veranda runs nearly across the front and along the right hand side of building, ending in a small conservatory, which is entered from the dining room and also from the veranda. Cost about $3,000.



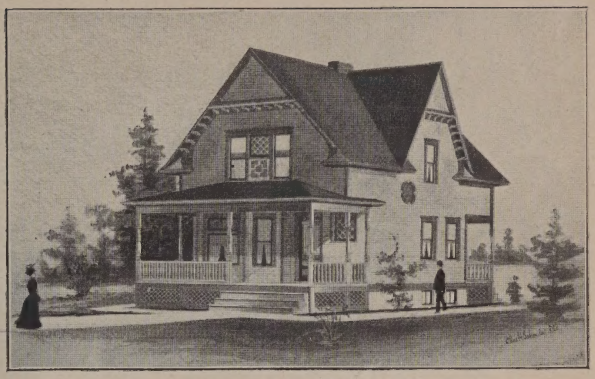
This ten room house has many of the features of a colonial structure. It is finished quite elaborately outside; a finely constructed veranda extends across the front and part way on one side; the front gable and roof lines are all that could be desired. On the main story there are parlor, library, dining room and kitchen, a spacious front hall, back hall, lavatory, pantries, closets, etc. The chambers on the upper floors are large and well lighted. There is a finely finished bath room. This building cost $6,200, but expense can be lessened in the inside and outside finish.

most perfect agency yet adopted, and doubtless it would be more commonly used were it not for its extraordinary expense. The objection to a furnace consists in its being a sort of reservoir of dust which is conveyed



A modest country home of three rooms costing about $800.

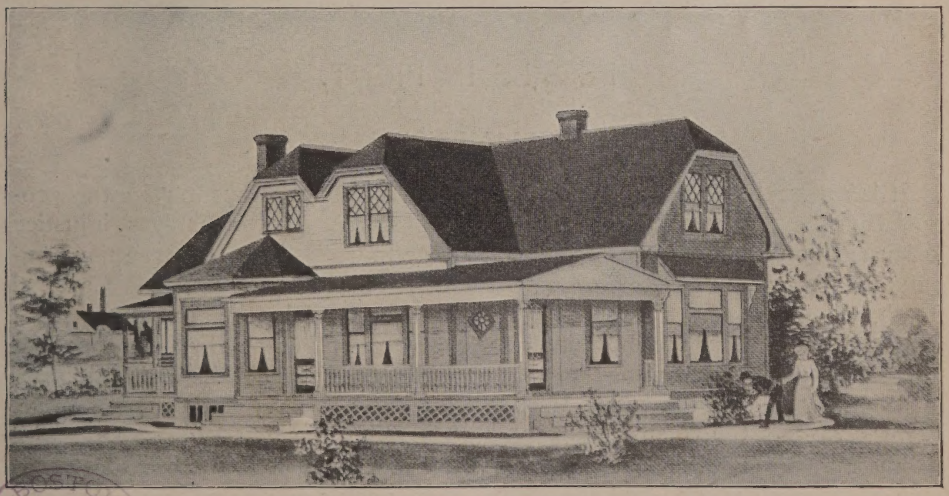
with the hot air through pipes and registers and spreads to all parts of a house. The objection to a hot water heater is its liability to leak and get out of order at times when such disasters would cause much damage and inconvenience. There are no draw-backs that I am aware of in the introduction of an indirect steam-heating plant—except, indeed, its cost.



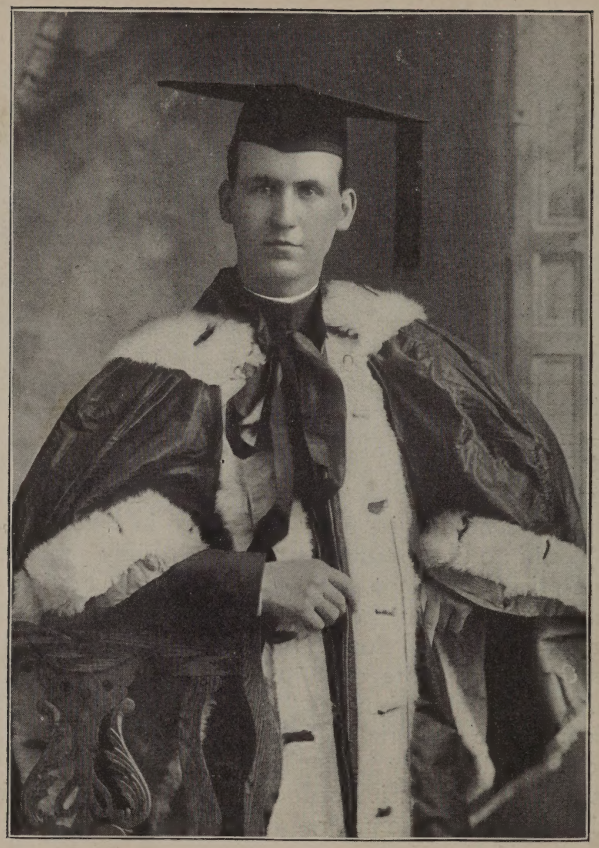
A tasteful country home containing three rooms on each story. Cost about $1,900.

Within the last few years hardwood floors have been quite extensively introduced into the construction of moderate-priced dwellings. It is claimed that they are cleaner and much healthier than carpeted floors. The woods commonly used are oak, maple or birch. Either one will make a handsome floor if the material is carefully selected and neatly laid down. Oak is the most expensive of the three woods named, and the other two are of about equal cost.

A word in conclusion. If economy must be rigidly practised let it be in matters of decoration, outer finish, etc.—superficial details that can be added at any time, but in all points involving durability, sanitation, and other essentials to satisfactory home-building see that no unwise counsel or natural inclination to save prevail—to eventually accomplish the undoing of your plans, or to entail unlooked for expense.



A sightly suburban cottage of six rooms, all on the first floor, costing about $2200.



REV. DR. FALLON.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

It is a regrettable comment on editorial justice that, regarding the whole discussion on the removal of the obnoxious declaration of the Coronation Oath, no direct effort was made to credit the success of the movement to the proper party. The award of praise in this matter dearly concerns the interests of the Canadian people and justly may they claim the honor for one of themselves who had the courage of his convictions to raise this protest against the monstrous injustice done to Catholics. It is true the English Catholics under Cardinal Vaughan took the initiative some years ago, but as they have only a minimum influence in Britain's politics their efforts were almost futile. Then the question lay dormant until the idea of a protest from the Canadian people originated with Rev. M.

F. Fallon, formerly of St. Joseph's church, Ottawa, but now of Buffalo, N. Y.

The realization of his plan was effected through the medium of the urgent requests made that some influential Catholics in the Dominion Parliament should move an address to the Throne praying for the removal of the declaration.

MILES M. O'BRIEN.

Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa, under whose auspices in February, 1899, Rev. Father Fallon delivered his celebrated lecture. The favorable comment on this lecture by the Canadian and American press gave force to the

Despite repeated discouragements, Father Fallon kept the subject prominently before the public. Finally, he was successful in having the protest introduced by Hon. John Costigan, the leader of the Irish Catholics in the

MISS EMILY HICKEY.

Canadian House of Commons, and on March 2d, 1901, by a vote of one hundred and twenty-five to nineteen, the address praying for the removal of the declaration was adopted.

Rev. M. F. Fallon was born in Kingston, Ont., May, 1867, where his early training was received preparatory to entering Ottawa University. Graduating from this institution in 1889, he determined on entering the Oblate Order, and in the course of the year following his graduation he was numbered among the young seminarians at the Gregorian University in Rome. Here in 1894 he was ordained, and on his return to his Alma Mater he was given the Chair of English Literature, which he held until June, 1898, when he relinquished it for more congenial work as pastor of St. Joseph's church.

Three brief years were allowed him in his pastorate of St. Joseph's, and on June 23d, he obeyed the command of the Rev. Visitor of the Oblate Order to resign his charge, and become superior of Holy Angels College, Buffalo, N. Y., where he is now stationed.

A profound scholar, a man of broad culture anl liberal views, a powerful speaker and writer, he is sure to take a commanding position in any community where his lot is cast.

Miles O'Brien, an Irishman and a Catholic, is President of the Board of Public Education of New York. He has announced officially that the city authorities propose acquiring various sectarian schools for public school purposes. Of course there is no sectarianism in the school supported by public taxes and controlled by the board, but Sisters of Charity are to be retained provided they pass the usual public school examinations. There can be no question as to the character of these noble women who devote their lives to religion, to charity and to teaching. They are all eminently fitted for the work.

Mr. O'Brien's plan is certainly a very original one, and is a proposition which presents itself as being of vast utility.

The New York Journal is fighting against it.

To the great number of converts to the Catholic church from the ranks of literary men and women of Great Britain and Ireland must be added that of an Irish poet, in the person of Miss Emily Hickey. Miss Hickey, who has been a prominent figure in literary circles in London for a number of years, is a native of Wexford and a daughter of Rev. John Stuart Hickey. Twenty years ago she founded with Dr. Furnivall the Browning society, and since then has published several volumes of poetry. She has also published an annotated edition of Browning's "Strafford." Miss Hickey took

first class at Cambridge university examinations, and lectures on English literature and language.

The political star of Charles Joseph Bonaparte of Maryland is decidedly in the ascendant. Astute observers declare that he will be a power in Washington, owing to his favorable relations with the incoming administration. He is a close friend of President Roosevelt, and will, no doubt, have much to do with the disposition of the Federal patronage throughout his state.

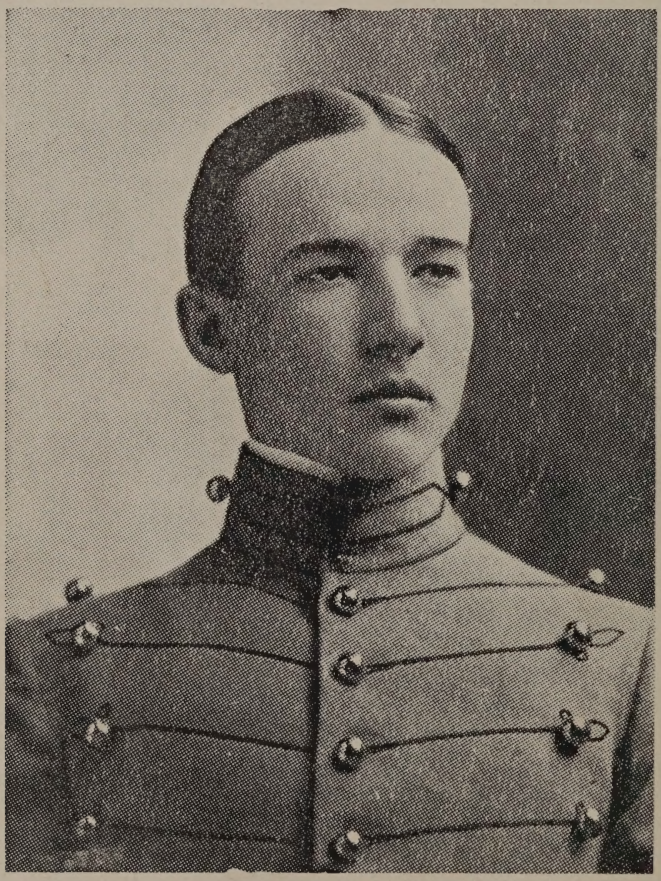
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.

Mr. Bonaparte is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the great Napoleon, who came to this country in 1803 and married the beautiful Betsy Patterson of Baltimore. This present representative of the remarkable family of Bonapartes is a member of the most exclusive society circles of Baltimore. He is a lawyer, but practices his profession merely as an occupation and recreation, for he is a very wealthy man. In politics he is, as already stated, an ardent Republican; in religion he is a rigid Catholic. It is related of him, to his great honor, that when he headed a delegation to welcome Cardinal Gibbons on his return home with a red hat, Mr. Bonaparte dropped on his knees upon the cold floor of the railroad station and reverently kissed the hem of that distinguished prelate's robe.

It was with much gratification that the reading public learned of the chance for recovery of young "Phil" Sheridan of West Point. The son of the famous general is a cadet at the United States Military Academy, and he was chosen among other bright

boys to participate in the interesting drill and other soldiery manœuvres at the Pan-American Exposition. It is thought that he contracted typhoid fever while at Buffalo, and for several days his life hung in the balance.

It would be unfortunate to lose such an interesting and historical name from the American Army lists, and the people generally are glad to know that the son of the hero of "Winchester, Twenty Miles Away," may yet make a record for himself as proud as his intrepid father's.



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

(*Courtesy of Boston Journal.*)

"PHIL" SHERIDAN.

STATE PATERNALISM IN EDUCATION.

BY REV. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S.J., OF NEW YORK.

Read before the 27th Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, Philadelphia, September 25, 1901.

An enthusiastic but poorly inspired prophet in the West has informed the world that the religion of the future is not to be, as he puts it, a matter of godology but of manology. Apparently his theology is on a par with his philology, and doubtless he would be surprised to learn that the more even he knows of man, the more he will be compelled to know of God, for the image must always refer back to the original from which it is copied. "Let us make man after our own image and likeness," God said in the beginning, and whether it be in the intellect's infinite avidity for truth, or the inviolability of the human will, or the imperishability of the human soul, that likeness must remain to the end, and with it an intimate and eternal relationship between the Creator and creature. From that relationship obligations on the part of man ensue. That is religion, and without it man is simply unthinkable.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. "You may find," says Cicero, "cities without palaces, without towers and without walls, but never without a temple or without worship." Or as Bonaparte, when establishing his empire, paradoxically but emphatically though somewhat blasphemously expressed it: "If there were no God we should have to create him."

Not only are all nations convinced of its necessity, but we have at least one example of a political power actually arrogating divine honors to itself, erecting temples for its cult and immolating hundreds of thousands of victims on its altars. "Ave Roma Immortalis" was but the expression of a belief that the Empire had the immortality of God.

In the modern dispensation the religion that is essential to the prosperity and existence of the State is Christianity. History proves that beyond question. The Jews who rejected it saw Judah's sceptre broken and the once chosen people scattered as wanderers over the world; the Cæsars persecuted it, and the great Empire crumbled to the dust; where it has been expelled you have the barbarism of Mohammed devastating and degrading the fairest countries of the world; Europe owes its civilization to Christianity and where it is an honor and associated with the State you have, as a distinguished churchman lately pointed out, three of the strongest nations of today: England, Russia and Germany; while those countries which once ruled the world in arms as well as in arts and letters but whose governments have been seized by a set of free-booting infidels, anarchists and foes of Christianity, are now scoffed at by their enemies and taunted with being of the decadent and moribund Latin race.

How does our own country stand in this matter? Though there is not a word about Christianity in the Dec-

laration of Independence, or the Constitution, we are undoubtedly a Christian nation. The intense religiousness of the original Colonies, the opening of the Federal and State Legislatures with prayer, the annual proclamation of a Day of Thanksgiving to God, and, just at this terrible moment through which we are passing, the touching Christian death of the late President who fell under the bullets of the assassin and whose dying words were those of Jesus Christ: "Thy will be done," followed as the tragic event was by the profoundly religious messages of the new President, and the Governors of the various Commonwealths, all go to show that we are a Christian nation.

But on the other hand the appalling fact revealed by the statement of the most representative Protestant paper of the country, the *Independent,* that out of our 75,000,000 people only 23,000,000 profess to belong to any Christian denomination, Catholics included, and secondly the startling and ever-increasing emptiness of our churches coupled with the scandalous revolt of so many ministers of religion against what was considered hitherto as the essential tenet of Protestant Christianity, viz., the authority of the Bible, and the rejection by so many of them of the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, whom they accept merely as a religious teacher, forces upon us the dreadful conviction that what Christianity there is in the country is fast disappearing.

Does this mean that our existence as a nation is menaced? We might answer that question by another: Have we any right to expect any other result than what has happened elsewhere under similar conditions?

Washington in his Farewell Address has warned us that "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." And where there is no national morality, there is national ruin. Gladstone has said the same thing of England. Other great men have expressed themselves in a similar strain; and for the matter of that, though so easily lost sight of, it is almost a self-evident proposition.

But are there facts to support this pessimistic theory?

They are not wanting. Neglecting such agents of corruption as the literature of the day which exerts a most malign influence even upon our children, and which such a competent judge as Marion Crawford declares to be "the worst, the vilest, the most degrading and the most criminal literature that has ever disgraced civilization": omitting the influence which the stage exerts on what is now a theatre-loving people, and which, if half that is said of it be true, seems designed to excite the foulest passions and inculcate the vilest principles of human conduct; passing by all that, we are confronted with the fact that the vast majority of our school-children never hear a word of Christianity during the entire school-week and never enter a house of worship on Sunday. What will the Christianity of these future men and women be? What is it now? And yet the destinies of the United States will be in their hands in the next generation. Conspicuous men among us who are not Catholics have already raised the note of alarm.

Add to this the ominous condition of American life in the matter of marriage, in which there is not only a fall-

ing off, but a wholesale apostasy from the spirit and legislation of Christianity. The condition of things is not only humiliating and shameful, but appalling. Mulhall, in his *Dictionary of Statistics,* tells us (and his authority is unimpeachable) that "the actual number of divorces granted in the twenty years that preceded 1886 was in the United States 328, 716, while in the same period throughout the entire continent of Europe there were but 258,000. The population of Europe was at that time 350,000,000, while ours was a little over 50,000,000. That is to say, Europe had seven times as many people as we, and yet we distanced it by nearly 100,000 divorces. Is Christianity waning or not? That was fifteen years ago, and we have gone immeasurably deeper in the abyss since then. Let us remember that the world-wide empire of Rome, the most stupendous political structure ever built, dated its destruction from the multiplication of its divorces. Can we promise ourselves a different fate?

The record of crime is still more distressing. In 1880 our prison population was 59,259; that is, 1,180 for every million inhabitants. Already in 1899 the number had risen to 82,329, and of these 7,386 were charged with homicide. In 1886 alone 1,499 murders were committed, while in Germany of the same year with its population of 48,000,000, as against ours of 60,000,000, there were only 337 homicides. Four years after, namely in 1890 alone, we have the horrible record of 3,567 murders. The *Chicago Tribune* quoted by Mulhall says that in the six years between 1884 and 1889 there were no less than 14,770 murders and 975 lynchings, which, of course, are murders in an aggravated and atrocious form with the guilt of blood on all the abettors.

Nor is this frightful increase in homicide due chiefly to the foreign element. The *World Almanac* of 1901 informs us as to the nativity of the 4,425 white homicidal criminals in jail, that "3,157 were born in the United States, and 1,213 foreign born." The 2,739 negro murderers are of course native to the soil.

With regard to the scenes which are recurring in certain parts of our country with such alarming frequency and with circumstances of such unexampled ferocity we say nothing except to note that lynching is not an imported crime, and that if the negroes against whom the fury is raging had been Catholicized they would not be regarded now as wild beasts. It is a boast in the South that the foreign element has not entered there.

We may well heed the warning of the Protestant Bishop of Western Texas, who is quoted in the *New York Sun* as saying: "The conditions around us are to lead in a few decades to a struggle the like of which has never been seen in this country, and it will be with a generation that will not believe in anything at all."

There is no denying the danger ahead of us. The question is how it is to be averted. Why, of course, we are told "by the churches." But they are empty, and it is a physical impossibility to reach the people through that agency. They are not there to hear, and even if they were the jarring and discord of the preachers would soon drive them out.

"Let men think then and their reason will guide them aright." As a matter of fact it is a prevailing impression with our more than self-sufficient

fellow-countrymen that each man is a law unto himself, quite competent to formulate his religious views and frame his code of morals. If we have a national religion it is that.

However flattering such an assumption may be to our self-conceit, it is in flat contradiction with reason and experience. Think out his own religion! Can the mud-stained laborer who perhaps has taken his dinner in the ditch, and who stumbles home after his hard day's work to a miserable tenement amid a swarm of squalling children to snatch a few hours' rest for the toil of the morrow do any independent thinking on the abstruse matters of morality or religion? Can the mechanic who slaves at his bench, or the clerk at his desk, or the merchant engrossed in money-making, or even the lawyer or physician absorbed by the anxieties of his profession, sit down and ponder the vast mysteries of the spiritual world? Taking man as he is, actuated by passion, absorbed in business pursuits, apathetic from constitutional sluggishness and averse to anything outside the domain of sense, though he may attain to some religious knowledge, there are a thousand chances to one that he will not bestir himself at all, and there are more chances still that if he does he will blunder in the most elementary truth. But above all that, there are mysteries which no man can fathom and for which instruction is indispensable. We ask a policeman or a passer-by to guide us in a strange city; can we all unaided find the path that leads over the limitless universe of the unseen? If the meanest handicraft, as well as the most learned profession, requires an instructor who perhaps has spent years in acquiring the knowledge he possesses, surely an acquisition of the sublime truths of religion requires similar assistance. The mere motorman, or the man with the hoe, needs some one to show him how. It is in the very nature of things. We cannot and do not evolve knowledge out of our own helpless ignorance. Aid must come from above, and as the beneficent sunshine beaming on the cold and lifeless earth calls up the flowers and the fruitage that delight and sustain the world, so in the realm of the intellect, the brightness of the knowledge that our fellow-men as well as the generations that have preceded us have acquired must dispel the darkness of our mind and make it beautiful and safe with the light it imparts, and in many things God Himself must illumine.

Where shall we find this teacher in religious matters? Where shall we find him especially for our children who assuredly are not independent thinkers in anything at all, and especially in matters of religion?

"There are two ways to solve the problem," says the *Educational Review*, which voices the best non-Catholic views on this particular subject. "One is to teach religion in the churches, Sunday-schools, and homes, and such is the average Protestant position; the second is to teach it in the schools as Catholics and Lutherans insist."

With regard to the first, he makes the astonishing admission that "Protestants are shockingly lax in fulfilling their obligations in this respect, and still more shockingly incapable of rising to an appreciation of their responsibility." "The other," he continues, viz., that of teaching religion in the schools, "is fraught with too many difficulties to be even thought of."

Deploring "the shocking laxity of the average Protestant in appreciating his responsibility, and animadverting that Catholics and Lutherans are not alone in insisting upon religion being taught in the schools (for Methodists and Episcopalians and Congregationalists and Friends, the *Evening Post* of August 31st, 1901, assures us are doing the same thing, and just at this moment the most distinguished Protestants, like Bishop Potter, Dr. Huntington and Dr. Greer, are demanding it), let us ask what are the reasons why the project, as they view it, cannot be even thought of.

The first reason alleged is the uproar which the proposition caused when first mooted in the recent revision of the Charter of the City of New York.

To this we reply that it is a humiliating confession for men who boast so much of the strenuous life to be balked in any honest project by a little noise. After admitting that religion is an essential element in education; that attempts to substitute an independent morality are fatuous and have signally failed; that the project which the average Protestant favors holds out no hope of realization; that it is indispensable for the welfare of the nation, and that Catholics, Lutherans and others have successfully adopted it; and then to retreat because a few noisy and obstreperous demagogues are averse to it, is to act in a manner that is not creditable to American manhood. If the course is just, necessary and feasible, if the country's salvation depends on it, why not follow it at any cost? Its opponents counted on this faint-heartedness and must be greatly amused at the haste of its adherents to display the white feather.

The second reason against teaching religion in schools, though not explicitly formulated, is that it is not American. If it is not, it ought to be. But it is American, essentially so, and only recent times have brought about the present dangerous conditions. Harvard was founded for training Calvinist ministers; Yale was intensely Calvinistic, as were all the subsidiary schools which supplied them with students. The old New England primary schools were thoroughly such, and in the quaint Puritan phraseology of the day, were mainly "to circumvent the devices of Satan." *The Evening Post* of September 7, 1901, says that at the present day of the 1,957 secondary schools with their 200,000 pupils and 9,410 teachers (and of course the number is vastly larger in the primary grades), more than one-half are strictly religious. Are they un-American? To say that we are tampering with the palladium of American liberty by advocating religious teaching in the schools is not to know the school history of this country, and to be blind to the fact that there can be no liberty without religion, and that it is a descent into paganism with its horrible and necessary tyranny of soul and body. Instead of being a palladium of liberty irreligious and unreligious schools become the Wooden Horse that will destroy the City.

The unreasoning enthusiasm for the schools as at present constituted springs from a groundless assumption of their superiority to any other system that anyone has hitherto conceived, and this impression is sedulously cultivated in the minds of the pupils themselves, and of the public at large, and with it, of course, a corresponding

contempt for what are commonly known as parochial schools. The esteem and the contempt are both without foundation, but they form another reason for opposition to any change.

In the first place we might animadvert that it is a peculiar grace of God to see ourselves as others see us, especially if those others are our friends. Other men's views about us are often revelations. Thus the *New York Evening Post* of March 19, 1900, in a review of a book on the History of Education condemns the unstinted praise that is given the modern school books and modern systems of education. "It is enough to enter a modern school room and see how these systems are applied *with the very minimum of genuine reflection and good sense,* to understand at once why it is that the rising generation produce upon men in the afternoon of life such an impression of feebleness." The President of the Schoolmasters' Association of the United States frankly declared at the Annual Convention that it would be better to read a novel of Balzac than to attempt to master some of the *pedagogical stuff that is inflicted on the teachers of the present day.* Charles Stuart, the ex-School Commissioner of Ohio, writing in the *Forum,* admits that "*our popular education is superficial*" and does not develop mind or character. *The Times* Supplement of March 31, 1900, informs its readers that the great political leaders of France and England are literary men, and inquires why similar cases are rare in the United States. It makes answer that "with us there is more education but less scholarship," which is an admission of poor education.

Besides it is impossible to shut our eyes to the lamentable condition of many of our public schools as they now exist. Even in the Capital of the country they called from the Senate Investigation Committee the scathing report quoted in the *New York Tribune,* April 19, 1900, that "the result of a thorough and fair trial showed a deplorable want of training in the grades the young people were supposed to have mastered. In history and arithmetic the general average made was not much over 50 per cent. The penmanship was poor, and the spelling miserably bad." Senator Stewart, the Chairman of the Committee, said: "The children seem to have had very indifferent instruction. *The teachers of the day are victims of a bad system;* the old-fashioned schools did much better work, in spite of the fact that the path of learning has been made smoother, and many things simplified." In Alabama the State Board of Examiners have discovered "the most deplorable ignorance even among men who had received teachers' certificates." *The Educational Review,* May 1, 1900, quoting the *Courant* of St. Paul, Minn., gives what it terms "a melancholy picture of the deplorable condition of the public schools of that city."

The New York Commercial Advertiser, April 14, 1900, reports that charges were made by the Board of Education of Chicago that the teachers of the public schools fail to instruct the pupils in the most necessary branches of learning; one trustee asserting that half the teachers, most of whom are said to be graduates of the local high schools, could not speak or write English, or spell correctly. The Superintendent admitted that many of

the teachers were deficient in these points, but that *the fault was with the system* in which they were instructed, and in which they were instructing others. Finally the distinguished Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, laments that even the public schools of Boston that were supposed to be irreproachable "are not what they were fifty years ago."

This ought to be sufficient to dispose for ever of that ridiculous old fetish before which so many have been down on their knees, and for years past to which they have ascribed so many marvellous and supernatural powers. On the public school question the average American is curiously superstitious.

Such being the case, and in the face of such authority it would be silly to deny it, it is manifestly improper to look with disdain upon schools which are not of the public school system, and to taunt them with inferiority. The retort is in order, "Physician cure thyself." It is annoying on the other hand to hear such reproaches from Catholics, especially when their personal qualifications scarcely fit them for passing judgment in such matters. Moreover, it is altogether unfair to pile a mountain on a man, and then reproach him with inactivity. Catholics all over the land, although crushed by school taxes for other men's children have been compelled to burden themselves besides with heavy outlays for their own. Aided by thousands of religious men and women who have without compensation consecrated themselves to the work, they have erected schools that at times equal in their equipment some of the best built by the State; out of their hard earnings they have disbursed millions of dollars, and without the cost of a penny to the State are educating now more than 1,000,000 children. Not only that, but they have saved the country from dishonor before the civilized world. There are thousands and thousands of children on the street today for whom the public schools have no accommodations, vast numbers of others can have but a half session for the same reason. Suppose the million Catholic children of the parochial schools were added to the abandoned multitude. Catholics assumed the burden of educating them. The service is not recognized but suspected.

Nor is the education of Catholic schools below grade. We have not heard that their graduates have any difficulty in securing admission to the High and Normal Schools. On the contrary, the percentage of success is remarkably large. In competitions for West Point and Annapolis, parish schools easily carry off the prize, and where there has been a trial of strength with the same text books, and the same course, as in Poughkeepsie and elsewhere, Catholic schools were invariably in the lead. In fact, there is a suspicion abroad that the cancelling of school contracts in some places was due to that fact.

We have no means at our disposal to institute a comparison all along the line, but Catholics are the same the world over; and the recent examination results in Ireland, for example, show the exclusive Catholic University College of Dublin far and away beyond all the others. Similar success is noted in England, and the troubles in France emphasize the same truth. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the popularity of the Catholic Schools there determined their suppression,

and impelled the infidel Government to seize the establishments and turn out the teachers as beggars in the street. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* of September 3, 1901, impliedly admits it.

Why should they not achieve such results? Religion does not make people stupid. The brighest minds that modern civilization has known have been the product of religious schools; and Catholics especially have sacrificed too much to be satisfied with an inferior education. Give us a fair field and no favors. That is all we ask.

This leads us to the fourth and real reason of the opposition to religious teaching in the schools, viz., the fear of Catholicity; the dread that Catholics will profit by it most. Well what if they do profit most? Why such a result would be a menace to the country. "Indeed:—Yes, there is something about every Catholic that prevents him from being a genuine American." If not expressed in so many words there is a vague undefined feeling in men's minds that such is the case.

Strange fatality! I am a Catholic and cannot be a true American. I am thus a man without a country, and yet with greater rights perhaps to possess one than others. In this connection there are some cherished memories, almost romantic, but nevertheless deeply religious, which cluster around a certain obscure hill that juts out on the southern bank of the Mohawk. Standing on its crest the eye follows the leisurely windings of the river and rests on rich meadow lands that come down to the water edge heavy with the harvest, while glimpses are caught of far-off farms and homesteads high up on the slopes of the receding mountains. Out of the great marts which commerce has built all along the valley from the Hudson to the Lakes the rumbling trains speed with their precious freight along the iron roads on either side of the stream on their way to the great metropolis and the ocean beyond. The commingling of all these beauties of untouched and cultivated nature with the frequent apparitions of the great convoys of industry which traverse, but do not invade this beautiful region, affords an ever-varying delight to the eye all day long, but mostly in the brightness of the early morning or when the setting sun clothes the scene with splendor.

But the picture fades into another, —a gloomy one of the long past when that country was a wilderness 260 years ago. The hill on which we are standing was covered with Indian wigwams, and in the midst of the squalid camp toiled a man to whom much of the transformation that we now see around us is to be attributed. It is mid-winter; he is almost naked and pierced to the bone with the bitter cold. Long scars on his limbs show where the savage had cut the quivering flesh to eat it before his eyes; burning coals had left their marks on him; and the livid bruises reveal the places where the ponderous club had struck him. His fingers had been torn off by the teeth of the savage, and for a year and a half he labored among them striving to force some gleam of Christianity into their degraded natures until at last his head was cloven by the blow of the tomahawk. On a stake of the palisade that ghastly head was fixed and his mangled body flung into the waters of the river.

That man died for the civilization of this country, and it was twenty years

before the English sailed into the harbor of New York. He was a Catholic, a priest and a Jesuit. Was he, therefore, an enemy of this country? Were not those characteristics the very reasons why he gave up his life for his fellow-men and the redemption of this land of ours in whose civilization and greatness we now rejoice? Even if he were the only martyr which the Church has given to America (and there are many) his blood would have written upon this land of ours that a Catholic is not an alien here. The first pioneers of civilization here in this western world were Catholics, and the Catholic cross was planted on these shores not only by Columbus in San Salvador, but centuries before by Lief Eric in Massachusetts. The names of Catholic saints and Catholic mysteries are stamped upon our rivers and lakes and mountains from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the right of occupation was admitted long before those of other faiths entered Boston Harbor or the River James; Catholics were conspicuous in the Revolutionary struggle; they fought for their country in 1812 while Puritan New England was ringing bells for English victories; they led the nation's troops in the War of Secession and died by thousands as privates in the ranks from Bull Run to Appomattox; they fought against Catholic Mexico and later on against Catholic Spain; they have covered the country with monuments of charity in their asylums and hospitals; giving hostages thus of loyalty to their native land; hundreds of thousands of their chosen ones have relinquished all the delights of home to succor the poor and afflicted; as a class they are remarkable for their absence from the ranks of those enemies of all government, the Socialists and Anarchists; they are honored in every walk of life for their ability, integrity and success; and yet in spite of all this are objects to many of suspicion and distrust. In fact have we not been called upon in the press by one who is apparently a public man, and who admits the great benefits accruing to this country from Catholicity, notably "because it trains the young in a way to secure good morals and respect property rights and the rights of others," to demand that the Head of the Church declare that he harbors no hostile designs against this nation. In other words, we are saving our country and yet are suspected of destroying it. He did not mean it of course, for his purpose is apparently benevolent, but these are the tactics of the man who seizes a purse and cries: "stop thief," in order to distract attention from himself. Not we but you who are refusing religious education to the rising generation and preventing us from giving it to our own are bringing ruin to this country. We really are the true Americans and not you.

Far from conflicting with the patriotic spirit, Catholicity fosters and protects it. Is an Irishman less Irish because he is a Catholic? a Spaniard less Spanish? a Frenchman less French because he is a Catholic? On the contrary, their nationality is intensified because of their faith; for Catholicity inculcates patriotism, not as a sentiment but as a sacred duty; and if an American is a Catholic, or rather because he is one, he not only does not yield to any man in love of his native land, but impelled by the teaching of his Church will be more loyal and more self-sacrificing in time of peace or stress of war than others who are not of his faith.

The Catholic Church has no designs on the public schools. It is satisfied to leave them as they are for those who wish them, but it does not want, and will not have for its children in the period of their defencelessness, an education which it is convinced will ultimately make those children a curse to their country by robbing them of those principles of morality which are indispensable in forming them into honorable and pure men and women. It has lost too many men here in America by contact with irreligion; it has lived too long in the world not to know that religion is necessary to prevent the ruin of a nation, and it has too many horrible examples in crimes of the apostate governments of today to allow it to sit idly by and without attempting to prevent similar disasters here. It will not be satisfied with the odious hour after school, which in the child-mind makes religion penal, but it wants the atmosphere of its schools to be such that religion will enter as a motive and a guide of what is to be done and avoided. It wants the child to begin to be what it ought to be later on in life,—honest, pure, faithful in his duty, to his God, and to his fellow-men, as the light of his religion points out, and as its sacramental helps assist him to become. It does not want the child to imagine that religion is an affair of Sunday and has nothing to do with the rest of the week.

It does not comprehend the offer of a well-known President of a Protestant University to teach Catholicity by lectures. Such a pretence displays a deplorable inability to appreciate what religion really is. Faith is not truth alone but life.

But in the most positive and aggressive tones we are told: "Separate schools are absolutely out of the question. What we want is homogeneity of education to blend the diverse nationalities of our land into one common Americanism."

It may be noted in passing that this proclamation is often made by men who have had no public school education, or who have never been inside American schools at all.

To this challenge we reply that homogeneity of education is absurd; it is undemocratic; it is un-American; it is often a political scheme; and it is socialistic; and it is un-Christian and irreligious.

You might as well try to have the trees of the forest with the same sized leaves; you might as well insist upon men belonging to the same political party; or pursuing the same occupation; living in the same kind of house; eating the same food; or wearing the same style of dress; or thinking the same kind of thoughts and arriving at the same conclusions by the same methods. You have no more right to make me homogeneous with you than I have to make you homogeneous with me. A resemblance sometimes may be very undesirable. The strength and beauty of the universe and of everything in it whether of the material or the spiritual order is not a unity of monotony and sameness, but a unity of variety; a unity achieved by authority and influence which hold the infinitely divergent types together and direct them all to a common end. In that the beauty of the world consists, but our apostles of homogeneity conceive it as an asphalt road over which the educational roller has passed. It might be good to remember that the streets of

tar in spite of the roller become rivers of fire in a conflagration. Did not our most admired Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* point out that "our greatest social danger lay in the production of dead levels?" Besides, who are you, my friend, that you decide offhand that your type of the homogeneous is correct; and lastly, why are you continually proclaiming that the aim of the American school is to develop individuality while in the same breath you demand homogeneity? The two qualities are contradictory. You are blowing hot and cold at the same time.

Secondly, the scheme is violently undemocratic. If homogeneity of education is really and honestly essential for true Americanism, then abolish forthwith all your great institutions like Yale and Harvard which are supposed to differentiate their pupils, socially at least, from all other Americans, and which are ever differentiated from each other in tone and tradition. The "Yale Spirit" is not Harvard's, nor Harvard's Princeton's, nor Princeton's Cornell's.

More than that. Close all your expensive private schools which are established everywhere by as good Americans as you, and which are so many sacred and inviolable preserves, intended as they are for the children of the rich, where no plebeian can possibly enter, and dismiss your private governess, or be ready to let the public official knock at your door and inquire if what she teaches corresponds in time and matter to the programme of the State. Does this seem absurd? Such inspection was seriously proposed in a recent School Law before the Legislature of the State of New York. If your rich man does not send his children to the public school lest they should sit side by side with the children of his servants or of the mechanic or the laborer, why should I not be allowed, not that I avoid the poor, for we are mostly poor, to withdraw mine for greater than social or sanitary reasons? Or does the scheme propose that only the children of the poor should be thus homogeneously huddled together. If so, and such is its intent, it is class legislation; it is undemocratic and unjust.

Thirdly, homogeneity is a foreign importation. It is French and not American. It is precisely what Waldeck Rousseau is imposing on France with an iron hand at this present moment. He uses the same shibboleth of homogeneity and is perpetrating the great crime of the century by robbery and expatriation. It is the old political scheme of Napoleon Bonaparte who carried it out so rigorously that his minister of education could boast that at any hour of the day he could tell what every child in France was reciting; and the project of a National University in the United States, with its centre in Washington as mooted here, is nothing but a recrudescence of that discredited foreign plan of intellectual and political slavery. We object to all this homogeneity whether in nation, state, or city, because it is in its spirit and in its history, unamerican, and because just as Bonaparte brutally declared that the fundamental purpose of his National University was to inculcate loyalty to the Napoleonic dynasty, so in the same way homogeneity in city, state or nation will tend infallibly to perpetuate the sway of the political party that happens to be in power. And in point of fact the Declaration of the National Education-Association which is fur-

thering this project bluntly avows that its purpose is to "lead public sentiment into legislation when necessary." This is novel in America, but it is not American. We object to it also most emphatically for educational reasons, because just as the Napoleonic University has wrecked genuine education throughout France, as official investigations have shown, the same results are sure to follow here if this scheme is carried out. No better proof of it could be given than the very Declaration itself which is launched by this National Education-Association. Its framers style themselves "educational experts" and yet are guilty in several parts of the document of an obscurity of thought, an absurdity of reasoning, and an incorrectness of language that would disgrace a dull boy in a common school.

Lastly, we object to it for patriotic reasons. And this position of ours ought to have especial force at this terrible moment of our country's history. We find in the *Herald* of September 12, 1901, that the 4th Article of the Anarchistic Programme is to maintain "irreligious schools." Is not that reason enough to multiply our religious schools as a breakwater, and to induce all men to co-operate in that Federation of Churches which is called for by some of the most distinguished men in New York (*N. Y. Sun*, Sept. 12, 1901) "in behalf of the spiritual, physical, educational and social interest of family life?" We have all along seen the perils which are now striking such terror into the heart of the country. Others are only now finding it out.

Finally, it is idle to say that the homogeneity intended is merely one of language or of Americanism. Can these results not be achieved just as well in denominational schools? Diversity of language among children of the immigrants need not worry us. A walk in Mulberry Street in the Italian quarter will convince us that the sidewalk does more than the school in that respect. The children of the second or even of the first generation do not speak the language of their parents. Nor do they want to be Americans with a prefix. They are not German, or Irish, or Italian Americans, but just as ardent Americans as those whose parents were immigrants a hundred years ago. That is not the result about which any sensible man should concern himself, but there is one thing that must inviolably follow as a consequence of this unintelligent jumbling together of the children of divergent and conflicting religious beliefs, a result we dare not say was intended or perhaps even foreseen by the majority of our people but which, nevertheless, as Protestant editors all over the land, as well as Protestant bishops and ministers are pointing out, is threatening the very existence of the nation; a homogeneity, not of language nor of Americanism, but a homogeneity of irreligion and a practical negation of all Christian beliefs during five consecutive days of every week of the child's life, with nothing to counteract it on Sunday; for these children, like their parents, are not churchgoers. It is the cancelling of Christianity from the life of the nation. This is homogeneity. Is it American? And are we to be looked upon with suspicion because we do not send our millions of children to join the throng upon whom this robbery is being committed?

Perhaps you have not intended or

foreseen it here; but you are ruthlessly at work with the same axe in the Philippines where—without diversity of sects to excuse you, for they are all Catholics there; without the plea of an ignorant population, for they are better educated than many of our own natives; in spite of promises and treaties, and merely to satisfy the demands of this blind idolatry—you flood the country with teachers who cannot fail to sneer at the religion of their pupils in spite of your injunctions to the contrary, and you contemptuously sweep out of their school rooms every symbol of Catholic faith with the necessary result of disparaging it in the eyes of the children. This is homogeneity. Is it American? Be quite sure that if you make bad Catholics out of the Filipinos you will not make them good Americans.

Meantime in those same regions you not only do not interfere in the slightest with the subjects of the Sultan of Sulu who are nothing but degraded Mohammedans, and who practise their religion, polygamy included; you do not force upon them your homogeneous education, but carefully and by law protect them in the study of the Koran and in all they choose to do along with their horrible institution of slavery. Is that Americanism? Is it Americanism to treat your fellow-Christians worse than idolators and Mohammedans? It is not even homogeneity.

We blush for the illiberality, bigotry and injustice of our countrymen both here and abroad, or at least for their inability to see what they are doing, and we wonder what has become of our famous American boast: "Americans love fair play." Or is it all bluster?

But no matter what you may do, no matter how we are discriminated against, and unjustly dealt with, we are necessarily, unalterably and eternally opposed to education of this description, disguise it as you may under the mask of homogeneity or anything else. It is nothing but the educational scheme of the immoral old French Atheist, Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose teachings precipitated the horrors of the French Revolution and which some of his ignorant admirers are foolishly endeavoring to graft on American institutions. It is unamerican and unchristian.

In the report of the National Education Association held in Chicago, Feb. 27, 1900, we find these dreadful words, pronounced by Nicholas Murray Butler of the N. Y. Columbia College, and apparently assented to by the Association. "Five men, Rousseau, Hegel, Froebel, Pestalozzi and Herbert have given to the nineteenth century education most of its philosophical foundation, and not a few of its methods. From them have come the main influences which have shaped education for a hundred years." In amazement and distress we may well apply to the Educational Association that formulated this statement, or permitted it, the words of Christ on the cross: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Putting aside Pestalozzi and Froebel who were not at all successes as educators, we find in this list Hegel, who was a frantic pantheist, Herbert, who was a disciple of that other pantheist Fichte, and who said of God that "he could not be known, and for practicable purposes it was not desirable"; but conspicuously, and at the head of them all, we find Rousseau who

is properly put as the chief corypheus in this dance of death.

Listen to what he says on the subject of education, if you can do so with patience: "The child who is being educated is to acknowledge no authority; he is to indulge his own desires unchecked." He specifies gluttony as an example, and says, "even if he harms himself do not reprove him," and of course he is to be given free rein in the other cravings of nature; self-love is the only natural quality to be recognized in the child, and not only to be indulged but cultivated; he should hear nothing whatever about God; he is to be inspired with contempt for the ministers of religion who ought to be expelled from the community as not only useless but pernicious to the State. "If I had to paint a picture of disgusting stupidity," he says, "I would paint a pedant teaching catechism to his pupils; and if I wanted to make a child a fool I would oblige him to explain what he says in reciting his catechism. Getting him to accept mysteries is to accustom him early to lie." He is not to be taught any religion, and if there is to be a common creed it is to be made up of the fundamental dogmas of Judaism, Mohammetanism and Christianity, and the one who shall teach anything contrary to it is to be banished from the country. "The pupil must be taught that the exercise of authority is tyranny; the possession of property, robbery; and the laws of the nation, fetters to his liberty."

All these are Rousseau's own words (who, be it said in passing, was a man whose life was disgustingly immoral, and who in one of his books was shameless enough to enter into the most lubricous details of what he did), and these words teach openly and professedly, immorality, atheism and by implication assassination. And yet we are told by the National Educational Association that this is the main influence which has shaped the education of the nineteenth century.

Do you want your children to be educated under such influences? Do you want them to be the future anarchists who will wreck the domestic and political fabric of this country, and be the frenzied and educated assassins who will assert their independence and individuality by putting bullets in the bodies of your future Presidents?

If you do, we Catholics do not; and for that reason we want religious education. That is our only reason for opposing the system which is a direct and terrible menace to our country. The *N. Y. Herald* of Sept. 22, in a striking cartoon represents a little girl as standing before the door of a public school which is shut against her because of the inability of the State to give her an elementary education, and she is uttering the words: "I see this country's finish." No, poor child! not because you cannot learn a little spelling or arithmetic do "you see this country's finish." It is better you remain out on the street, if inside the school the principles are taught and the methods adopted of those enemies of God and humanity who revile authority, despise religion and blaspheme God. We hope that the statement of the Educational Association is not universally true, but if that influence prevails, then not merely every sensible man, but even the child at the door can say, "I see this country's finish."

Appalled by the recent public disaster there is already talk of a common re-

ligious creed being taught in the public schools and suggestion even comes from a prominent Protestant bishop. This is Rousseau's idea and a furthering of his infamous project. When the Caesars were perplexed by the multitude of beliefs in the empire they ordained that there should be uniformity of worship, and commanded all to adore the State. That hastened the ruin of the mighty empire. Caesarism of any kind is dangerous in a free republic, but especially in religious matters. Such a scheme is absolutely impossible of realization; and as it comes originally from one who hated religion, and who hated the State and would destroy both, we should be on our guard against attempting to reduce it to practice.

It is especially, we insist, because of this feature that Catholics are antagonistic not, remember, to the public schools as such but as they are at present conducted.

Am I not perfectly within my rights? Am I not wise and prudent and patriotic? At the very time that the leading Protestant educationalists throughout the land are clamoring for religion in education as a safeguard for the Republic, I find that under the pretext of homogeneity and fictitious Americanism there is a scheme to rob my child in the hours that he is away from me of what I regard as his best possession, to cheat him out of what I have labored to put in his little mind, the religion namely for which I have paid so dearly, and on account of which I am still suffering. Meantime I ask myself why, if I am endeavoring to bring up my child a Christian, I should be punished for it, and why from the schools which I support should Christianity be ostracized? Are we not being dechristianized rapidly enough without having our public servants at high salaries accelerate the work?

But I am told! "You are not compelled to send your children to the public schools." If I cannot avoid doing so except at considerable expense, I am. Surely that is compelling me. "Do you expect the State then to pay for your schools?" "Certainly"—"Never," I am answered promptly and harshly, "not a penny of the public funds for sectarian purposes." "Softly Mr. Official, if it is public money I have a right to my share. I am of the people. You are the steward and not the proprietor and are to distribute the public funds justly and not according to your moods and prejudices." "It is no prejudice" I am informed, "but it is against the whole spirit of the country to pay for the support of any religious theory. You might as well ask us to support your churches." (*N. Y. Sun*, September 6th, 1901). As to its being against the whole spirit of the country, I answer we may disagree, but you need not worry about the churches. The "Religious theory" is taught there and nothing else. We are not asking you to help them. But in the schools it is different. I am giving all the secular training that is given in the State schools. Why should not that be paid for?

"Why should not that be paid for? As for its Christianity, I'll pay for that." "But you must pay for the public-school tax like everyone else." "Every dollar of it, only I object to paying it twice which no one else does; but if I teach my children the same things that are taught in the common schools and teach them better, and add over and above of my own

volition and at my own expense something which not only betters their characters as men and women, but which is absolutely necessary to the country's salvation; if I make them genuine Americans and base their patriotism on a more solid foundation than you can; if while you are compelled to accept any teacher that may be foisted on you by political or other influence, whether he be a Christian or a scoffer, and about whose manner of life I have only your guarantee, whose opinion I possibly may not value, while I can select those of whose abilities and exalted character I am almost absolutely sure; if you are guided in your system by incapable men whose time is taken up in commercial pursuits or political schemes, while I am enjoying the privilege of the learning and experience of those whose life is not only devoted but consecrated to the work; if with all that I am perfectly willing to admit government inspection either of the structure or as regards the requirements of hygiene, and also of the studies (barring, of course religion, with which the State has nothing to do) ;—why, pray, when I am conferring such inestimable advantages on the State, which even those who are not friendly to me acknowledge, should I not get the benefit of the school tax which I pay to the State? That is what puzzles me. That I am a sectarian is none of your business, that I am an American citizen ought to ensure me my rights. As to the garb of my teachers, that is as much my privilege as it is the State's to uniform its letter carriers, or a private corporation its officials. But more than that I am taught in American History that my country severed its connection with England because it was taxed without representation; that is to say, because it was left without the power of determining how the taxes which were levied on them should be applied; but now I discover that you who are presumably not an Englishman not only do not permit me to say how they should be applied, but you give my money to somebody else. Is this a new phase of Americanism? If I were a criminal I could understand how I should be debarred, but I am an honest, hardworking man for whom every dollar counts,—who has never been before the courts, who has the interest of my country at heart, who never can get away from it like my rich friends, who has never stopped at any sacrifice to bring up my children honestly, and if I, with my co-religionists, have spent millions of money to give them the education which the wisest men in the land, Protestants as well as Catholics, admit now to be not merely the best but the only safeguard of my country, because it inculcates religion, why should I not be fairly and squarely dealt with, and get the benefit of what is levied on me for education?

"It cannot be done," you say; "it is impossible to make any such subdivisions." Amazing! You had no difficulty in collecting them in spite of the diversity of the sources from which they are derived; and when I take up my paper in the morning I read that the Board of Appointment regularly and without trouble assigns money to hospitals, asylums, roads, lampposts, schools, etc. Is there any insuperable difficulty in proceeding further with the division, or is the famous American instinct for mathematics disappearing? Can you divide by two, but must you no longer be

asked to divide by four? You make the apportionment already to sectarian hospitals, asylums, etc. So that you admit the principle and prove its feasibility. Besides, you exempt these very schools from taxation because of the benefits they confer on the commonwealth. That is subsidizing them, and is the same thing as giving them public money. What is to prevent you from doing a little more and making your recognition keep pace with the good you receive? He is not a very generous man who is satisfied with not preventing me from enriching him, and who takes all I give without thanks. He ought to pay for what he gets, especially when as now he is in trouble.

Moreover, the distribution is very feasible. For the last few years we have been wearied to death by hearing that we are all Anglo-Saxons and that our education especially has that stamp on it. If that really be so why can we not do what Anglo-Saxon countries are doing in this respect, namely, England and Germany, which are not only intensely Protestant but where Protestantism is the State religion, to attack which, or even to differ from which, was at one time high treason? England has its denominational schools; the various sects insist on having them; the Protestant bishops in a recent memorial affirmed as a principle that all elementary education should be paid for from the public purse; and the government not only does not object but assists most liberally. It has no fear of Englishmen lacking the property kind of homogeneity.

Even in Calvinistic Scotland which has been notoriously rancorous against Catholicity since the Reformation, a similar and even better condition obtains. The *London Tablet* of Aug. 3, 1901, reports Mr. Balfour as saying in Parliament: "I come from a country in which education is under popular control. It is almost universally religious, and not only that but it is dogmatic. It shows nothing of the strange compromises which are the subject of debate in the English School Boards. Frankly under proper control in Scotland are taught the Shorter Catechism in the great majority of schools, the Anglican Catechism in other schools, and Roman Catholic Theology in still others. So that we have dogmatic theology reconciled with the popular control which the right honorable gentlemen desires." Could we ask more from bitter old Scotia?

What is most convincing is that in Germany, which is admittedly the greatest Protestant nation of the world and which distinguished itself by a relentless persecution of Catholicity a generation ago, Government not only permits but insists upon separate schools for the various sects of the empire, Catholicity included. With them education without religion is inconceivable, and the government enforces it even against the will of the parents, so much so that in a recent case where a socialist protested against religious instruction, the Court ruled that the child should be sent to the school of the denomination which the father had left. Laymen are trained especially for the work of teaching catechism, and in the case of Catholic schools the priest is generally School Inspector, and the parish priest has the right to enter during school hours and teach, which he generally does once or twice a week. In the several hundred neutral or mixed schools re-

ligion is part of the curriculum. The same holds good for colleges or gymnasia where religious instruction is obligatory.

What is most curious about it all is that during the persecution of the Kulturkampf, while Bismarck was shutting up churches and sending bishops and priests to exile or prison, the schools were not interfered with. Had he done so Catholicity would have been obliterated from Germany. It was God who prevented him, for in such an event Germany would not now have its staunch Catholic defenders against socialism and anarchy. The great Protestant Empire did not fear to have its ruler appoint a Catholic Chancellor who was the brother of a Roman Cardinal. We broad-minded Americans are a long distance from that attitude of good sense.

What do our fellow-countrymen want? Religion is indispensable for the salvation of the nation. It is not taught to the vast majority of the people by the churches. It can be taught only in the schools. The most conspicuous men among us, clergy and laity alike of all denominations, demand that it must be taught there or we are lost; and that a religion must be taught which is not a composite hodge-podge of all religions, or a natural religion which has been pronounced by the most competent educational authorities to be "fatuous," and after being tried a miserable failure. Lastly, it is beyond all question true that the establishment of separate religious schools is feasible; for the most intensely Protestant nations of the world insist upon them; have no difficulty in adjusting themselves to the diversity of creed; and have found by experience that instead of dividing the country it welds together, by permitting men to have their dogmatic differences and thus inciting these very divergences to send from every direction their multitudinous streams which pour down from a thousand different sources, and swell each in its own way the great common current of morality which reaches thus every condition of society. The wise statesmen there as well as the people do not dry up the fountain heads and hope that the great river will continue to flow. They consult the individuality of all the members of the Commonwealth and make all contribute in their widely different ways to the common need of the nation.

Are we to confess ourselves inferior to Germany, England and Scotland in practical matters?

Are we, perhaps, intellectually dull, or have we grown to be unfair, or in spite of the present alarming condition of things we are perhaps losing our senses?

We have indeed lost our senses to some extent, but the awful crisis through which we are passing has revealed to us the precipice at our feet. We are opening our eyes. Something is wrong and must be righted. As for our ability in practical matters we have it to a greater degree than other people, and can more easily adjust ourselves to circumstances; and lastly, though perhaps misinformed, we are not wilfully unfair. It can be safely admitted that if these truths are placed squarely before the American people they will frankly acknowledge and honestly admit them. But this is to be done not by underhand methods, not by dickering with politicians who will smile and smile and

promise, and then leave us on our back as helpless as before, while they will continue to smile at our simplicity and excessive trust; but by reiterating our position, and compelling the people to see that our demand for religious education is not prompted by any sinister design against our fellow-countrymen or their liberties, but by an ineradicable conscientious conviction, which events are proving to be well founded, that religion is necessary for the preservation of our country, that it must be implanted in the hearts and the lives of the growing generation, and that there is no other way of doing it than by resorting to the rational, feasible, and the now widely-admitted method of teaching it in the separate schools of the various denominations.

IN PURER ETHER.

(Concluded from page 546.)

the little nun's innocence. And then casting one regretful look at the mirror she settled herself more comfortably in her chair and read happily on. Three, four, five more chapters, and she began to experience a vague feeling of unrest. What did Ralph mean by his insinuations? Was she getting scrupulous? Was she viewing his work by too strong a supernatural light? The story was growing coarse, the plot was becoming a tangle of counter-plots, the sweetness was dying out of it, sin was deified virtue was held up for the scorn of the scoffers. It was realism—the realism of the under-world that extinguishes the clear flame of idealism.

Olive read on feverishly, her cheeks were burning and in her excited state she half-dreaded that Sister Paul might come and demand the book of her. She pictured Sister Paul's pure eyes resting upon these gross pages. No, Sister Paul must never see it, never—never! She half-covered the book with a sketch of her own and went on reading, interested in spite of her horror, fascinated in spite of her fear.

Two hours passed. She heard the long procession of girls pass her door on the way to the dormitory; then a holy silence fell upon the corridor, broken only by the fluttering of the pages and the doleful chiming of the clock on the convent spire.

The book went on preaching its dark doctrine. There was no light in the world; the power of God was lessened; men were but brutes of a higher creation impassioned, undisciplined, struggling for the mastery. The sense of the supernatural was obscured, faith was fanaticism, innocence was ignorance, vice triumphed in the end.

It was midnight when Olive closed the book, and pushed it away from her with nerveless fingers. She felt the touch of it now was a taint. In its gay binding it lay there, a seductive thing, while the face of the girl grew haggard as she looked at it. Some of her own sketches fell to the floor and lay there unheeded. There would be no need for them now. "No need—no need," she kept repeating the words to herself.

Why had Ralph done this monstrous

thing? Why had he bent his powers and brought his undeniable art down to this—this evil thing? which would be scattered broadcast for the pure of soul to see. Faces like Sister Paul's seemed to surround her, they pressed in upon her on every side, their eyes were turned pleadingly towards her. She tried to wave them back with outstretched arms, and for a long time she stood thus, like a priestess before a sacrificial altar staring down at the small glittering volume which seemed to demand of her a holocaust of her hopes, her love, her world.

And it was for her he had written this thing—she whispered to herself. It was a last heart's protest. Had his love for her tempted him to degrade his art—himself? Oh! no, no! there was no excuse. Surely he did not think so meanly of her as to believe that she would be willing to profit by evil. Had her devotion inspired him to do only this?

Weakly she took up a pen that was lying on the table. There was a determined expression on her face and her lips wore the fixedness of death.

. . . . . .

A half hour later little Sister Paul, whose cell was at the other end of the corridor, roused from an uneasy sleep, and seeing a light still burning in Olive's room, she slipped on a long dark wrapper and stole bare-footed to the girl's door. She called, "Olive, Olive." but there was no response. Thinking that Olive had fallen asleep and forgotten the light, she softly turned the knob and entered.

On a chair, just below the flaring gas jet, was the cloth cover of a book; its pages, torn to tatters, were scattered all over the room, and on the floor lay Olive, where she had fallen, fainting.

Sister Paul ran to her.

In the girl's hand was a half-folded letter, and as the frightened little nun stooped to feel the feeble pulse, she unwittingly saw that the paper contained these few words:

"God forgive you, Ralph, I cannot."

(END.)

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Does the Catholic Church teach that no one but a Catholic can be saved? Many Catholics of my acquaintance make this assertion.

A. The Catholic Church has no such teaching. She teaches that faith and good works are necessary for the salvation of souls. St. Paul says positively that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. xi. 6. And unless one pleases God, how can he hope for heaven? And St. James says: "for even as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without works is dead." James ii, 26.

Now there are many persons outside the Catholic Church who have not the Catholic faith, and yet feel secure in the faith they possess. If to this they join fidelity in keeping the Commandments they can be saved. If they commit a mortal sin, they have no Sacrament of Penance. To enter heaven, they must repent of sin, and receive forgiveness. The Catholic has the Sacrament of Penance, and he has perfect contrition. But this latter is the only means for one who is not a Catholic. He must make an act of perfect love, a perfect contrition to have a mortal sin forgiven. As it is a great blessing for the Catholic to have in Confession so ready a means of pardon by the grace and mercy of God, so it is a great misfortune for those outside the Church to be without this inestimable help. Many outside the Church are guilty of mortal sin in respecting Catholic faith, or in refusing to learn about it, though conscience calls upon them to investigate as to where is the truth. For such their faith in insufficient. Great is the condemnation of our Lord on those who prefer the darkness to the light. But we do not know who are such: God knows, for He reads the heart. And for those who have abandoned the Catholic Church there is every reason to fear. It seems really impossible for one who has possessed the Catholic faith to lose it, except by mortal sin.

From the fact that many good persons live outside the Church, and are sincere in their belief, it is not allowed to infer that they are as well off as the Catholics. We have pointed out one great deprivation in their lacking the Sacrament of Penance. Extend this reasoning to all they lack in faith itself, in the different Sacraments, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in all the ways of prayer and devotion, and it will appear how much they are to be pitied. But "the hand of the Lord is not shortened," and He "who gave Himself a redemption for all" gives grace, extends mercy, and brings souls to Himself from the rising to the going down of the sun. Many He brings into the Catholic Church to the great joy of their soul, where they appreciate and can use the marvelous helps of religion, to which heretofore they were strangers. The Catholic who all his life possesses the fulness of God's benefits may not have realized the barrenness of other religions than his own; but those who have learned the riches of Catholic blessings pass from astonishment into the deepest gladness, when they possess what has for the first time in life brought to them a deep abiding feeling of rest; the faith of God in its completeness and efficacy, the Catholic faith.

Q. What do Catholics think of what Hall Caine calls the great Church outside the churches, and to which he claims to belong? Is it not a sign of great broadness of mind, that a man who is affiliated to no church is yet tolerant of all forms of religion? And are not those who belong to some denomination or sect inclined to be bigoted?

A. Catholics don't think much of this "great" Church. Catholics have respect and adoration for their God. And they believe it their duty to believe in Him. And He established His church, and requires that all shall belong to it. The Apostles were instructed to bring the Gospel to all: "Preach the Gospel to every creature; he who believes and is baptized shall be saved, and he who believes not shall be condemned." Christ did not leave to the Apostles that they should preach according to their own views or pleasure. He instructed them to preach the Gospel, and He spent three years in teaching them the Gospel, and before they started out to preach, He sent upon them the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth. We are not allowed to choose in faith. We take all Christ taught, the Apostes of Christ taught, the Church of Christ teaches, or we take nothing. When a man closes his mind and heart against the faith proposed to him, he is a guilty man. He may belong to the "great outside Church," and that is the world

which is placed in malignity, and is already convinced by the Spirit of God. And "he who believes not is condemned." And "he who will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." And "thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." His Church: that is the only Church in which the Catholic believes.

Again, God requires *public* worship. And it is due to Him. Hall Caine's "great" Church renders no public worship. It rather rejects all such idea, and refuses to God all except the most private devotion. It gives no glory to God before men, and, generally, little or none in secret. It is no incentive to good example, to the practice of religion. It is a peculiar manifestation of a man's opinion of his own self-sufficiency. His whole attitude to God is devoid of humility, and is pervaded with the air of patronage. The "great" outside Church ignores and dishonors Christ and His work.

"Broadness of mind," indeed! Superciliousness of private opinion, acme of conceit, substitution of complacent ignorance for the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Bigoted? First, a Catholic does not belong to a sect. His is the Church, the whole, complete, sole Church of Christ. If to be positive in that, if to be fixed in truth, if to claim that falsehood is falsehood, if to be true to Christ, His word, His law, if this be bigotry, would that the world were filled with it. Truth is ever intolerant of error. The Catholic cannot admit that a sect is a church, because there is but one Church, and that is not a portion of itself. "A kingdom divided against itself shall fall." The Catholic Church is the only Church: God's church. Outside, are many meeting houses.

An example of what some call Catholic intolerance or bigotry. The Catholic believes in one God in Three Divine Persons; the Unitarian denies the Trinity of Persons. With that denial vanish all meaning of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, of Incarnation, Redemption, Resurrection. Can the Catholic admit the falsehood of Unitarianism? Can he admit the principle of selection in belief, of accepting what pleases, of rejecting what displeases? Certainly not. He must and he does assert that as his faith is right, any denial of it is wrong. So to error he is intolerant. With all that, he will have no enmity towards the man who is not of his belief. This man may be honest in his views: he may not; the Catholic has no personal animosity. He is a believer, promoter, and defender of truth. Whether this or that individual is guilty in his non-possession of truth is beyond man's reading. God alone judges, for He alone knows. Truth is never bigoted. It is positive, because it is truth. It is intolerant of error, kind and compassionate to the men and women who are dominated by the evil of error.

Q. What is the chief reason of the Catholic Church's opposition to the marriage of a Catholic to a non-Catholic?

A. The Church's great opposition in this matter is due principally to two things. The danger that the Catholic party may lose the faith, and the danger that the children may be without faith. Such is the Church's love for souls that she would prevent the inevitable loss of souls occasioned by mixed marriages. Many a Catholic parent looking back, mourns the evils of such unions, and looking forward dreads the day when the answer shall be made for the souls of children and for one's own. Vast and irreparable are the evils of mixed marriages.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A simple remedy is usually the most effective. Charcoal is one of the simplest we know and yet of great medicinal value. MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS speedily and permanently cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn and all stomach ills.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"History of Stonyhurst College," by Rev. George Guggen, S. J., and Rev. Joseph Keating, S. J.

This interesting account of the well-known Jesuit College of Stonyhurst makes delightful and encouraging reading. It is a story of indomitable perseverance and of remarkable courage in the face of obstacles that would have crushed the enthusiasm of any ordinary body of men.

Stonyhurst is the direct heir of the highly-esteemed college of St. Omer's, founded by Fr. Robert Parsons on Sept. 18th, 1592. During the days of persecution in England, it was impossible for a loyal Catholic to educate his children in the land of his birth, and hence arose the necessity of sending the youthful scions of the various Catholic families to the educational establishments "beyond seas." The loyalty of these voluntary exiles to their native land and their deep spirit of religion are quaintly depicted by the old chronicler: "On Saturday in the afternoon from four to six, and after supper till eight all the students confess themselves to their ghostly Father. On Sunday morning at six of the clock they hie to their studies, where they read sacred lectures until seven, from thence to the chapel and congregation of our Lady, which is kept in one of the schools. To this congregation only those students are admitted whom the Prefect and his twelve consultors approve of, which twelve consultors are ordinarily termed his White Boys. In this manner each Sunday, betwixt seven and eight, they spend their time, and they all go to Mass and receive the Communion; thence to breakfast, after to study, when, as before, they busy themselves in reading Divine stories till dinner. Anon after dinner to their church, where they sing vespers and Litanies to our Lady for England's conversion, having written on their church and college doors in great golden letters: 'Jesu, Jesu, converte Anglian, fiat, fiat.'"

Under this somewhat stern regime were trained those noble Catholics, whose sterling conduct challenges the admiration of every ardent lover of the faith. From St. Omer's the Fathers transplanted the College to Bruges. After the suppression of the establishment, at the instance of Mgr. Welbruck, Prince-Bishop of Liege, was continued in his episcopal see by several of the old members under the direction of the ordinary. But with the dawn of brighter times in England, an opportunity was offered for the opening of a college upon English soil. This was due to the munificent generosity of Mr. Thomas Weld, who offered the Fathers of Liege his Lancashire estate and mansion of Stonyhurst. Needless to say, the offer was immediately accepted, and August 29th, 1794, dates the establishment on English soil of the College henceforth to be known as Stonyhurst. From the humble beginnings of those days until the present the college has enjoyed a life of continued progress. The early buildings have been supplanted by magnificent structures until Stonyhurst is architecturally and as regards equipment, one of the foremost Catholic Colleges in the world. The work done by the Professors, along educational lines, is well attested by the Stonyhurst series of philosophic works, which have been enthusiastically praised by Catholic and Protestant alike.

In 1840 Stonyhurst was affiliated to the University of London, but this arrangement not proving satisfactory, it was definitely decided in 1895 to abandon London matriculation as an obligatory examination and to adopt in its place the Oxford and Cambridge Higher certificate.

All those who are interested in the cause of Catholic education will find this volume of intense interest, for besides the light it throws upon the successful management of a great institution, it also reads a much-needed lesson of encouragement to those who find the difficulties of the present day discouraging. The cause of truth must triumph in the long run, if only its advocates are fearless and constant in their support.

Kegan Paul. Trench, Trubner & Company, London, England.

"Aphorisms and Reflections," by Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria.

This little volume contains not merely grains, but veritable nuggets of wisdom. The aphorisms are full of deep thought, of practical wisdom, and of sincere faith. Turning over the pages of this book, we feel like those who travel at harvest-time

through the broad grain-fields of the West, so amazed are we at the wealth which looms up before us. How instructive, how thoughtful, how exquisitely expressed are the following reflections:

"To turn to the world of thought after battling with the follies and obstinacies of men is like passing from the blustering winds of winter to the quiet air of spring, like leaving foreign countries for one's native land, like quitting the company of strangers for the society of those we love, like the blessedness of happy homes to those who, at the fall of evening, lay down the burdens of the day, and seek the welcome of sweet voices and smiling faces. And when years have passed, and we are worn and weary, and the end is near, what refuge have we but high faith and thought, and the presence of those who love us for ourselves?"

"Wisdom consists in the knowledge of little things, and we get best insight into our own characters, when we give heed to the minor and offer unworthy motives by which our conduct is influenced."

"We have lost the old love of work, of work which kept itself company, which was fair weather and music in the heart, which found its reward in the doing, craving neither the flattery of vulgar eyes nor the gold of vulgar men."

"The worst of lies is a *pious* lie."

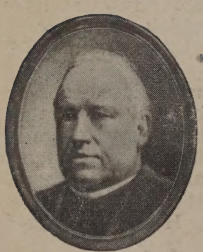
"The richer the father, the worse the education of the child."

But we must pause—enough has been cited to show what an array of golden thought Bishop Spalding has given us, and how deeply we are indebted to him for this latest addition to his other masterful essays upon education.

A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago. 80 cents, net.

THE STORY OF FATHER JOHN'S

MEDICINE.



In 1848, Rev. Father John O'Brien, a noble man, came to Lowell, Mass., to do the Master's work in St. Patrick's Parish. He built schools, churches, and hospitals for the sick, and lived a life devoted to his Church and the spiritual and material well-being of his people.

His cares and burdens greatly increased, and in 1854 his duties began to wear him down. He was attacked with a serious cold which, developing into a stubborn cough and affliction of the lungs, caused the greatest alarm for the health of the beloved clergyman.

Medical skill seemed unable to stay the progress of the disease. Finally, an eminent specialist was consulted, who wrote a prescription which the clergyman took to the old drug store of Carleton & Hovey, where it is still on file with the prescriptions recorded during the 75 years the firm has been established. After taking the medicine his cough soon disappeared and Father John gradually improved until he was restored to health and strength. His people rejoiced when he declared that he had been made as well and strong as ever; and his wonderful recovery was the one thing talked of.

Father John recommended the medicine to his parishioners and friends, and thousands were made well and strong by taking it. In getting this prescription they always called for "Father John's Medicine," and so it was named by the people, and advertised—all with the approval and sanction of Reverend Father O'Brien, because he knew of its merit and desired that all who were ailing might benefit by its power to cure.

This old-fashioned, wholesome remedy is not a patent medicine, but the prescription of an Eminent Specialist. It is free from opium, morphine, cocaine or poisonous drugs in any form, which are found in over 99 per cent. of the patent medicines; it contains no alcohol or other stimulants. It is a Food Medicine and contains only pure nourishment.

While it is not a "cough syrup" or "balsam," nothing equals this prescription for coughs, colds, and all throat and lung troubles. It has a most soothing and healing effect, and at the same time builds up the body and makes strength. It prevents pneumonia and consumption and all diseases that waste away the body

We guarantee it to cure any cough or cold or refund the money. There is no better prescription for consumption, and if after a fair trial you are not satisfied with the results, write to Medical Staff, Father John's Medicine, Lowell, Mass., explaining your case, and your money will be returned if desired.

This prescription has been in use in hospitals for years. It is prescribed by Physicians. Rev. Fr. Richard S. Burke of Lowell, Mass., says:

"*I most cheerfully recommend Father John's Medicine, as a body-builder and general tonic; also for coughs and colds, having used it myself with beneficial results.*"

If your druggist does not have it send $1 for a large bottle, express prepaid. — Carleton & Hovey, Mfg. Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

(*Della Robbia.*)

"THE INCARNATION HAS PROVED THE HOPE OF EVERY AGE"

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

(*Bouguereau.*)

"Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King!

Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn His name to magnify,
Till in Heaven ye sing before him
Glory be to God most high."

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVI. DECEMBER, 1901. No. 6

CHRISTMAS-TIDE LONG AGO.

BY B. F. DE COSTA.

The history of Christmas-tide is the history of the Incarnation, viewed in its gradual but grand advance in the world, conquering kingdoms and peoples, changing the aspect of society, lifting men up to higher moral and spiritual planes, ameliorating mental and material conditions, and securing an increased goodness and happiness, age on age.

A too popular notion, however, assumes that the beginning of Christmas-tide was coincident with the birth of Christ. Yet the Incarnation has proved the hope of every age. In the midst of the darkness that one day fell upon the Garden of Eden, a new light suddenly shone in the Messianic Promise, that the Seed of the Woman should bruise the serpent's head. In subsequent times this was the underlying thought of every sacrifice. The whole Mosiac economy contemplated a Messiah. The devout Jew never lost sight of the glorious day to come, in view of which Abraham long before rejoiced. Yet ere the first of the great prophets following Moses lifted up his voice, the Messianic idea had reached the Gentiles, and Balaam, the great, eloquent and poetic son of Beor, saw the glory of a new day, declaring, "A star shall come out of Jacob and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel." In due time Isaias wrote: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son."

The story of the Nativity is one of which the world never wearies. It puts into the hearts of vast multitudes a cheer that lasts all the year round. It was an age of comparative peace. By the arms of Augustus the stern yet humanising power of the Roman government had been extended into Palestine. The literary activity of the Augustan age had, in a sense, pre-

pared the way for the introduction of a new religion. The Greek language was ready to be the servant of the writers of the New Testament. The pagan religions were failing. Hebrew law was preparing to blossom into Gospel. The old systems were all found wanting in power. The capacity for thought and feeling was expanding, but on the other hand, morals were falling into decay. Judaism, having lost control, was tending no one knew whither. Philosophy was powerless. Science confessed that something radical was wanting. Men were pained by the sense of their weakness. The general feeling was expressed by glowing lines in Latin literature, and Virgil voiced a growing sense of need. Mankind was on the watch for something remarkable. It was an age for which the centuries had been paving the way. The Jews were looking for the Messiah. At last the Messiah came, and angels announced to shepherds, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour."

A visit to Bethlehem, the city where King David was born, seems, to the traveller's mind, quite essential to an understanding of the Christmas that dawned there so long ago. It is a rare pleasure when at Jerusalem, to run down to this ancient place again and again, loitering around the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks by night and beheld wonderful manifestations. Their alleged descendants claim special privileges today, and are conspicuous for their boisterousness in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, on the occasion of the lighting of the Holy Fire, Easter Eve.

The Field of Boaz and the Grotto of the Shepherds claim due attention, but the town itself absorbs one's interest. From all that can be learned, Bethlehem retains its ancient aspect in a remarkable degree, as well with regard to the stone-built houses, as the dress and manners and customs of the people.

Many are accustomed to think of Bethlehem as a little town, nestling in a secluded region, whereas it is situated, like Jerusalem, on a mountainous ridge that forms the backbone of Palestine, higher above the sea than the Catskill Mountains of New York. The Christmas-tide spectacle now draws thousands to the spot where the advent of the Infant Redeemer attracted no popular attention. The prophets had indeed spoken in glorious language of the Messiah who was to come, yet their words had been misapprehended, and the people looked for a temporal prince. The Christ that was to be had no place in their thought. Anna and Simeon were waiting and watching, yet as the great event, expected during forty centuries, actually drew nigh, the whole body of the Jews were all unprepared.

Therefore, as a Gentile from Aram, "out of the mountains of the East" was the first to give forth magnificent prophecies of the Messiah's day, when the Messiah was born Gentiles promptly appeared to offer splendid homage, rejoicing in the fulfillment of the prophecy of their ancient compatriot; showing, it would seem, that there are God's people and God's people; for is it not a mistake to confine the thought of the Incarnation to a single race in a brief age of time when the Incarnation was the thought of Eternity?

Over the principal gate of one of the medieval cities in German Switzer-

(*Burne-Jones.*)

"THEY OPENED THEIR TREASURIES AND OFFERED GIFTS, GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH, FINDING THE MESSIAH AND THE ETERNAL KING."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

land there is a mechanical arrangement by which, when the clock strikes the hour, three figures appear, representing the three wise men or Magi of the East. Walking deliberately to the centre of the platform and bowing respectfully to an image of the Virgin and Child, they pass on and disappear, leaving the curious tourist gazing into empty space. This is an exhibition that one need not exactly cross the sea to view; for when the season of Christmas-tide dawns, how often do the Magi come and go in dioramic order, our busy life giving so little time to study them when present or to think of them when gone. With some, those pilgrims to Bethlehem, annually arriving in the Liturgy, appear like a bright, but brief, dramatic effect rather than genuine historical characters. They form a mysterious trio that it is fancied we may inquire about in vain. Yet the Magi were real men in Gospel history, not puppets to be banished by any "Higher Criticism." They belonged to a well-known and respectable class. It would appear that they came from Persia, entering Palestine from the North. In some respects it was the most distinguished embassage the world ever saw. Being of the class of true Magi, whose descendants still reside in the East, believing in one God, whom, they say, "We invoke and adore," much of the true and sublime was embodied in their system. They found God in His works, especially in connection with the primal element of fire. Their order included men of high rank. Tradition says that the Magi were kings. They knew the highest science of their times, pursuing knowledge in the spirit of reverence, finding no conflict between science and religion. They knew no grovelling worship. Their ritual was the ritual of the stars. Their service books were the midnight heavens, which told of the glory of God, being punctuated by brilliant stars. The silent hill-tops were their observatories; and there, while they watched and worshipped beneath the canopy of the sky, on a night most memorable, a brilliant luminary burst upon their glad sight. Hence the long journey to Judea. Leaving their beautiful Persian homes behind, and taking their course along that great thoroughfare overhung by a wall of rock two thousand feet high bearing the sculptured image of Darius the Great, they traversed Babylonia, passed through Mesopotamia, entering Palestine by the North, being led at last to Bethlehem, where in the manger Christ lay. Then they opened their treasuries and offered gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh, finding the Messiah and the Eternal King.

We need not, however, suppose that their action was prompted by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a star. There was an antecedent faith and expectation. They said, "we have seen his star." They looked for a particular star that would usher in the world's deliverer. God had not left them without any intimation of His intention. They had the keen intelligence required in reading the signs of the age, and have been well described as men of large and unsuperstitious learning. The Magi knew the hopes of the people in Judea and studied the prophesies, no doubt, to a better purpose than they were studied by the Jews themselves. Hence the great favor shown them by Almighty God.

The Magi returned to the East as quietly as they came, but they rendered

"The Lady Mary journeyed far,
Her Baby at her breast,
To Egypt went the wanderers,
By Herod's wrath opprest,
They travelled slow and painfully
The Mother and the Child,
And patient Joseph guided them
Thro' desert drear and wild.
And so the Holy Family
In Egypt did abide
And lived in peaceful poverty
Until King Herod died."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

that first Christmas-tide memorable, and gave it a splendor that will never fade. What became of the Wise Men after going home, it may not be possible to say, though they must have served in their own country as heralds of the new dispensation inaugurated in Judea. With regard, however, to the end of Balaam the man of such splendid genius who came out of Aram and the mountains of the East, and with glowing eloquence foretold the coming of Christ, the record is clear. Though highly favored by intellectual endowments and qualified for the work of a prophet, he followed evil counsels, loved the wages of unrighteousness, fell in the moral scale, gave his own people bad advice and at last was slain in battle by the children of Israel, whose future greatness he had so eloquently predicted. On the other hand, the later story of the Magi is not known; yet today in the Cathedral at Cologne is a splendid shrine, an Epiphany in stone, wherein one sees three human skulls, having emblazoned on their foreheads, in precious stones that shine with the splendor of stars, three names, Melchoir, Caspar and Balthasar, the names of the three Magi who came from the East to honor the Infant Christ. Five hundred years passed between the founding and the completion of this magnificent edifice designed, singularly, by a woman, and which now forms the monument to the three kings of the East.

The first of the long ago Christmas-tides was made resplendent by angels from Heaven and Kings from the far East, who joined in giving glory to God in the Highest. Long years that followed left no record now known. Generations passed and while the hallowed Christmas time annually filled the hearts of believers with new joy, the records relating to its observance are wanting. Christmas seems to have its earliest mention by Clemens of Alexandria, born about the middle of the second century.

St. Chrysostom declared that from the commencement the Western churches had kept December 25th as the feast of the Nativity, while the Roman church might have had superior facilities for knowing the proper date of the feast, if, as supposed, the Enrollment made in the time of Cæsar Augustus was preserved in the public archives. In the fourth century the Eastern churches which had observed January 6th accepted the December date, thus making the Feast of the Nativity coincide with Epiphany, the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. Chrysostom said, in 386, that only ten years had elapsed since the Nativity had been recognized at Antioch. This change was effected by the Roman See, while the Roman emperors, Theodosius and Valentinian, declared that separate days should be set apart for the two great festivals.

By consulting the authorities, we find, that, while the Epiphany is a part of Christmas it nevertheless has its own peculiar recognition. The decree that separated from January 6th the unique celebration of the Nativity left the day invested with its own supernal light and splendor; while, again, though known under the name of Theophania, a Divine Manifestation or Apparition, it stood connected with our Lord's Baptism, which, according to tradition, took place January 6th. Christmas-tide is a period of forty days, like Lent. During all this

(*Demont Breton.*)

"Mary's was no transient bliss
Nor hers a vision's phantom gleam;
The hourly need, the voice, the kiss,—
That Child was hers; 'twas not a dream.

At morning hers; and when the sheen
Of moonrise crept the cliffs along;
In silence hers, and hers between
The pulses of the nightbird's song."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

period the Nativity is never lost to view, the whole having a solid unity.

History affords many deeply interesting events in connection with Christmas Day and the season, but space would fail us if an attempt were made to introduce anything like an adequate illustration of this aspect of the general subject.

It may be noticed, however, that the Christmas feast has served notably in connection with the work of defending the Incarnation. Its services were made very striking and impressive at an early day. We find that in 372, on the feast of the Epiphany, the Emperor Valens, an Arian persecutor, visited the church at Cesarea, a city of which Eusebius, the historian, was one of the best known bishops, and Gregory Nazianzan says: "The Emperor entered the church. The chanting of the psalms echoed through the holy place like the rumbling of thunder. The people, like a moving sea, filled the house of God. Such was the order and pomp in and about the sanctuary that it seemed more like Heaven than earth. Basil himself stood erect before the people, as the Scripture describes Samuel—his body and eyes and soul motionless as though nothing strange had taken place, and, if I may say so, his whole being was fastened to his God and the holy altar. The sacred ministers who surrounded the Pontiff were in deep recollection and reverence. The Emperor heard and saw all this. He had never before witnessed a spectacle so imposing. He was overpowered. His head grew dizzy and darkness veiled his eyes." It is related that the Emperor was disarmed. His hostile intentions towards the Bishop vanished, and when the Offertory came he presented his gifts to Christ; while "the fear lest Basil might refuse to accept them took such possession of the Emperor, that had not the sacred ministers supported him he would have fallen at the foot of the altar."

A little earlier than this, January 6th, 361, a somewhat remarkable scene transpired in the West. We read that "Julian (who in heart was already an apostate) happened to be at Vienne, in Gaul. He was soon to ascend the imperial throne, which would be left vacant by the death of Constantius, and he felt a need of the support of that Christian Church in which it is said he had received the order of Lector, and which, nevertheless, he was preparing to attack with all the cunning and cruelty of a tiger. Like Herod, he, too, would fain go on, on the Feast of the Epiphany, and adore the new-born King. His panegyrist, Amminius Marcellinus, tells us that this crowned philosopher, who had been seen, "just before, coming out of the pagan temple where he had been to consult the soothsayers, made his way through the porticoes of the church and standing in the midst of the faithful people, offered to the God of the Christians his sacrilegious homage."

The people were shocked, but he was strong enough to hold his way and afterwards, like Valens, did all in his power to injure the Church; yet truly Christian emperors came, showing reverence for Christ and His Church, and adding whatever lay in their power to advance the interest of the high festivals.

Among the emperors noted for their special devotion to the forty days of Christmas-tide may be found Theodosius and Charlemagne. Alfred the Great, whose memory is now of special

(*Puech.*)

"Oh, the beauty of the Christ-Child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!

Oh, the nearness of the Christ-Child,
When, for a sacred space,
He nestles in our very homes,—
Light of the human race!"

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sichel.)

"Joy! Joy! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of Kings:
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

interest, was distinguished for his love of this season. He wrote on the Epiphany, and, by one of his laws, the thief who stole at Christmas must pay a double fine.

English literature has made the world quite familiar with the place Christmas occupied later in the hearts of the people, while Ireland was never behind in the observance of the day. In Iona the monks kept the season with the best means they could command. On the continent the Emperor Henry II, Ferdinand of Castile, Louis IX, and the Confessor, Stephen of Hungary, are said to have been conspicuous for their devotion to the Incarnation.

At this point, however, we must leave the old world, to make a few notes about the season of Christmas-tide in the new world of America. Beyond question the antiquity of the inhabitants of America is very great, yet we have no history written by Europeans older, perhaps, than the tenth century. The origin of the original inhabitants is a mystery, nor can we tell when the first voyage was made from Europe to this continent. On this point the imagination has been exercised and a charm lingers around supposed Trans-Atlantic voyages by the Phoenicians and the men of Tyre, and later still by the bold Basques. Again it is the story of Saint Brendan finding a new world in the West, or of Saint Patrick sending missionaries to "the Isles of America." Travellers in Central America fancy that they discover traces of missionary work as early as the apostolic days, in connection with Saint Thomas. We reach solid ground, however, with the Northmen who arrived in Greenland about 983, only, however, to find the remnants of boats and stone houses, evidently pointing to Europeans who had preceded them. Eric the Red established himself there in 986, with a colony, and in 999 his son Leif visited Norway, where he accepted the Christian faith, returning to Greenland with a commission to introduce Christianity, taking a priest and several members of a religious order. He was successful in this work and soon after we hear of the first Christmas recognition now known in connection with the Western world. In 1006 the celebrated Icelander, Thorfinn Karlsefne, went out to Greenland where he was well received, and we are told in the Saga that

> "Leif and other people rode down to the ships and friendly exchanges were made. The captains requested Leif to take whatever he desired of their goods. Leif, in return, entertained them well and invited the principal men of both ships to spend the winter with him at Brattahlid. The merchants accepted his invitation with thanks. Afterward their goods were moved to Brattahlid, where they had every entertainment that they could desire; therefore their winter quarters pleased them much."

Thus far all was well; but it is related that

> "When the Yule feast began, Leif was silent and more depressed than usual. Then Karlsefne said to Leif: 'Are you sick, friend Leif? You do not seem to be in your usual spirits. You have entertained us most liberally, for which we desire to render you all the service in our power. Tell me what it is that ails you.' 'You have received what I have been able to offer you,' said Leif, 'in the kindest manner and there is no idea in my mind that you have been wanting in courtesy; but I am afraid lest when you go away it may be said that you never saw a Yule feast so meanly celebrated as that which draws near at which you will be entertained by Leif of Brattahlid.' 'That shall never be the case, friend,' said Karlsefne, 'we have ample stores in the ship; take of these what you wish and make a feast as splendid as you

please.' Leif accepted this offer and the Yule began. So well were Leif's plans made, that all were surprised that such a rich feast could be prepared in so poor a country."

This Yule-tide, that is, Christmas festival, held no doubt in connection with the usual services of the Catholic Church established here seven years previously, led to the marriage of Karlsefne with Gudrid, a kind of ward of Leif, and the next season they went together on an expedition to New England, then known as Vinland, where they lived for three years. Though not attended by a priest, both Gudrid and her husband were very religious, and ultimately Gudrid, on becoming a widow, visited Rome and founded a convent in Iceland, of which she was Abbess. Christmas was no doubt kept by the colony of one hundred and twenty persons under Karlsefne. A Yule-tide observance was almost a necessity with Icelanders.

Centuries now passed without producing any record bearing on the subject, and it was not until the time of Columbus that the Nativity was celebrated by the founding of a city in Cuba, called Navidad, while at this period the Portuguese rounded the Cape of Good Hope and on a Christmas day gave the name of Natal to a part of South Africa.

Following Columbus, the Spaniards, Portuguese and French coasted the shores of America, but left only very scanty recollections of the Feast, however often they may have kept it on our coasts. Their maps and charts are sprinkled with the names of saints, but they were prodigal in their recognition of the Mysteries. The saints could give special help, and they sailed under their protection. By the aid of the charts we may almost reconstruct their voyages, the names being given to points on the coast chiefly in the order of the calendar. The references to the Nativity are mainly confined to Central America, yet on the Globe of Vlpius, in the New York Historical Society's Collections, near Pensacola, Florida, is the word "Navidad," pointing to a voyage made at Christmas. In respect to this festival, my examination of nearly all of both the published and unpublished maps of the early Catholic navigators, extending over many years at home and abroad, has proved disappointing. The sailors honored Christmas-tide, but clung to the saints, recognizing their aid in connection with cape, bay, river and island. Nevertheless on one of the old French charts, near Machias River, east of the Penobscot, some islands bear the legend *Isles des Rois Mages,* or the Isles of the Magian Kings, while the port opposite was *Havre Mage.* We read that

> "It was winter wild
> While the heaven born Child"

lay rudely cradled in the manger, but in all sorts of wind and weather, summer and winter, the Catholic navigators sailed the coast. These French designations were given by the Basques who came from St. John de Luz for the winter fishing. At an early period, one old Frenchman, Savalet, had made no less than forty voyages to this part of New England. Here on the wild and rugged coast of Maine, where they drew silvery spoils from the sea and provided a Lenten diet for the faithful of old France, they sang in their vernacular tongue, *Adeste Fideles,* the chorus, *Venite adoremus, Dominum,* rising to the skies, together with many a hymn of lofty cheer, long before the

Englishman landed at Plymouth Rock. Later, no doubt, after the settlement of the country, Catholic refugees, of whom here and there is a trace, recognized secretly the holy season viewed by the Calvinistic Puritan with aversion and dread.

Thus, at least in the little cabin of the Breton sailor, anchored in the Harbor of the Magi, or in the rude hut on shore, the Christmas candle shone and a joy was known akin to that which ages before thrilled the hearts of devout Hebrews when they heard the prophet's words, "To us a child is born."

At a later period Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists carried Christmas day to Roanoke Island. In the beginning of the next century, from the founding of St. Croix, 1604, and Port Royal, the famous Champlain kept Noels. The witty lawyer and poet, Mark Lescarbot, author of a most valuable work on Nouvelle France, led in Christmas revels the company of Frenchmen with whom he was associated in the effort at colonization.

It is worthy of notice, too, that the English on the Kennebec, at Sagadehoc, kept Christmas in 1607: and that in 1609, shipwrecked mariners under Gates, at Bermuda, in the midst of their distress, had a celebration on Christmas Eve, showing the rare power of this holy time to encourage and inspire the souls of men under circumstances attended by privation and gloom.

At Plymouth, on Christmas Day, 1622, there were two parties in the colony separated in their religious thought. Bradford confesses in his Journal, that when the day came the majority of the people found it "against their conscience" to work and so went to play, in English fashion with pitch-bar and ball. Later the governor appeared, confiscated their apparatus and told them if they wished to observe the day they must do so religiously. After that period, it is said, Christmas was not "kept openly." Though Bradford acted on his own motion, it is a noticeable fact that Plymouth colony did not follow the example of the Colony of Massachusetts in legislating against Christmas. The men of the Bay, however, who were severely Puritanical, legislated against any and all observance of Christmas-tide, which they regarded as a sore evil. It is not possible now to point out the exact time when they commenced war against the Nativity. The Massachusetts laws were first printed in 1648, but no copy of this volume remains, so far as known to the writer, while the second edition, that of 1660, is one of the rarest of Americana, commanding a large price, being seldom found complete. A writer in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society (3d. S. Vol. II p. 340), misled by a typographical error, stated that a law against Christmas was passed in 1651. In the year 1652, however, Cromwell's Parliament improved the hallowed time of Christmas Eve to enact, "that no observation shall be had of five and 20 day of December, commonly called Christmas-day, nor any solemnity used or exercised upon that day in respect thereof." The recognition of the day directly or indirectly was rank "Popery."

On May 11, 1659, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law, obliging men to labor on Christmas Day and inflicting a fine upon all who might observe the feast. At this time there

were a few Episcopalians who desired conscientiously to keep the festival. Some who substantially were contract laborers brought over for service irrespective of their religious or, oftener, irreligious tendencies, claimed the holidays according to their custom in the old world. Besides the men of the Bay were perpetually haunted by the idea that Jesuits were abroad in disguise. It is quite true that there were Catholics who did not deem it prudent to reveal their faith, and who worshipped secretly as best they might. Indeed there are strong reasons for holding that Miles Standish, the fighting captain of Plymouth Colony, was really a Catholic. He did not belong to the Plymouth "Church" and seems to have been connected with an old Catholic family in England. He was valued by the people of Plymouth on account of his invincible courage and his fighting qualities, of which the colonists stood in need.

This law of 1659 abolished personal liberty. On that day men could not enjoy any public worship, while private observance would bring them under the ban. The case was as clear as when the prophet Daniel was interdicted by the law of the Medes and Persians.

The year after the passage of the Massachusetts law, Cromwell's power fell, which brought the colony under a new order, and obviated the necessity on the part of the men of the Bay, of inquiring what should be done when Christmas Day fell on Sunday. At the Restoration, commissioners were sent over to Boston for the purpose of learning definitely the nature of laws passed during the Cromwellian period; and May 24, 1663, the commissioners called upon the General Courts to abolish the law against Christmas. This command, however, was contumaciously evaded, even though no longer possible, to enforce the statute; and it was not until 1681 that the law was formally repealed. This no doubt was the result of influence exerted by the Catholic Duke of York, who, in 1684, became James II, appointing Dongan, an Irish Catholic, Governor of New York, and commanding him "to permit a liberty of conscience in matters of religion to all persons." That the Duke of York was behind the movement for the repeal in Massachusetts would appear to be evident, as in Colonial documents it is maintained that James II informed Pope Innocent XI that "it was his full purpose to have set up Roman Catholic Religion in the English Plantations of America." The cardinals, it is also affirmed, said, "We must excommunicate this King who will destroy the little Catholicism which remains in England." This, no doubt, in part is little better than invention, yet it proves that James had a zeal for the faith. The attitude of the crown now excited alarm, and the next year, 1682, on February 19, Mr. Thomas Cobbet, of Ipswich, wrote the Rev. Increase Mather, that ten credible persons included among his visitors saw the form of the cross "through the moone" on the evening of the previous Christmas Day, and he gravely declares, "When I consider that the Papacy had a chiefe hand, both in the signe of the Cross and in the superstitious setting-up of Christmas, and that such a cross should be seene on the night (which to them is a part) of theyer Christmas day, I wished that it did not portend a vigorous prosecution and spread of popery East, West, North and South." It appears from

the records that this manifestation in "ye Moone" took place, after the hour when people who could not walk in "ye fieldes" on "ye Sabbath day," were expected to be at home in bed; and that ten of the very virtuous inhabitants of Ipswich were illegally abroad long after the Curfew had tolled the knell of departing day. The sceptic might inquire whether or not those persons were out late for a little cheerful cup and saw gentle Luna through the bottom of a glass punch bowl put in use for astronomical observation.

Here we have a fine sample of the psychological condition of New England during Christmas-tides of long ago, which it must be allowed were not observed as we ourselves would have desired. Consequently, six years later, the Rev. Joshua Moody, who had seen Christmas celebrations at the Isles of Shoals, wrote to Mather, lamenting the royal proclamation of liberty of conscience, saying, "This is a very tremendous thing to us. And the shutting up of shops on Xmas Day and driving the Master out of School on Xmas holydaies are very grevous."

In reply it has been said, that the early people of Massachusetts were not opposed to Christmas observation but to the abuse of the season, all of which is disposed of by the quotations given. The "abuse" consisted in following the example of the Catholic Church; for when the Church of England held its first Christmas service, Chief Justice Sewell wrote in his journal against the record of the event, "Tremenjeous!"

This large subject must be concluded abruptly, yet not without the expression of a feeling of gratitude arising from the fact that the Incarnation has so wrought upon the hearts of the people that a festival feared in the days long ago is now hailed by all classes with joy.

"GLORY TO GOD AND PEACE TO MEN."

BY AMADEUS.

O'er hill and vale, through wood and dale,
Ring out the tidings sweet again:
"Be glad; rejoice in heart and voice;
Glory to God, and peace to men."
No room within the wayside inn
Was there for Him, the Christ, the King;
But we, who know the debt we owe,
Our hearts to Him in welcome bring.

O, Babe most dear, our pleadings hear:
Dwell Thou within our lives; and be
The Light and Goal of heart and soul,
In time, and through eternity.
May word and thought, and fight hard-fought
The glory of Thy Name increase,
And swell the strain of glad refrain:
"On earth, to men, good-will and peace!"

BY LIGHT O' THE MOON.

An Irish Fairy Song.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (SLIAV-NA-MON).

By light o' the moon at the gray cairn-stone
A wondrous sight you'll see,
By light o' the moon, when the Banshee's croon
Faint comes o'er moor and lea,
Weird cloud-shapes hurry athwart the sky,
The drowsy glens are still,
And the march you'll see of the Sluag Shee*
By light o' the moon on the hill.

By light o' the moon you'll hearken soon,
Strange music throbbing sweet;
The harp-notes bold of the Bards of old,
Your trancèd ear shall greet.
For theirs are the tunes and the mystic runes
By the fairies filched away,
And they echo still on the moon-lit hill
When the elfin minstrels play.

By light o' the moon as the reed-pipes croon,
The fairy hosts are seen,
And gallant and gay is their war-array
With glint of shield and *skian.*†
They wage once more the wars of yore,
Fierce fights of the dim days past,
When the Fianna brave by Baskinn's wave
Hailed Oisin's trumpet-blast.

By light o' the moon at the cairn-stone
The Fairy minstrels weep,
And the melting tone of their sorrow's moan
The winds of Erin keep—
They weep her Harpers dead and gone,
Whose songs would haunt and thrill,
They mourn and wail o'er the doom of the Gael,
By light o' the moon on the hill.

---

*Sluag Shee—Fairy Army.

†*Skian*—A short sword.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XXX.

PRESTON'S RENUNCIATION.

After she had sat with the doctor during his light breakfast and saw him depart, Mrs. Martins returned to her watch by her husband's couch, sending Preston away to seek the rest which she said he needed. He left at her wish, with the heavy consciousness that his last night's admittance of knowledge of his father's sinful past, had made her to set up a barrier between her mother's heart and him. This consciousness was confirmed by her averted eyes and a certain apartness in her tones. But he felt no blame for her, for he understood her so thoroughly. To have known that her husband was aught than the stainless gentleman she deemed him would have been the demolition of her entire life. Sooner than see her standing amid such a ruin, he would rather that she should not only regard him with this certain distrust, but thrust him irrevocably from her heart. After last night's words, husband and son could not both hold their old places in her life. One had wronged her. One had outraged her wifely trust and love. By reason of her woman's love she must believe that it was the son rather than the father; rather set down his words to unfilial suspicion or the acceptance of base calumny instead of seeing in them the revelation of a harrowing truth. And so loyal was his heart to her, his lady mother, he rejoiced because of her choice. But oh! the sorrow, the loneliness it brought him! He went down-stairs to her little sitting-room. Its windows were unclosed, and the velvety pink and purple morning-glories were resting against their wet green leaves and each blossom was a trumpet through which the hours blew a message from his happy past. He turned away and took a seat on the sofa. After a while Aunt Dilsey came in to tell him that breakfast was ready. He asked if Teresa were coming down, and on being informed that his mother had ordered breakfast sent up to her room, he dismissed the woman, saying that he wanted nothing just then. A few hours later Teresa came down, seeking him. The change in his attitude toward her she could not understand, and through all the tumultuous joy the knowledge of her parentage and George Martins' conversion brought her, it smote her with a hand of pain. To his inquiries about her health she replied that she was feeling rested, and informed him that his father was awake, and that there was no indication of the fever which the doctor feared. "But Preston," she added, "you have taken no rest. Aunt Dilsey says that you have eaten no breakfast. Won't you come," she pleaded, "and let me pour you a cup of coffee?"

He smiled a wintry smile down upon her fair anxious face and then went with her to the breakfast room. The knowledge that "Miss Creacy" was her own precious child, the little child that she had cared for during those few weeks after her arrival in Kentucky so bewildered Aunt Dilsey that she had frequently to go in quest of her old man, Abe, and hear his oft-re-

peated assurance that it was a reality, not the strange notions of a sudden lunacy. As she entered the room with the toast and coffee Teresa had ordered for Preston, and saw the man and girl seated at the table, she cried out,

"Praise God! de good God! I doan have to change 'way frum such a good young Mastah! I doan have to see mah happy home bruk up!" The ejaculatory words of the negress, who was standing with the coffee urn in one hand, the plate of toast in the other, made Teresa look up in bewilderment, if not actual alarm.

"Dah yous lookin' at me wifs dem big eyes, jus' like yoh ust to do w'en we wuz libin' in de cabin wif yoh po'r fatah!" she cried all her old heart's joy bubbling through her voice. "I knowd I couldn't evah fohgit dem big eyes, an' we'n I seed yoh dat fust Sunday mawnin' standin' a-foh Saha's cabin, I sed to myself, de grab's dun give up its dead, sho 'nough! I thought yoh wuz a speerit. Den wen yoh said yoh ain't mah leetle Miss Amy, I tuhned sick like an' went back to de cabin an' jus' cried an' cried. An' now 'tis Miss Amy sho' 'nough. An' its goin' to be jus' ez I ust to t'ink it might a-be'n—Marse Pres'un an' Miss Amy's goin' to live hyah in de ole house, wif Marse an' Missus, an' keep de fambly togethah. An' evahybody's goin' to be happy, jus' ez ef nothin' evah happnt. Oh! praise God! praise God!"

They understood her words now, words that embarrassed the girl and made the young man feel uncomfortable. But he let his eyes rest kindly on the affectionate old face, while the ghost of a smile met hers so broad and beaming.

"Aunt Dilsey never forgot her little Miss Amy," he said. "And she never tired of telling me about her great dark eyes and beautiful face. She made me love the little cousin I had never seen"—but he broke off abruptly, as he remembered the child's grave under the lone tree, and for the first time realized that his boyish love and devotion had been poured out over the dust of a little stranger, sold by an unnatural mother to his robber father. It was a bitter moment for him, and an uncomfortable one for her. She felt, in that instant, an unreasoning dislike of the child who had occupied that place by her parents' side, been the lost idol of his boyish worship. Was it jealousy? She waited for him to turn his face toward her and say that he was glad that the dead child-love was the living woman-love; and when his glances continued to follow Aunt Dilsey's movements a sudden chilled sense of repulsion crept over her heart. While he drank the coffee and made a pretense at eating, she stole an occasional glance at his face, and she was overpowered by its frozen tragedy. What had brought it there? Not his father's danger, she well knew, nor the story that St. John Worthington had told them of her parents' death. Had he been told, by Worthington, on his return from Lexington, what that paper contained? Why had Worthington done that? Why had he not saved him from pain as she had done? Had the jealousy of the lover overmastered the honor of the man? Could St. John Worthington entertain, much less be ruled by, a sentiment so base? He could not! He could not! And yet what was written on this face by her side if not knowledge, the knowledge only two could give? Had

he seen the Indian again? Yes, that must be the informant, not St. John Worthington. He could not be so cruel. O poor Preston! what had he heard that had struck youth and serenity and happy smiles from his face, the old tender light from his eyes, life and love from his heart, leaving him but the shadow of the man she knew. But where had he met the Indian? Not on his way to town, for at that time their common foe was still in the house. Not on his return, because he was then in the company of the priest with whom he was hastening to his father. He could not have gained access to the house afterwards; and Preston's face had shown that expression, she now remembered, as he had knelt by his father's bed. Could it have been St. John? She felt that she must know and as they rose from the table, she asked in a hoarse voice,

"Preston, did you see that man again last night?"

He paused, with his eyes on her, surprised at the question: then he said, "No, when I got back from town, he was gone."

It was St. John Worthington then! Base! cruel! And this was the man she loved, held to be as a god among men! had heard his love for her, half-admitted hers for him, though the affianced wife of Preston Martins! The pain that wrenched her made her moan aloud and cover her face with her hands.

"Mr. Worthington told me all," then said Preston Martins, thinking that her emotion was caused by the recollection of her own dangerous encounter with that man. "Teresa, I owe you a debt of gratitude that the devotion of a thousand years could not repay. You spared my mother! You tried to spare me! O noble-hearted woman! It is such as you that make God spare humanity from annihilation!"

(To be continued.)

OUR TRUE POSITION.

I.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

The object of these essays is to show how difficult it is for the average non-Catholic—no matter how high his rank, or how cultured his mind,—to be entirely free from prejudice against his Catholic neighbors. The sources of this prejudice and ignorance I will briefly outline and at the same time suggest a remedy.

It may interest my readers to know that I am a citizen of these United States. In my early childhood I was told by my father that he came to America in preference to any other part of the world, on account of the excellence of her political institutions, and the absence of religious bigotry. I grew up

in the belief that, although men differed from one another in religion and politics, I would never witness here the persecution and bitter strife to be found in other lands for conscience sake. I was led to think that the American mind was sincerely and candidly in search of truth, and that it would, by investigation, arrive at its discovery. I clung to this opinion, and still cling to it, though the day may be long delayed when this dream will be fully realized. Prejudice dies hard. Centuries of misrepresentation cannot be readily eradicated. In many of the States of the Union a Roman Catholic, though legally and politically upon a level with his non-Catholic neighbors, is often looked upon, by reason of his religion, as in some degree morally and mentally degraded. I am fully convinced that such views and impressions are not intended to offend us.

SOME OF THE SOURCES OF PREJUDICE.

I.

These United States were once British colonies. In all of them but five, penal laws against Catholics were in full force. This was less than half a century ago. It was held then, as it is in many of these states to-day, that there was good reason for this un-Christian treatment—that Catholics in former ages oppressed and persecuted Protestants in some places, and consequently they felt justified in their attitude toward Catholics. The following was their erroneous form of reasoning: "Our ancestors were obliged by circumstances to oppress and persecute Catholics. But our ancestors were good and pious people and could not be guilty of cruelty or injustice Therefore we hold there was and is a good and sufficient reason for our position toward Catholics and our fear of their advance to power and influence." This mode of reasoning is to be found among nearly all classes of non-Catholics and produces in otherwise good and amicable minds a powerful prejudice against us. Many of these people have the very best dispositions and the kindliest of hearts, as I know from my long sojourn among them, but they are more or less influenced by the traditions of their ancestors. They cannot bring themselves to believe that their forefathers, who had so many good qualities, could have oppressed Catholics without a good reason. And hence to-day you will find among the most amiable and refined portion of non-Catholic society, a strong prejudice which often debars their Catholic fellow-citizens from social intercourse and political equality.

Another source of prejudice is to be found in the intense religious feelings of our separated brethren. Every mind among them not infidel or agnostic views with more or less reverence their edifices of public worship. Their minds are prepared to receive without the least doubt every statement made in these sacred places by the minister who is believed to hold a divine commission to announce the truths of salvation to the world. For many years these public teachers of religion, without fear of contradiction, indulged in whatever statements they thought proper to make in their efforts to destroy a religion which they considered grossly erroneous and consequently dangerous to society. All these years in season and out of season they in-

veighed against the teachings of the Catholic Church. Had they contented themselves with honest statements of facts, we would have no oath-bound societies to-day leagued against Catholics. But this they have not done, and it is feared that the twentieth century will be well advanced before this mite of justice will be given to us. There is too great a desire on the part of a certain class of these ministers to discuss theological questions, and in violation of every rule of logic, charity and justice, exhibit the argument in the worst manner to which any forced construction can drag it, and often when there are not sufficient facts to make out the case against us, the defect is supplied by fiction. I do not charge all the non-Catholic ministers with wilful misconstruction and fabrication. To their credit be it said that throughout the length and breadth of this continent very many of them despise such methods and would not stoop to such disreputable means. They may have inherited prejudice and consequently believe what they preach about the Church, but knowingly they would not do us an injury. To such men we must look for vindication in the eyes of the non-Catholic world. Many of them have already raised their voices in the pulpit and through the press in denunciation of all un-Christian and un-American attacks upon old Mother Church. But among them there are some who seem to care little about the truth. The greater their zeal, the more extensively are prejudice and misrepresentation of Catholics spread over the land. Thus by a propaganda of falsehood they promote ill-will and un-Christian feeling towards their neighbors. This is evidenced in the character of many of their missionary exhorters. To this class of ministers I would say: If you deem it wise and desirable to attack your Catholic neighbors and their mode of honoring and worshipping God, by engaging *renegade priests and escaped nuns*, procure some of these individuals whose lives have been uniformly irreproachable, who diffuse around them a sweet odor of piety to God and to man, who change not their religion for the more convenient indulgence of their sinful appetites, but who do it in obedience to the voice of God and the dictates of their own conscience, because they thought they could become more widely useful in the work of saving souls. To such converts, Catholics may give a respectful ear. From such lips they shall expect wisdom to flow, and not misrepresentation and falsehood. And if you cannot find such people among the unfortunate castaways of the Catholic Church, as in all probability you cannot—there is another means left: let your lives show that you are like your Divine Master, filled with zeal for the glory of your Heavenly Father; be like Him meek and humble, chaste and pure. Take up your cross and honestly follow Him. Love not father, mother, wife or children, more than Him, and thus let all men know by the innocence and purity of your lives that you are his disciples. Do this, even if you find it impossible to draw us away from the old Mother Church, at least you will have the consolation of knowing that you have lessened ignorance and prejudice against your Catholic neighbors, in the minds of your hearers. Remember that we Catholics are not strangers here and that our Catholic forefathers planted this country. A Catholic Columbus

discovered it. Catholic explorers and Catholic missionaries were the pioneers in every portion of this vast continent. Wherever they settled and planted their vine and fig tree, they generously invited all to come and sit down in the shade thereof. They made no distinction of creeds or nationality. They proclaimed all men equal and free to hold religious opinions. What reward did they receive for such kindness? Read the story of Catholic Maryland and Puritan New England. But it is not my intention to re-open a sad and bloody page in the annals of our country. It is a repetition of the fable of the viper that stung the bosom that warmed it. Thank God all this is being rapidly changed. We fearlessly trust our cause to the justice and good sense of the American people—our fellow-citizens. The hosts of honest Protestant clergymen and non-Catholic scholars of all ranks and conditions who have raised their voices in press and pulpit against all un-American and anti-Catholic movements will suffer no diminution in the love and the respect of the American people, while at the same time they have merited and secured the gratitude and attachment of the Catholics of the United States. On the other hand, the sensational preachers who encourage ill-will and bad feeling by opening their homes and churches to such as we have witnessed in nearly every city of the land, simply make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the intelligent portion of their flocks. They cannot wound us Catholics with such broken arrows, but they can *continue,* at least for a little while longer, ignorance and prejudice in the minds of their own people.

II.

Not only have the affections and religious feelings been alienated and poisoned by misrepresentation as we have seen, but history, literature and the sciences have been distorted for the same purpose. Since the so-called reformation of the Sixteenth century, history has been a conspiracy against truth, and especially English history. No nation was ever as guilty as the English nation in its wholesale and systematic distortion of facts, for the purpose of creating prejudice against Catholics. For upwards of three hundred years the English nation has aided in this disreputable work, and during most of this time the maligned Catholic has not been afforded an opportunity of refuting the falsehoods uttered against himself and his Church. The English historians wrote their histories apparently for the sole object of creating prejudice in the minds of the non-Catholic world. Even to-day at the opening of the 20th century, these shameful misrepresentations of historical facts, which have been handed down and perpetuated by a Burnet, a Robertson, a Gibbons, a Macaulay, a Hume, and a Froude, are received by the non-Catholic world as authentic statements, because no counter statements could be made by Catholics till within the past few years.

Besides, the distortion and misrepresentation of history, philosophy, science and literature have been employed against us. Writers and teachers of logic in their elementary treatises assume falslehoods as facts, and give as examples of sophisms what they state to be our mode of reasoning, when in truth we do not so be-

little ourselves or reason. In metaphysics every opportunity is taken to turn us into ridicule, or to exhibit us as senseless creatures. In lectures on astronomy, they turn aside from their subject to comment upon the inquisition which they make a constituent part of our *creed* against our earnest protest. The chemist often uses his laboratory to analyze the Sacraments of the Church. The medical professor harangues his class upon our superstition, when we ask God through prayer and ritual to give consolation to the afflicted, or when we make a pilgrimage to some sacred shrine of our Blessed Lady to beg, through her intercession, the sympathetic merciful Jesus to give back health to the child of faith. Pagan mythology is explained in the class room as the foundation of many of the doctrines and dogmas of our Catholic faith. Geography describes the nations of the Christian world as divided into two great camps, Catholic and Protestant. Every nation in which the Catholic religion was established or prevailed is full of ignorance and crime, and low in the scale of civilization, while the countries that threw off the yoke of the Church, are represented as enjoying every blessing. Protestant England never persecuted, while Catholic Italy blazed with the fires of the inquisition. Of course, I refer to geography in the English tongue:—a change for the better has taken place during the past few years, but there is plenty of room for improvement.

In literature the same results have been insured. Most of the authors—from the days of Spenser and Shakespeare—who have helped to build up the English language; from whom we cull those expressions that have become a part and parcel of our daily thinking; to whose pages we refer in the school and in the home—are in spirit and tone anti-Catholic. Whatever is friendly to Catholic feelings is due to the fact that English literature struck deep in Catholic soil in spite of the perversion of the English nation. Hence, notwithstanding the penal laws and social proscription of the past, the Catholic spirit still lives in England. It lingers in the cloistered isles and corridors of her universities; it hovers over the vacant tomb of Edward the Confessor within the hallowed walls of Westminster Abbey; it speaks in tower and pillared dome,—and every stained glass window is an open book wherein we may read the lives of English saints, whose intercession we implore for the conversion of the people who have done their worst to misrepresent in the eyes of the world the religion of their forefathers. The tide that turned Romeward with a Newman, a Faber and a Manning, cannot be much longer stemmed by the barriers of prejudice. The times are changing for the better. But while we are less misunderstood by the average non-Catholic, let us remember that the very principles of English law, which is the law of the land, were based upon the assumption that our religion was an illegal superstition, bordering upon treason. This is evidenced in the dreadful oath of office taken but a few days ago by Edward VII of England. Be it remembered also that these very principles are to be found to-day upon the statute books of many of the states of our Union.

Many of the text-books on Christian evidences placed in the hands of our Protestant youth, from which they

are to learn the proofs of the Christian religion, are biased. Some of these authors are said to have been liberal-minded men! Thank God! all American citizens are not possessed of such liberality as this. I will give you a sample of the reasoning of one, who, a few years ago, was considered the ablest and most broad-minded of non-Catholic Christian apologists. Archdeacon Paley, in his "Evidences of Christianity," charges the Catholic clergy with irreligion and blasphemous deceit. He charges the Catholic laity with profound ignorance. He exhibits our religion as a system of delusion, "created by the success of vile imposture." When we read such language, should we be astonished at the estimation in which we Catholics are held by those of our fellow-citizens who have studied such text-books in our schools, colleges and universities?

We often hear well-meaning people say that years ago we Catholics were misunderstood, that we came to this land of liberty, poor, penniless and without education, but that now we are better understood. I regret to say that we are not yet fully appreciated. We are subject to-day to the operation of the same old prejudice that existed long ago. A goodly number of our fellow-citizens still continue to draw their information from the same poisoned sources. They have the same distorted histories. Very little has been done to correct the false statements, and that little so recently that it has produced very little change in public opinion. So has it been with English literature. The sciences are about the same, and the tone of the religious press has the same ring to it. The tons of religious tracts and periodicals sent out yearly, still teem with misrepresentations of our creed and our practices. This is especially true of Sunday School literature among non-Catholics. The secular press, whose editors boast of their liberality, confirm their claim thereto by copious extracts from every reviler of our faith. The public libraries are filled with books misrepresenting our Church and our religious institutions, and in most places books correcting these false notions are not admitted. As long as this state of affairs continues to exist we cannot be held in proper estimation by our fellow-citizens.

III.

Catholics are not bigots. Bigotry is an unreasonable and obstinate adherence to a religious opinion, combined with hatred of those opposed thereto. Now, Catholics do not adhere to opinions because they do not rest their beliefs upon opinions, but upon the testimony of that Church to which Christ gave His doctrine. They believe that doctrine, not upon their private opinions, but upon the testimony of the Church. The bigot is known by his ill-will and obstinacy; by his vindictive spirit; by his hatred of his neighbor who happens to disagree with him upon doctrinal questions;—whereas the sincere Christian is known by his steady adherence to the doctrines of his church; by his plain declaration of principles; by his precise and definite knowledge of what he knows to be true. He cannot be a bigot for he has no hatred for those who err. He is full of charity and affection for them, and if he informs them of their errors, it is not for the purpose of wounding their feelings, but rather of enlightening their minds. I rank

among my intimate friends and acquaintances some of the most enlightened, refined and intelligent non-Catholics in the old and new world, and I am proud of their acquaintance and friendship. I have been in close intimacy with Catholics of almost every grade and condition, and my experience is that the Catholic, as a rule, has more true charity, more kindly feeling, and a more correct liberality for his non-Catholic neighbors, than Protestants have for their Catholic neighbors. In proof of what I say, I shall avert to but one fact. Has any body of Catholic clergy or laity in these United States ever been found guilty of recommending to their flocks the libels of any Protestant clergyman or layman, who joined our Church, as the best mode of learning the doctrines and character of the Protestant people? Has any one of the many Protestant clergymen who have come over to our Church, here or elsewhere, ever made an atrocious attack upon those whose communion he may have left? This is a sort of bigotry that we Catholics are not guilty of. When we point out the errors of the Protestant system, it is not by publishing such a book as no modest woman should read, or such a work as no man of refined feelings and gentlemanly principle could recommend.

I feel that the cause of existing prejudice can be lessened and perhaps entirely removed by placing before my readers the true teaching of the Catholic Church. It is a duty which we owe to our separated brethren, and it is a work, too, in keeping with the proposed solution of the great question that at present is agitating the Christian world, and that is being fostered with such loving solicitude by our venerable Holy Father, the great Pope Leo XIII; namely, the unification of all the followers of Christ under the successor of St. Peter. As there can be but one basis for the proposed reunion of all Christians, which is unconditional surrender to Rome, it might be opportune to go over the ground so often traveled before by the Catholic apologist. If we succeed in removing prejudice from even one mind we will feel amply rewarded. Besides, we Catholics will profit by such an examination. We may have studied thoroughly the grounds upon which we rest our belief, nevertheless let us remember that our Church, in a way, is like a grand work of art. We may study it for years, yet every time we return to view it, new beauties present themselves to our minds. Take for instance the Angelus, by Millet. It is known to the most of us. As we stand before it, we behold nature portrayed upon the canvas in her simple and unadorned form: the field stretching far into the horizon, the sky into which the clouds are slowly gathering, the spire of the village church in the distance; the man with his hat in both hands, and his head slightly bent, the woman with clasped hands, and eyes downcast; both at the sound of the Pascal Angelus bell from the distant spire, rapt in prayer, forgetful of each other and of their surroundings, forgetful of the toil and the heat of the day. The prayerful attitude of these simple peasants idealizes the whole scene. It is no longer the brown earth that is reflected in their sun-burnt features. It is souls. The spiritual world mingles with the material world. Heaven becomes blended with earth and God's presence is felt. Once we understand the subject, every visit to

the work of the inspired painter fills our soul, our intellect, and our heart with a glow of the Divine Presence. Or who, that ever visited that wonder of the world, Niagara Falls, and examined it carefully from its different points of interest, and had his mind and soul filled with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene, would not after a lapse of time, gladly return to have the first impression renewed and deepened in his memory? And so it is with a study and examination of the Church of Christ. Once we understand her dogmas, her practices and her ritual, we will find new beauties every time we examine a line of her teachings. She is the bride of Christ, coming down to us scarred with nineteen centuries of conflict and crowned with nineteen centuries of victories. It is well, and even necessary, that we should review her doctrines from time to time for our own edification. They will enable us to give an intelligent reason, when called upon, for the faith that is in us.

Recently a distinguished non-Catholic writer called our religion a wonderful system. And so it is, for it derives its origin from the Deity who first planted the principle of this system in the human heart. It was discovered by Adam in the day of his innocence and it was recollected by him in the midst of the gloom and misery which followed his fall; it was transmitted by him to his sorrowful children, and was preserved by their descendants till the days of the deluge; it remained with Noah in the Ark and came forth to cheer him in the midst of the awful desolation that surrounded him when he adored God by bloody sacrifice upon the altar which he had erected; it gave him hope in the calm and peaceful beauty of the rainbow; it was preserved by the young Chaldean who brought it with him to the land of strangers and transmitted it to his descendants; it remained with him in the valley of vision and upon the hill-top of sacrifice; it preserved God's chosen people from the errors of private judgment and human speculation; it went with Joseph into the Land of Egypt and exhibited its power in the hand of Moses; it proclaimed the law in the midst of wonders on Mount Sinai; it opened the heavens at the appointed time and gave to the world the great Teacher, the Son of Justice.

This great Teacher, Jesus Christ, proclaims this system by wonders; in wonders He announces His birth; in wonders He dwells among men; in wonders He returns to His Heavenly Father. In wonders the world is convinced that God ordained that this great system should be carried into practice; in wonders the apostles go forth to victory and to meet death, and in wonders their successors have continued this system of our Catholic faith, down to the present time.

The human mind is restless. Nations have fallen away from the faith and new nations have succeeded them. Empires have been overturned—kingdoms have been destroyed,—death has swept dynasties from their thrones,—oblivion blots out their names from the memory of men, and their monuments of glory at the touch of time turn to ashes. All things will pass away except that system which in the midst of wonders has been established by the Son of man. To-day the vast majority of the civilized world are the adherents of this system which began in wonders, and will continue in wonders till the end of time.

THE OTHER ONE.

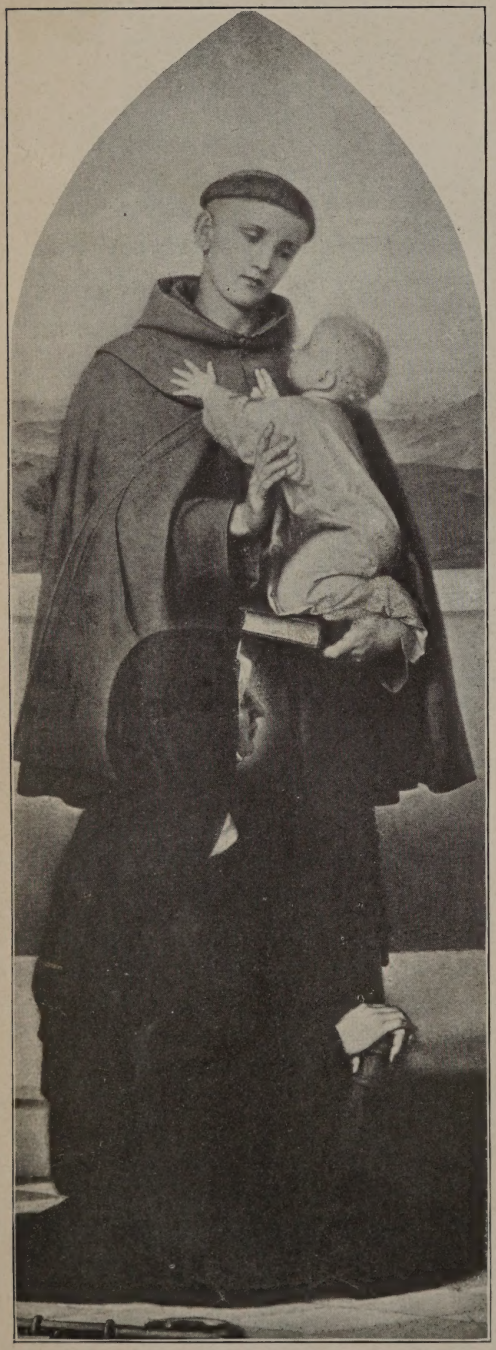
Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair;
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none,
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

. . . . . .

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know,
Better, perhaps, for her to stay
Under the robe of drifting snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one!

HARRY THURSTON PECK.
In *"An American Anthology"*



St. Anthony of Padua.

How sweet it is, O gentle saint,
In these unquiet days,
To muse upon thy holy life,
Thy meek and peaceful ways.
How sweet it is in hours of grief
To call upon thy name,
And find thy mercy ever true,
Thy love always the same.

As God to thee in solitude
His sacred will made known,
Speak thou to us in silences,
In moments hushed and lone.
Let pity's matchless tenderness
Inspire thy gracious voice,
And bid once more our weary souls
Awaken and rejoice.

No earthly love is true as thine,
No earthly care so fond;
The hearts that give themselves to thee
Are held by dearest bond.
Then from thy realm of heavenly light
Send us, O Saint, such grace
That our dim lives may shine as bright
As did thy fair, young face.

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

The Poor.

II.

To-day, as in your far-off, hallowed time,
They dwell among us, stricken, yet sublime.
To-day, as when you heard their cries of woe,
Their plaints across the Christmas gladness flow.

Elizabeth, meek queen, Vincent, who sought
No fame save that which deeds of kindness brought,
One trust we cherish all the long years through—
The poor, so dear to Christ and to you two.

O Babe of Babes, who lowly lay
Among the manger's dusty hay,
Come back once more and bring with Thee
The pomp of blessèd poverty.

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

THE wintry winds whistled round the Castle of Dromore, and below the piping of the winds there was a dull persistent sound, the thud of the seas breaking at the foot of the crag on which the ancient house of the L'Estranges was built.

There were four persons in the room, Michael L'Estrange, Mistress Pamela, his sister; Eily, his daughter, and M. le Vicomte de Poitiers.

The latter, a young gentleman of about twenty-three years, stood with a bowed head, holding a skein of wool which Mistress Pamela was winding into a ball. He was extremely elegant

in his coat and breeches of pearl grey silk, with white waistcoat and white silk stockings. His hair he wore powdered, albeit the new Jacobinism was bringing in the fashion of wearing one's own hair; and it could not be denied that the powder was becoming to his face. He wore a slight moustache with points at either end. Its blackness and the darkness of his vivacious eyes were in pleasant contrast with his powder.

Looking at him, bent low before Miss Pamela L'Estrange's faded beauty, Michael L'Estrange's heart smote him at what he had to do.

He glanced sorrowfully at his daughter's profile, where she sat at the old piano with its high back of faded red silk. It threw into delightful relief the rich color of her cheeks and the outline of her bronze-colored head which had never known powder. There were soft fires in her eyes as they looked up while she sang. It was a song made for a child of her own house.

"Take time to thrive, my rose of hope, in the Castle of Dromore,
Take heed, young eaglet, till your wings have feathers fit to soar.
A little rest and then the world is full of work to do.
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo."

The rich voice, almost too full for her slender young body, broke in the passionate tenderness of the nurse's song, and she turned from the piano with a wavering smile on her lips, though the passion of the music yet lingered in her eyes under the long lashes.

M. le Vicomte de Poitiers made a half-impulsive movement towards her. Then he remembered the fetters on his hands, and with a little murmur of apology to Miss Pamela, kept his place before her. Miss Pamela had noticed the movement and smiled to herself. The woman was not so dead in her that she could not appreciate the young Frenchman's charming ways towards her. And his coming was an answer to prayer. Yes, surely, an answer to her prayers. What a match for Eily! And the child head over ears in love with him! The son of one of the greatest statesmen and soldiers in Europe. What a chance that in doing the grand tour he should have visited these wilds, and fallen head over ears in love with Eily!

But what was Michael saying? What was Michael, with his terrible pride, his fanatical sense of honor, saying? Mistress Pamela turned pale under her powder.

"You go to Dublin tomorrow, I understand, M. le Vicomte?" said Michael L'Estrange.

The young gentleman was so startled that he let Mistress Pamela's wools fall, and made no effort to pick them up again.

"Pardon," he said. "Monsieur L'Estrange. To Dublin? No, I had not thought of it. I had thought to fish the trout in your delightful river, when the spring should come."

The color came and went in his ingenuous cheek. There was a sharp sound in the room as though some one had caught her breath in a sob. Then the door closed: Eily had gone out.

"The trout-fishing is good," said Michael L'Estrange, "but so it is in a thousand streams. You are traveling to see the world, and if I remember rightly, M. le Vicomte, you intended but to spend one night at the Angler's Rest, which must have poor accommodation for your suite."

"It is excellent," the young man answered, confusedly. "But indeed I was not thinking of it. I have found friends here, in the Castle of Dromore." His eyes pleaded piteously, but Michael L'Estrange had set his face like a flint. "It is what my father would have wished. 'Go hence,' he said, when he parted with me, 'see the world, my child; see men and women, beautiful scenery and strange cities. Make friends, enlarge thy mind, come back to me a man of the world. Yet remember always that the world is not things but persons, that no natural beauty of inanimate things can equal in interest the profound interest of the human character.' "

"M. le Duc is a past-master in his knowledge of the minds of men," said Michael L'Estrange; "but you will go to Dublin tomorrow, Monsieur."

The young man threw out his hands with a gesture of despair.

"You drive me forth," he said. "A day or two agone you offered me your hospitality for the Christmas, to see the mummers, the mystery play at your market cross, those so interesting survivals. What have I done, M. L'Estrange?"

A low murmur of protest from Miss Pamela in her corner but hardened Michael L'Estrange's face. He turned away, and began lifting one thing after another from the mantelshelf, and putting them back in their places.

"I am sorry, M. le Vicomte," he said, breaking the silence at last, "that your visit to the Castle of Dromore has come to an end."

"I go," said the young man, in a low voice, "there is nothing to do but for me to go with a million thanks, M. L'Estrange, for your gracious hospitality. But I will come again. Ah, yes, I will come again. My father shall plead for me."

"Your father's hands are too full of the affairs of Europe, young sir, to come as a suppliant to the Castle of Dromore and the poor L'Estranges."

L'Estrange spoke bitterly, his eye taking in the great bare room, where every article of furniture cried out for renewing.

The Vicomte bent low over Mistress Pamela's hand as he kissed it. Then he bowed deeply to Michael L'Estrange, and was gone. The clang of the great door behind him seemed to jar all the house.

"Were you wise, brother?" asked Mistress Pamela, lifting her tearful eyes from her knitting. "The young man was unexceptional in every way."

"You are too modest, Madam," said Michael L'Estrange, with bitter mockery. "The Minister of a King, who is more King than his master, what has his only son to do with the daughter of the L'Estranges?"

"We are a proud and ancient family, brother."

"Too proud to seek such an alliance. Is the Castle of Dromore a spider's web to entrap the son of the Duc de Lannay? Let him call home his lad. We want none of him, neither I nor my girl."

That night Michael L'Estrange sat late. The next morning at daybreak, Martin, his soldier servant who had been with him at Fontenoy, set out with a letter in his breast addressed to the Duc de Lannay.

After that the sadness which had seemed to lift from the Castle of Dromore fell on it more heavily.

Eily shunned her father, and the old spinet no longer tinkled to her

melodious singing of *The Castle of Dromore,* and *The Foggy Dew* and *The Lady of Albany's Lament for King Charles.* Michael L'Estrange and his sister had the drawing-room to themselves the rest of the evening, and though he had had his way and vindicated his honor he was uneasily conscious of his sister's reproachful eye upon him and the depth of her sighs as she carried on her interminable knitting.

Many weeks elapsed before Martin returned. He had gone in mild October: it was snowy Christmas weather when he came back. He had a letter from the Duc de Lannay, the contents of which were somewhat surprising to Michael L'Estrange.

The writer thanked him for his consideration for the family of De Lannay, and went on.

"There will be in your neighborhood almost as soon as this letter a friend of our house, M. de Correze, whom I commend to your courtesy. He will express whatever I have failed in of my admiration for a house so delicate, a pride so generous."

There was no time to decline M. de Correze as a guest, if a L'Estrange could have thought of committing such a crime against hospitality. Briefly Michael L'Estrange imparted the news to his household that they might look for such a visitor any hour of the day. There was no suggestion on his part that M. de Correze was other than one of his old comrades in the Low Countries, and as such Mistress Pamela accepted him. Eily received the tidings indifferently, as she had been doing with most things of late. She was not sullen. On the contrary, she was exquisitely gentle with her father when they met. But there was a kind of mutinous spirit about the red lips, and an unextinguished sparkle in her eyes which told that she was not a likely one to give up her happiness even at the bidding of the father she worshipped.

M. de Correze arrived, accompanied only by an old soldier-servant, on the very evening of the mummers' play. It was not till the supper hour that Eily made his acquaintance. He was a little old man who walked with a limp, and had the tiniest old parchment face, with a thousand wrinkles upon it.

He came to the supper table in a faded uniform, with a few medals on his heart. Insignificant Eily had thought him at the first moment, if she so much as thought upon him, a mere piece of flotsam from the old wars, but as the minutes passed she began to change her mind. A sense of power, of domination, seemed to hang about the old soldier. His eyes now, those little eyes in deep sockets under penthouse brows, how piercing they were, how commanding! Eily L'Estrange had an odd thought that if those eyes commanded her to do anything she must obey.

He faced her at the round table, and Eily felt those eyes often upon her. They made her curiously shy, yet their expression for her was a kind one. Now and again she tried to meet his glance, but her eyes got no higher than the medals on his breast. To her they meant nothing. Not so with Michael L'Estrange. At sight of them his eye had kindled, for an instant he had made a gesture as though he would salute like a soldier. From the moment of seeing them his manner had a reverence towards his guest strange enough in one of his name,

seeing how highly they ranked their own house and their own blood.

As the supper passed the two fell to talking of battles. They had fought in the same field, for the Lilies of France, and M. de Correze had apparently acquainted himself with his host's distinctions as a soldier; and presently Eily forgot her fear of the guest in watching with sparkling eyes her father's face and listening to the stirring recital of the things the two old soldiers had passed through.

M. de Correze seemed as loth to leave the Castle of Dromore as M. le Vicomte de Poitiers had been. His stay of a day or two lengthened to a week or more. It was bright Christmas weather, frosty, with icicles hung on every bough. They had had all the Christmas diversions. The mummers, who romped through their strange medley of Christian and Pagan story night after night at the Castle of Dromore, had played their Old Testament mystery-play at the Tholsee. M. de Correze had privately been made free of the bull-baiting, which no longer took place in the Bull-Ring since modern ways grew squeamish, but to which all the world went when it was held in a deep quarry on L'Estrange's land.

Christmas Day came bright and clear with a continuance of the hard weather. There was plenty of skating on the marshes inland from the Castle of Dromore, miles of it, which reminded M. de Correze, he said, of the Lowlands of Holland in a hard winter.

The two old comrades sucked their pipes on the banks of the marshes that Christmas afternoon and talked insatiably of old battles. They had never yet touched the subject which was the cause of M. de Correze's visit, —but after a time as Eily's lonely young figure passed and repassed them they came naturally to it.

"She is charming, charming," said De Correze energetically. "As graceful as yon swan when he is in his native element, as lovely as a goddess."

"She is my one joy in life," said Michael L'Estrange, with a sigh.

"You will not care to give her up to a husband?"

"Ah! I would not have her grow old unmarried. But . . . there is no one here for her. The few gentlefolk enjoy themselves in Dublin. There are only the peasants and the shopkeepers of our little town."

"Only those?"

Michael L'Estrange flushed.

"You know she had another suitor, De Correze, since you are the Duc de Lannay's friend. But that I did not entertain. It would be no suitable marriage for the Vicomte de Poitiers."

"Ah, my friend,"—M. de Correze took snuff, and then handed the snuff-box to his companion,—"You say so, yet I think you hold your child the equal of any man."

"Perhaps. I am too proud not to see it as the world would see it."

"What would you have more? Yours is a noble and ancient family, as honorable in you as in any of the line. The child is . . . divine. I understand the lad's infatuation. I am become infatuated myself."

"His father would not agree with De Correze."

"Ah, why not? He is a brave man, a simple in his way. He married for love himself, and he would have set his wife against all Europe. He would have the same happiness for his boy."

"If I could believe it?"

"You would recall the Vicomte?"

"I could desire nothing better. The child loves him. I am in conflict with her. I who have never denied her anything. It hurts me."

Again M. de Correze took snuff.

"Ah, bah! Do not fret, my friend. We cannot hinder them, these children. We are but a pebble in the stream. They sweep past us."

He had seen, as Michael L'Estrange had not, how in the gathering dark another skater had joined Miss Eily on the ice, and taken her hand, and the two had glided away together into obscurity.

The old soldier had time to be cold before Eily tired of her skating. A thin winter moon hung over the landscape as they went homeward, and the Christmas bells jangled from the squat church-tower of Dromore.

Eily was in furs to her ears. It was M. de Correze's fancy that her eyes sparkled like diamonds in the shadow of her velvet hood. One hand she kept in her muff. The other she had thrust within her father's arm, but when he was detained a little while on the way by someone who had business with him, it seemed the most natural thing for her to transfer it to M. de Correze's arm.

The old soldier lifted it to his lips with tender gallantry.

"To think I was afraid of you a week ago!" said Eily, with bright confidence.

"You are not now, my child?"

"Not the least bit in the world. Only afraid that you will leave us, M. de Correze."

"I cannot remain much longer. I have a business to finish. Afterwards there are—ah,—quantities of business for me to do elsewhere."

He waved his free hand with a widely-embracing gesture.

"Let your business here be as long in the doing as possible. How we shall miss you, M. de Correze!"

"Ah, little Eily, you will not be wholly bereft of company. What of the gentleman on the ice. I grew to fear that you were coming back no more."

"M. de Correze,"—Eily's voice faltered,—"since you saw us, I must explain. He is waiting for his father to help him. It is all my father has against him, that the Duc de Lannay is too great for an alliance with us. But Henri says he can trust his father's love."

"He said that?"

Eily gripped his arm hard.

"He is sure of it. He is an only son, and he and his father are all in all to each other. If I were to tell you—"

"*Were* all in all to each other," said the old soldier, and his voice had the faintest trace of pain.

"Ah, M. de Correze, you do not know the Duc de Lannay, or you would not suggest his being jealous. He is great, so great and noble. He would only think what his love could do, could sacrifice, for Henri, for M. le Vicomte. He loves as greatly as he lives."

"His son says so?"

"He says a thousand times more. When I see him, if I ever should see him, I shall have to fall on my knees. So great, so good. They do not always go together, M. de Correze."

"No, child, but I hear your father coming. Listen now. A friend of mine may come tonight. Will you have another *couvert* placed for him at table?"

"Why, gladly, M. de Correze. It is a night for hospitality. Think how sad it is for those who must sup alone tonight, in a little inn like *The Angler's Rest* at Dromore!"

Eily drew the deepest of sighs, and M. de Correze patted gently the little hand upon his arm, as Michael L'Estrange joined them, putting an end to the conversation.

If Eily was lovely in her velvet and furs, she was no less lovely in her short-waisted gown of white flowered satin with a bunch of holly berries and leaves at her breast. The little party wore its finest in honor of the festival. Mistress Pamela was in her grey satin and Limerick lace. Michael L'Estrange wore his old soldier's coat, the garment he was proudest of. But the greatest of changes had taken place in the garb of M. de Correze.

He was very richly though quietly clad in a suit of plum-colored silk, and on his breast a diamond star glittered magnificently, so magnificently that the sight of it seemed to strike Michael L'Estrange dumb. Mistress Pamela was too well-bred to express surprise at the beauty of the guest's decoration. But Eily clapped her hands like a child, and cried out in wonder and delight.

"Tush, child," said M. de Correze, "they are dim by your eyes. Hush!"

Over the sob of the sea, and the crackling of the old ship's logs on the hearth, a bell pealed through the house.

"A visitor," said Michael L'Estrange, turning to his daughter.

"Your friend, M. de Correze," Eily said in her turn.

De Correze put his hand on Michael L'Estrange's arm.

"My son will join me here tonight," he said. "Will you ask him to sup, my friend?"

"That will I most heartily."

The door was flung open, but no young gentleman crossed the threshold. Instead there stood old Denis, the butler, in confusion.

"There is a messenger below," he said; "a mounted man, and splashed from head to foot with hard riding. He carries despatches for the Duc de Lannay, and will not listen when I tell him he is not here."

"Ah," said M. de Correze, with an expressive gesture of disgust, "so they have found me out. The Empire might have run a little longer without me, seeing that I am an old man and cannot live many years longer. The despatches, my friend. Let me see them. I may receive them here, L'Estrange. Ah, Henri!"

"M. le Vicomte de Poitiers," shouted Denis, recovering himself as a splendid young figure in white and gold passed him, and flung itself upon M. de Correze.

"Father!"

"Ah, impulsive one. I came in answer to thy letter. It was the best way. Forgive me, my friend"—to Michael L'Estrange—"my masquerade. I had to see for myself. She is adorable. My only grief is that we rob thee of her, unless indeed thou wouldst leave the Castle of Dromore. Shall we not make them happy, this night of Christmas?"

"Supper is served," announced Denis.

Michael L'Estrange took his daughter's hand and placed it in the Vicomte's as the Duc de Lannay bent low over Mistress Pamela, praying that he might have the honor of conducting her to the supper-table.

THE LITTLE MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

The little mother stood for a moment outside the entrance to the great pier and gazed about. There was a dumb, hopeless inquiry in her eyes, for it was all a new world to her, and besides she was waiting for Fritz. She clasped her little basket tightly and shivered. It was a strong little basket, built squarely, with a flat cover that shut down on it like the lid of a trunk. A foreign bit of utility, just as she herself was a foreign bit of femininity. Behind her, moored to the dock, was the great steamship wherein she had dwelt for the past seven days. That of itself had been a wonderful experience to the poor little German woman who had never been out of her native village, who would not have been out of it yet but that her good Fritz had forwarded her money with instructions to come and abide with him in far off America. Dear little Fritz—he was little when he left her sixteen years before—how good and kind he had been! There were others, but they all seemed to have forgotten the poor lonely little mother in her humble home at Nussdorf, all except Fritz who promised when he went away never to forget. With a variety of other precious things his last letter to her now reposed in the basket. She remembered how it said he was married, with a wife who would be a daughter to her. And there were two little children whom he knew she would love, for they already loved her and were always asking for her. How it warmed her heart and how glad, how very glad she would be to see them! Then Fritz had said besides, "Now when you come, do not leave the dock where the ship comes in. I will be there. Be sure and wait." Wherefore the little mother with her foreign air, and her foreign basket gripped tightly, waited. Waited for Fritz! who strange to say was not there.

A little throb of pain had cut her like a knife when all the other passengers were met and kissed by their friends as they stepped ashore. How her poor old eyes had peered into the crowd, she was so sure he must be there. But the throng melted away without revealing him whom she sought and then she had walked out to the entrance to wait for him. Poor little woman! How could she know that by some special fate the big steamship had gotten in one day ahead of the schedule, by which reason her faithful Fritz was nowhere about or likely to be. Indeed he was thinking with joy of her coming on the morrow, thinking of the welcome she would get, the dear little mother from over the sea, for he had perfected all arrangements. The "Prinz Wilhelm" was due at noon and as his morning run ended at eleven he would be in good time to greet her. There would be no difficulty nor delay for he had bought her a second cabin passage, so that she would come over in state and not be detained with the emigrants. Then he would take her up to the rooms in the New York tenement and they would have a glorious Christmas day of the olden time. But now because it was a day earlier Fritz came not, and still the little mother waited!

It was cold. Great carts passed her laden with things for the morrow.

What a great place it was, this awesome, fearful city of the new world! What din! What noise and confusion! What countless wagons, cars and vehicles of all kinds in the street there before her. It made her old eyes ache to see the people squirming in and out between the lines of waiting trucks. There was a ferry in the vicinity and it quite frightened her at first, the sudden rush of people, all passing utterly oblivious of her. They all had such anxious, strained faces as though their very lives depended on their hurry, that she thought surely something must be the matter. As the crowds hurried past her she looked for Fritz. Where was he? Of course he would come, for her mother's faith never failed her and for a while there was so much to see that she failed to realize how the time was passing. Those buildings, how high they were! In the clouds, the little mother thought when she saw the puffs of steam wreathing about their roofs. And there were railroads high above the street, running between the houses! Truly it was marvellous! She shifted the basket a little and for the first time discovered she was growing cold. A man who had been watching her for a long space from the little box-like office near the pier, now came over to her.

"Say, old lady, who you waitin' for?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Dis der Fritz kommt," she answered promptly, with a cheery smile and brightening eye.

"Um! That's all right, only it ain't familiar. Someone comin' for you? Mister Fritzcom?"

She nodded cheerfully, without the slightest doubt that he knew her boy.

"Well! if he's ever comin' he ought to be here now. Don't you wait much longer," his tone grew imperative. "You understand! Don't keep waitin', you'll get cold, it's blamed cold here. You want to walk, keep movin,' it's warmer," he pointed across the street, whereat she nodded cheerfully. His language was Greek to her, but to her simple mind it seemed quite clear now that he knew Fritz who it must be was over there somewhere in that street where all the people were. She thanked the man profusely, gripped her basket and moved off. He watched her thread her way across, saw her almost knocked down, then a policeman piloted her safely to the sidewalk, while he muttered, "Old party seems kind o' mixed! Wonder if she knows where she's at? Guess she's all right now."

The little mother, breathless with fright occasioned by the policeman's unexpected aid, started forward up West street. What strange wondrous fruits were spread upon the stands. And there, could she believe it, were Christmas trees! Her old heart gave a great throb. It was like being home again. Ah, the precious green boughs, how the sight of them rejoiced her. She went up to them in her glad joy, and in her native German asked a man how much they were. The man yelled something at her once or twice, then as she hesitated, motioned her impatiently away. With a dull pain at his brusqueness she went on and getting to the corner paused irresolutely. Where was Fritz?

The afternoon had turned a cold, dull gray, and a few feathery bits of snow came drifting down upon her. The first misgiving shook the little mother's heart. She was growing tired and she was getting hungry too. The noise and bustle bewildered her, and it

seemed as if she had walked a great distance. In a half listless way she noted the signs of Christmas cheer, the plump-looking turkeys, the fruits and the greens, but her heart was growing troubled. For a time she stood wistfully looking into the faces of the passersby, and at last she made bold to touch one timidly on the arm and ask for Fritz.

"No, No! Nothing whatever for you," said the man, impatiently hurrying on. She drew back with humble fear. How strange these people were, with their harsh repulses for an old woman. If her boy would only come. Surely he would not fail the little mother who had come so far for him. Fail her! The thought filled her heart with an icy chill and she put it from her. Someone would surely help her, and with her mother's faith all alight again she picked up her basket and strode bravely up a side street until she came to Broadway. At every step it seemed to her that Fritz must appear before her. When he did not the crowds began to frighten her. The clang of the cars, the unfamiliar faces, the strange babel which she could not understand all smote upon her poor old heart. Her misgivings returned. Her head was aching looking for Fritz, her limbs were wearied and her body was chilled. The cold seemed to be creeping to her very heart, numbing all the cheerfulness that before had burned so brightly there. A savory smell of cooking floated out on the crisp air as she passed an inviting looking eating house, and for a moment her head reeled. The precious little basket grew very heavy. Could no one tell her where she might find her boy? It grew darker and lights appeared in the shop windows. In desperation she stopped several pedestrians and tremblingly besought them for a knowledge of Fritz. They did not treat her brusquely, one of them even listened very kindly, then with a shake of the head and a smile passed on. She gazed stupidly about her, and then for the first time the little mother felt her faith give way! She was lost! Alone in a big city, with its strange ways, its heartless crowds, its people whom she could not understand. A great wave of homesickness burst over her and two burning tears rolled unheeded down her cheek. The poor cottage across the sea, the little village so sleepy and quiet—if she had never left it! But she had thought to meet Fritz and now night was coming on and she had not found him. She grew sick with sudden fear and helplessness. The passing crowds jostled her here and there, each push seeming like a blow. Her heart was nearly breaking in lonely anguish when suddenly she spied a great, venerable looking church across the way. With sudden hope she resolved to get near it. Twice she sought to get out of the crowd and across the street, but each time the rushing cars and vehicles of all kinds prevented. At last there came a lull. She started bravely, her poor old face turned to the church. A newsboy jumped nimbly along beside her.

"Hurry up, old lady, or you'll get winged! Quick, Hi! there she goes!"

There came a sudden blinding glare, a clang and a rush, as some gigantic thing all lights and faces loomed above her. The newsboy made a quick spring and vanished, but the poor little mother's limbs refused to obey so quickly. She turned bewildered and saw a man's tense face, that flashed a sudden recognition to her brain, as he pulled

with frantic strength at the grip, then something hit her—and she closed her eyes!

The dense crowd which quickly gathered saw the gripman tenderly pick up the little figure, saw him glance at the pallid face, then sink to his knees with a great sob.

"It's the little mother! My God—the little mother, where has she come from?" he covered her face with hot kisses and tears. "'Tis my own little mother. To think of it, and I almost killed her, me, her own Fritz, who would have died for her. But she lives, the poor little mother, she smiles." In his incoherent joy he told the crowd how he had expected her and all the rest of it, and there was not one who did not rejoice with him, the more so as it was quickly apparent that the little mother was in truth no more than badly shaken up. As for the poor little woman herself the joy of it all left a blurred impression of many faces gazing down upon her, a babel of noise and excitement, and a great confusion of ideas altogether. She only knew that she sank to sleep at length in a darkened room with the memory of Fritz's face close to her own.

When she opened her tired old eyes again, they grew alight with joy at the sight that greeted them. It was like fairyland! Without it was still dark, but the poor little rooms in the New York tenement were all aglow with a myriad of lights that came from a gorgeous Christmas tree. What a marvellous thing of beauty that tree was? The little mother could see nothing else for a few moments. It seemed to her there were a thousand lights trembling and gleaming amid the green boughs, to say nothing of the balls of gold and silver, the strands of gleaming tinsel and a hundred other things that claimed her attention. For a moment her poor old heart was flooded with childlike joy, it was all so beautiful, so restful after her buffeting of a few hours before, that she just gazed at it in silent contemplation. Then a burst of childish voices greeted her and she saw other things besides the tree. There was Fritz, her good, kind boy, his big, good-natured face alight with Christmas joy, and on either side of him, holding his hand, were two chubby children, a boy and a girl, her own grandchildren whom she scarcely knew as yet, but whom she would know now anywhere, they looked so like her boy; while peering over her husband's shoulder, a picture of happy maternity and perfect content, stood Elizabeth, her new daughter. And the song they were singing was "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!" How the old song moved her, with the memory of other days in that dear old Rhineland beyond the sea. Not so gorgeous as this perhaps, but just as tender, just as heartfelt; when she a matron, no older than this other one stood in a circle of beaming young faces as Fritz did now. Then the memory of a good, kind heart, which slept still and pulseless in a far-off grave came upon her in a surge of hot blinding tears, and for a moment she thought her heart would burst. But, this was no time for grief! The song was ended and here was her daughter-in-law bending over her as loving as any daughter might, while Fritz with a big brawny arm about her, seated himself at the other side.

"No tears now, little mother," he was saying heartily, paying no attention to two big ones rolling down his own cheek. How often she had scolded him when a growing boy for that

same tearful habit, yet how comforting it was now, for it showed he had a heart. No! No! she had no right to be otherwise than happy with all those beaming faces about her. And, and, what was this?

"For the dear grandma," her little boy grandchild was saying, as he timidly laid a package before her. Fritz opened it with great ceremony. It was a pair of warm, heavy knitted stockings, just the thing to keep old limbs warm; and,

"Also, for dear grandma," said her little girl grandchild, placing a pair of gloves before her. Before she could say aught in reply her daughter-in-law left the room for a moment, to come back with a package—a good large one this, which Fritz and she opened together. It was a fine big shawl, of a texture that would have dazzled her old friends in the village beyond the sea. And with all the good things that came to her that Christmas morn, the last doubt as to her welfare and happiness in the new land vanished. She had found her boy to be all he had ever been. Safe to say there was no place in all New York where hearts beat more truly in unison with the joybells of the grand old Day, than did those of the household where the little mother had come to stay.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

III. AUBREY DE VERE.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Name and nature, birth and birthplace, face and figure—all in Aubrey de Vere befits a poet. Happily I use the present tense, for Mr. de Vere, older than his two friends, Denis Florence MacCarthy and John O'Hagan, with whom this series began, has survived them both. At a very early period of his long life, he chose poetry as his vocation, and he has pursued his vocation ever since with untiring ardour and devotedness. His very name, as I have implied, suggested such a destiny. It has a poetical sound; it is like what would be chosen as a romantic fancy-name. I remember that in the very first conversation I had with Mr. de Vere, he was amused when I told him that a sister-poet whom he had just discovered, and of whom more will be said hereafter, had till then imagined that "Aubrey de Vere" was not a real name of ordinary prosaic life.

But that name had already been borne by a poet—Sir Aubrey de Vere, who had fine poetic gifts, though he is now remembered only as the father of his son and namesake. With all his filial piety the son could not adopt that line of the younger Racine:

"Et moi, fils inconnu d'un si glorieux père." Where father and son approach closest is in the dissimilar departments of the sonnet and the drama. Wordsworth, the greatest master of the sonnet in English, ad-

mired the sonnets both of his old friend and of his young friend; and "Julian the Apostate" and "Mary Tudor" of the former may in some respects compete with "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury" of the latter. But in this comparison we have named the whole of the Baronet's work and only a small portion of the work of the "Poet I Have Known." As "Mary Tudor" has been mentioned, the first letter, quoted long before its time, may be one that refers to that drama, exemplifying our poet's jealous care of his father's literary reputation. The criticism so finely criticised was written by Judge O'Hagan and may be found in the fourth volume of *The Irish Monthly* (1876) pp. 572-587.

MONK CONISTON, AMBLESIDE,
Sept. 5, 1876.

My dear Father Russell,

I must not lose any time in thanking you for the beautiful and admirably written review of my father's "Mary Tudor" in the September Number of *The Irish Monthly*. In this critique ample justice is done to my father's work, so long neglected—every thing that is said about it is wisely and truly said; and the copious citations are selected with such care and skill as to help the reader to understand the main drift of the work in the most efficacious way, while they also present him with some of the best passages, and passages very various in character, as specimens of it. Such a criticism cannot but help my father very materially to *Irish* readers, the readers he would, I think, have most wished to possess. What is said in page 574 respecting my father himself gratifies me not less than what is said about his poetry. John O'Hagan read rightly his character in his sonnets; nor do I the least doubt that he was one of those who belong to the Soul of the Church though not to her Body.

I think that all that is said of Tennyson's drama is also true and full of insight. The praise given to him is his due; and it is all the more to the praise of my father's play that it stands comparison so well with so able a competitor —nay, that it is, as I quite agree with J. O'H in regarding it, decidedly the finer work of the two. His strictures on Tennyson's drama are just also; and nothing can be better than his comparison of the two parts of "Mary Tudor," where he says that Part I is the best play, and Part II the best poem. Such is exactly the fact. The two were written in five months and four days, amid much illness. Fine as they are, they would have been far finer, had my father lived to correct them. Will you tell John O'Hagan how greatly delighted I have been with his critique, and how deeply obliged to him my brothers and I must be.

I think it would be a great pleasure to my eldest brother if you sent him a copy of this September Number *"from the Editor."* His address is "Sir Vere E. P. de Vere Bart, Curragh Chase, Adare."

Yours ever sincerely

AUBREY DE VERE.

In the opening sentence of this paper Aubrey de Vere's birthplace was said to be worthy of a poet. He was born in the ancestral home of his family, Curragh Chase, near Adare, in the county Limerick. Adare is one of the prettiest and most interesting places in Ireland. Gerald Griffin, who lived not far away during his last years in the world, alludes to it affectionately in many of his poems, as in this apostrophe in "Matt Hyland":

O sweet Adare! O lovely vale!
O calm retreat of sylvan splendour!
Nor summer sun nor morning gale
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.

The noble modern castle, Adare Manor, is the residence of the Earl of Dunraven; and in the demesne, through which flows the silvery Maigue on its way to the Shannon, there are many beautiful ruins of ancient abbeys. In the village are two ancient churches which have been restored, that of the Augustinians, called the Black Abbey, now used as the Protestant place of worship, and the White Abbey, which is now the Catholic Church. There are several other ecclesiastical ruins in the neighbor-

hood. The very Catholicity of the atmosphere may have had some share in his conversion and in that of his two elder brothers who have inherited the baronetcy in succession, Sir Vere de Vere and Sir Stephen de Vere. Their contemporaries and neighbors, Lord Dunraven and Lord Emly (William Monsell), also became Catholics, as indeed the ancestors of Lord Dunraven had been as late as 1725. Unfortunately the Catholic Lord Dunraven did not bring his family with him into the Church; the present Earl, the owner of the Valkyrie, not unknown in American waters, is a Protestant.

Curragh Chase itself is a splendid mansion standing amid woods and lawns stretching down to a beautiful little lake. Here the poet was born on the 10th of January, 1814, the third son and the fourth or fifth child of his father, who was then only twenty-six years of age, he and his wife (Mary Spring Rice, sister of the first Lord Monteagle) being aged respectively eighteen years and seventeen years at the time of their marriage. His father died in 1846, and his eldest brother, Sir Vere de Vere, in 1880, leaving no children. The present Baronet, Sir Stephen de Vere, who late in life published an excellent translation of the Odes of Horace, is unmarried like his poet-brother. Two younger brothers who remained Protestants entered, one the army, the other the navy; they are dead, but they have left children behind them to inherit Curragh Chase.

These details are too minute for our present purpose; but to understand Aubrey de Vere's work as a poet it is necessary to add the more important fact which we have already implied, that he became a Catholic in November, 1851. He gives his reasons for this momentous step, in the fifteenth chapter of his "Recollections," the most recent of his many publications. That very unegotistical autobiography tells us much more about his friends than about himself; and for what concerns him we have to turn rather to the "Lives and Letters" of various friends who have died before him. Thus the volumes devoted by themselves or others to reminiscences of Lord Coleridge, Sir Henry Taylor, Mrs. Augustus Craven, Lord Blachford, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Lord Tennyson, and many others, are full of Aubrey de Vere, his character, his conversation, and his letters. The first of these, the gifted daughter of the Ancient Mariner, describes him thus in 1850 to Professor Henry Reed of Philadelphia:—

> "I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known greater poets than he is" (she had known Wordsworth and her own father), "but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with. He is most amiable, uniting a feminine gentleness and compassionateness with the most perfect manliness, both negative and positive. He is all simplicity, yet graceful and so gracious; sportive and jestful, yet with a depth of seriousness in his nature ever present. It is rather the habit of his mind to idealise *ad libitum;* but this, if a defect, is the defect of a large and beautiful intellect. His mind is like his face, which seems to be all eye and forehead; not that it is disproportioned in size, but that the eyes and forehead alone fix the attention and seem to constitute the face."

We have not space for a still more enthusiastic testimony from Sir Henry Taylor, who says that if Aubrey de Vere's virtues were divided between two, the half would be enough to make a saint. In a private report addressed to Cardinal Cullen by the then Dr. Newman, in the earliest stage of the

Catholic University of Ireland, he says: "It will be a great thing for the success of the Institution, to get professors whose names are known to the Continent, to the world. At the moment I know scarcely more than one Irishman who answers to this condition, and that is Mr. Aubrey de Vere. His name is high in England as a poet."

This was as far back as 1852, before De Vere had published his first Catholic volume of poetry which he dedicated to Dr. Newman "with respect, affection, and gratitude." A fellow-student at Maynooth gave me these "Poems Miscellaneous and Sacred," when they appeared in 1855, and was thus the first to introduce me to Aubrey de Vere. But "The Poets I Have Known" are supposed to be known to me personally and not merely by their writings; and my acquaintance in this sense dates from a much later year when I was a member of the Jesuit community in Crescent House, Limerick. Perhaps my comparative proximity to Adare and Curragh Chase suggested to me to submit to Mr. de Vere's judgment the first poems of a young friend of mine, a girl still in her teens. His verdict was pronounced in the following letter, the first of many that I owe to his kindness:

Rev'd and dear Sir,

Pray excuse my apparent neglect in not having before now written to thank you for your very kind note and for the very beautiful poems which it enclosed. My excuse is that I have been from home and that I waited until I had leisure to give the poems a second and more careful perusal. They are well worthy of being read with that attention, in the absence of which the deeper thoughts and finer touches of poetry can never be appreciated. I regard them as very remarkable poems for so young a poetical aspirant. Both in thought and in imagination they are striking; and the young authoress has evidently a very unusual power of diction. Her language is always expressive and harmonious, and far superior in correctness and in brevity to the poetical language generally used by young writers.

It is a great pleasure to me to find that one of our Catholic Body and one who is also our fellow-countrywoman should thus bid fair to enrich our literature. It is naturally one of our weak points, and, in days like those we live in, it is doubtless through literature cultivated with pure motives, with a becoming sense of its own dignity, and above all with a devout spirit, that not a little is to be done of that great work which is needful both for our Country and for the Faith.

Miss Mulholland will, I trust, pursue her literary career energetically, as well as that artistic one to which she appears to be still more devoted, and for which she has shown such aptitudes. There seems no reason why both should not be prosecuted together, and perhaps with advantages reflected on each from the other. As regards the literary part of that career I am inclined to think that it would be generally desirable for one who writes both poetry and prose with facility, to draw the widest line of distinction between the two, counting the prose part of his career as the professional part, so to speak—the part from which pecuniary remuneration may be expected to come, —and cultivating Poetry almost exclusively for its own sake, or with reference to its elevating moral influences. With the exception of Tennyson's hardly any poetry brings in any pecuniary profit at present. Mrs. Hemans, I know, made a good deal by poems published in the best magazines; but probably we have been losers by the circumstance, as she was thus compelled to write with very great rapidity, and often when she was not in the vein. Had she written poetry only with a view of embodying her most valuable thoughts, and expressing her deepest feelings, and done this quite irrespectively of immediate, or indeed of an early popularity, her poetry, pure and harmonious as it is, would probably have had a more permanent and deeper value.

Miss Mulholland might perhaps be interested in hearing the advice which was given to a young poet by three of our greatest modern poets. Wordsworth once spoke as follows to a young man who asked him what hints as to the Art of Poetry were suggested by his great experience and long devotion to that Art.

He answered: "I can put my advice into two words. Study *Nature* deeply, and be true to her. Secondly, study the *great classic* poets of *various languages*, and *them only*, so that you may not be fascinated by the attractions of an inferior class." Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," on a similar occasion answered: "The great thing is to take care that poetry is *substantial* and *solid*, that is, that genuine thought and genuine human character shall be its basis. Next to this in importance is style. Perfect grammatical and logical accuracy is fully as necessary in poetry as in prose. The next merit of language is lucidity; and half of our aspirants write what will not live, merely because they are not aware of the absolute necessity of taking pains in these seemingly humble matters." Alfred Tennyson, on a similar occasion, answered that the great art consisted in condensation, and the absolute rejection of the superfluous. I have myself known him, in the correction of a poem of eight four-line stanzas, cut out three of them, which were quite as beautiful and perfectly expressed as the remainder, on the sole ground that, as the poem could do without them, (its main idea being sufficiently expressed), they must needs dilute the *force* of the poem and injure its *shape*. I do not know that more valuable hints could be offered to a young poet than are contained in these three expressions of opinion. They may perhaps be especially of use to one who has so singular a degree of facility in writing as your young friend. That is a great gift, but it has its temptations like other gifts, and involves the necessity of rejecting often the "good" and the "better," among the thoughts that come to one, in order to gather in the "best," and to turn them to best account.

I must not end without thanking you very much for your kind expressions relative to my own poetry. It is a great pleasure to find that it interests a few persons whose opinions are of value: for it has gained no general popularity. I can be no judge as to the degree in which it has deserved success; but it has been written with a good deal of care, produced by a deep respect for poetry as an Art, and also with a desire to promote an interest, among readers of poetry, in Catholicism and in Ireland.

If Miss Mulholland has not a copy of my last volume, I should be glad to present her with one. I enclose a note which, if sent to her address, will cause a copy to be forwarded from the publishers.

I send back Miss M.'s poems, as you may probably want them.

I agree with Mr. MacCarthy in thinking *Irene* the best.

Should you be writing soon to your uncle, my old friend Dr. Russell, pray give him my best remembrances.

Believe me, Rev'd and dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

AUBREY DE VERE.

Evidently Aubrey de Vere was himself the young poet to whom Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, and Tennyson gave the excellent advice which he here passes on to the youthful Irish maiden. In his "Recollections" (page 50) he refers, as he does here, to "the Irish poetess, Felicia Hemans, whose poetry, rich in felicitous diction and metrical harmony, and always sustained by high thoughts and sentiments natural and elevated, if not now remembered as it deserves to be, was honored by the praise of Wordsworth."

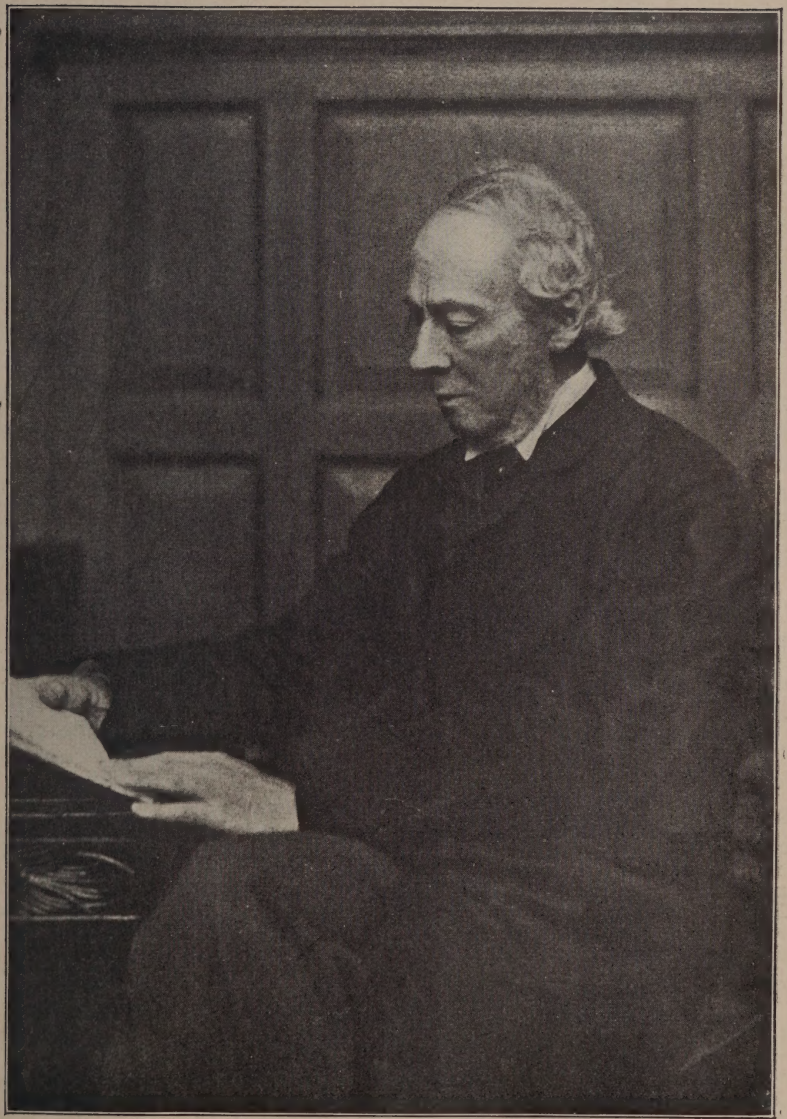
Though we have only given as yet two samples of our poet's correspondence, the reader will, we are sure, agree with the author of *Le Recit d'une Soeur* who wrote once to her biographer, Mrs. Bishop, sister of Judge O'Connor Morris: "Let me thank you for the enclosed letter which interested me greatly, as Mr. A. de Vere's letters always do. They do one the same good, morally and spiritually, as climbing a high mountain, and breathing the air at the top of it, does to one's health." You would never suspect that that was written in French.

Soon after this letter Mr. de Vere paid me a visit at Crescent House, hard by the pedestal from which Hogan's O'Connell looks down upon the stately but monotonous street, of which Limerick is so proud. I can recall after these many years one of my illustrious visitor's remarks, that

Moore in a famous "Melody" was only prevented by the "wicked necessity of rhyme" from saying "Let thy loveliness fade as it may," instead of "as it will." He visited the recently erected Church of the Sacred Heart, which like the King's daughter, had then all its beauty within, while its front differed nowise from other houses in the Crescent. "Oh, it will never do without a handsome façade." But the poet's prophecy has taken so long to be fulfilled that the façade, now at last completed, has not yet been able to stand for its portrait, though it wishes to appear in these pages.

It would be unpardonable to go further in our account of a poet without quoting a line of his poetry. His refined and perfect prose must be passed over altogether, from his "Picturesque Sketches in Greece and Turkey" which filled two delightful volumes in 1850 to his two volumes of "Essays, chiefly Literary," and his "Recollections" in 1897. The "Essays" were for the most part reprinted from *The Edinburgh Review*. Many of his prefaces are critical or historical discussions of considerable length, marked by profound thought and exquisitely clear and perfect diction. He has also published many pamphlets on questions of the day in which contemporary politics are elevated into literature.

Aubrey de Vere's poetical works have been issued in a uniform edition of six volumes, the latest being dated 1898; and at least two selections have been made from them—one in England by Mr. John Dennis, and one in the United States by Mr. G. E. Woodbery. Each of the six volumes contains a large number of sonnets and miscellaneous poems after the principal poems which give a title to their respective volumes—namely, "The Search after Proserpine," "The Legends of St. Patrick," "Alexander the Great," "May Carols," "Inisfail," and "Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire." Out of this vast mass of poetry, every portion of which has received the poet's utmost care and expresses according to the nature of its theme his best and deepest thought and feeling—what samples shall be chosen? No fragments will give an adequate idea of the whole, for each is a work of art with its parts duly subordinated to the general effect. The student of Aubrey de Vere's poems needs an educated taste, or at least a willingness to be educated. He is himself an illustration of a remark that he makes in an article which I am able to identify as his in *The Edinburgh Review* of April, 1881, on Judge O'Hagan's noble translation of "The Song of Roland." "Poetic diction has in recent times been refined into a singular exquisiteness and expressiveness; but its very charm is sometimes a seduction, and draws the reader's attention, and perhaps the poet's no less, unduly from the subject-matter to the language." One needs a special training to appreciate fully this elaborate poetic style, especially when applied to such lofty themes as have had the chief attraction for our poet. He may well be addressed as he addresses the Bard "who sang of Genevieve and that weird Pilgrim from the main." In his exceedingly beautiful lines, "On revisiting a Haunt of Coleridge's," he attributes to S. T. C. much that could justly be claimed for himself. He certainly has "kept Song's vigil on her vestal heights" and scorned the false and foul.



Yours very truly
Aubrey Beardsley

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE WHITE ABBEY, ADARE. (NOW THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.)

Thy song was pure, thy heart was high,
Thy genius through its strength was chaste.

He, far more than his friend, deserves his own apostrophe to Sir Henry Taylor's Muse in the "Ode written beside the Lago Varese."

A Muse that flatters nothing base
In man, nor aught infirm,
'Sows the slow olive for a race
Unborn.' The destined germ,
The germ alone of Fame she plants, nor cares
What time that secular tree its deathless fruitage bears;

Pleased rather with her function sage—
To interpret Nature's heart;
The words on Wisdom's sacred page
To wing through metric art
With life; and in a chariot of sweet sound
Down-trodden Truth to lift, and waft, the world around.

Hail, Muse, whose crown, soon won or late,
Is Virtue's, not thine own!
Hail, Verse, that tak'st thy strength and state
From Thought's auguster throne!

The austere nobility of this Irish-Catholic Muse and her loyalty to Faith and Fatherland have not recommended her to the multitude or to the dispensers of contemporary reputation. "Mr. de Vere is opposed in almost all things," says Mrs. Hinkson, "to that which charms our generation. It is a materialistic age, and here is a purely spiritual singer. We have learned to like our poetry brought home to ourselves in a somewhat concreted form. Mr. de Vere sings with an abstract voice, high, wide-sweeping, far apart. In art and in poetry, modern taste tends to an almost deification of color; his unsullied perfection of style is colorless in its crystal purity, save for a glint of hues like the play of lights upon a glass."

Father Sheehan also finds in De Vere, not "the glamour that hangs around our highly decorated, introspective modern verse," but "a re-

ADARE ABBEY. (IN LORD DUNRAVEN'S DEMESNE.)

pose and a harmony more in accordance with the canons of true poetry than all the artificialities by which younger poets strive to be original in these latter days."

But we have not yet come to our chosen specimens. We shall for the most part merely indicate our favorites, for they could not be given in a satisfactory manner here. The ordinary reader would probably be drawn more to the earlier poems which are simpler and more direct in language, and less ethereal, more human in subject—such as "To Burns' Highland Mary" and "Psyche, or an Old Poet's Love." If any one thinks that Aubrey de Vere could not, if he chose, compete with the most picturesque poet of the day in warmth of coloring and the lighter graces; if any one thinks that it is not by the effect of deliberate preference that his Muse haunts those "cloistered snows" of which he sings in one of his "May Carols," far above the sunny and sultry valley, where the birds sing of love and "the honey-bearing blossoms blow": let him read these delicious stanzas, written in 1847, when the "Old Poet" was in his thirty-third year. But they fill seventeen pages, and alas! he may not read them here.

The sympathetic student of Aubrey de Vere will probably feel his admiration most strongly excited by three Odes—"To the Daffodil," "The Ascent of the Apennines," and especially the stately and magnificent "Autumnal Ode," and in his blank verse the "Striving of St. Patrick on Mount Cruachan." Yet we doubt if the flowers he has laid on the altar of the Madonna are not still more exquisite. His "May Carols" are not to be taken singly—he expressly bids us consider

the poem as a whole. Yet here are a few stanzas—the least theological in this superb combination of poetry and theology.

Brow-bound with myrtle and with gold,
Spring, sacred now from blasts and blights,
Lifts high in firm, untrembling hold
Her chalice of fulfilled delights.

Confirmed around her queenly lip
The smile late wavering, on she moves;
And seems through deepening tides to step
Of steadier joys and larger loves.

The stony Ash itself relents,
Into the blue embrace of May
Sinking, like old impenitents
Heart-touched at last; and, far away,

The long wave yearns along the coast
With sob suppressed like that which thrills,
Whilst o'er the altar mounts the Host,
Some chapel on the Irish hills.

In the first two papers of this series there were many indications of the intimate friendship that united Judge O'Hagan and Denis Florence MacCarthy. These were both dear friends also of Mr. de Vere, especially Judge O'Hagan. When the poet visited the judge at his delightful seaside home, Glenaveena, on the Hill of Howth, near Dublin, it was a rich intellectual treat to hear those two gifted men discuss simply and unaffectedly yet profoundly all sorts of questions of literature, philosophy or religion. I have often regretted that I did not try to Boswellise some of these conversations.

Space must be found for two little memorials of Aubrey de Vere's friendship for Denis Florence MacCarthy.

London, Athenaeum Club,
Pall Mall, July 22nd, 1861.

My dear MacCarthy,

I have directed a copy of a new volume of poetry to be sent to you at the Catholic University House. If not sent there, you will find it at McGlashan and Gill's.

THE CLOISTERS. FRANCISCAN ABBEY IN LORD DUNRAVEN'S DEMESNE, ADARE CO., LIMERICK.

The chief poem in it, "Inisfail," is, I think, quite a new experiment in poetry. It is an attempt to represent the essential and characteristic history of a nation, contemplated as a whole but exhibited in ballads, songs, etc., such as for the most part might have been contemporary with the events thus recorded.

Besides the poetic design this poem has another twofold purpose—that of imparting a more religious character to our Irish patriotism which will do nothing till it discovers that Catholicity is Ireland's true cause, and secondly, that of stirring up a little remorseful patriotism in those who have none as yet, in a great degree because they are so ignorant of Irish History that they do not know they have a country. They look on the people and the Church of Ireland (the only realities in the land) as their enemies, and stupidly cut themselves off from what might be the root of all their greatness and dignity.

SARA COLERIDGE.

CURRAGH CHASE, HOME OF AUBREY DE VERE.

When you have had time to read this poem, I shall be glad to know how it strikes you. Any hints you can give me may be very useful with reference to some future edition. If you know the editor of *The Dublin University Magazine*, you would oblige me by mentioning the book as one he ought to get reviewed. Its religious spirit he probably would not like, but its theme ought to get it reviewed in such a periodical.

Yours ever sincerely,
AUBREY DE VERE.

As this letter is the *hommage de l'Auteur* accompanying the gift of "Inisfail," we may give a specimen here of that volume. Not "The Bard Ethell," one of the most spirited things in the language; but, as the least Marian poem was our sample of "May Carols," our sample of "Inisfail" shall be the least Celtic.

O that the pines which crown yon steep
Their fires might ne'er surrender!
O that yon fervid knoll might keep,
While lasts the world, its splendour!

THE DEMESNE OF CURRAGH CHASE.

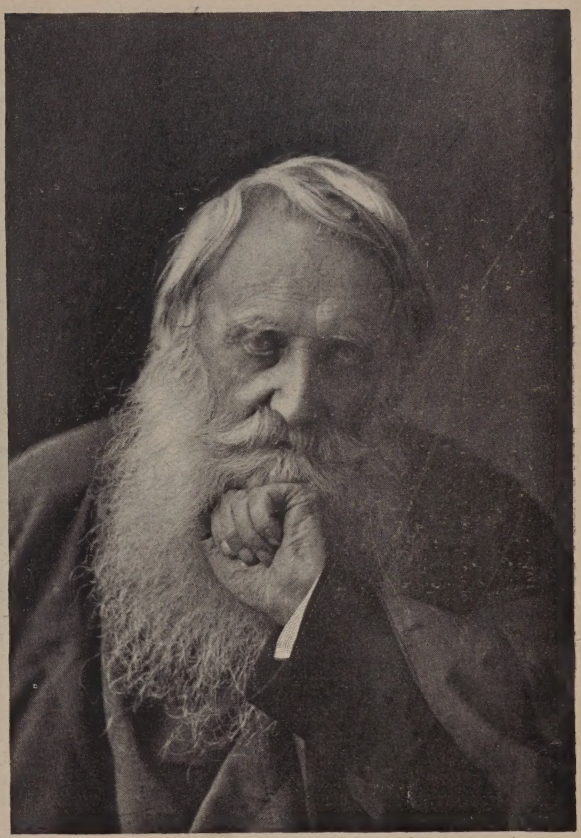
Pale poplars on the breeze that lean,
And in the sunset shiver,
O that your golden stems might screen
For aye yon glassy river!

That yon white bird on homeward wing
Soft-sliding without motion,
And now in blue air vanishing
Like snow-flake lost in ocean,

Beyond our sight might never flee,
Yet forward still be flying;
And all the dying day might be
Immortal in its dying!

Pellucid thus in saintly trance,
Thus mute in expectation,
What waits the earth? Deliverance?
Ah no! Transfiguration!

She dreams of that "New Earth" divine,
Conceived of seed immortal;
She sings, "Not mine the holier shrine
Yet mine the steps and portal!"



SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

When MacCarthy died on Good Friday, April 7, 1882, his friends decided that some monument should be erected to his memory. Mr. de Vere associated himself with them in the following letter:

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE.

Dear Father Russell

I need hardly say that I shall be but too glad that my name should be added to those connected with the D. F. MacCarthy Memorial Fund. May I ask you to pay the enclosed trifle to the person who receives subscriptions? It is indeed well that Ireland should do honour to one who has done honour to her, not only by his genius but also by the fact that he always employed that genius in the interests of virtue and religion as well as of Ireland.

I hope you will very soon receive a volume of mine consisting of three poems illustrative of Ireland's "Heroic Age." To one of these I had just prefixed a dedication addressed to my old friend D. F. MacCarthy when the sad news of his death reached me. The dedication is now changed and addressed to his memory.

Wherever his poetry is read, whether his original poetry, so much of which relates to Ireland, or his translations from the great Catholic poet of Spain, it will diffuse a healthy influence raising the hearts of men *ad altiora*.

Believe me, yours very sincerely

AUBREY DE VERE.

These letters have been transcribed in proof of the esteem that Aubrey de Vere felt for Denis Florence MacCarthy. Of his deep regard for John O'Hagan the following letter of consolation after the judge's death is a beautiful and edifying testimony:

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, CRESCENT, LIMERICK.

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE,
December 1st, 1890.

My dear Mrs. O'Hagan,

Ever since the greatest of sorrows that even bereavement can inflict on us had fallen upon you, I have wished to write at least a few lines to you; but I feared to break in upon you in the loneliness of your grief. If I write now, it is not in the least expectation of your writing a word in reply: I should be sorry to impose the smallest exertion on you; and both your cousin, George Teeling, and Father Russell were most kindly prompt in answering my enquiries respecting your health.

Though you must know it beforehand, I cannot help telling you how deep a sorrow the death of him whom you have lost has been to me, as well as to my brother, and my nephew, Robert O'Brien. He was a *very* old friend of mine; and he was one with whom I was in stronger sympathy than with many still older friends, respecting some subjects most dear both to him and to me. On the great subject of all, Religion, we both thought and felt alike to a degree not common even among Catholics; for Ireland we had the same deep-rooted attachment; and there was a singular sympathy between us as regards Poetry and Literature, both of which he seemed to look at from their spiritual point of view, and to value for their spiritual influences in a degree very rare. I now rejoice more than ever that his name will always be associated with that great poem which so long was the delight of the ages of Faith. That "Song of Roland" opened the great minstrelsy of Christian Europe, and his noble translation of it will always give him a high and a special place in the great roll of the modern poets.

It is a marvel how his other avocations left him time for such an achievement; but his qualifications for the task did not come only from his high abilities and rich intellectual cutlure, but from what was higher still, namely—those moral and spiritual instincts which put him so much more in sympathy with the simple and devout ages gone by than with our own time with all its arrogant boasts and materialistic instincts. The spiritual welfare of his country would always have interested him more than any amount of prosperity or secular renown that can ever fall to a nation's share. In proportion as she becomes more inwardly attached to that Faith for which her sons bled in old times, in the same proportion will his constant aspirations reach their fulfillment. To her, as well as to all those who loved him on earth, and who will never forget him now that he is in a nobler and happier abode, his

prayers will be a great and permanent aid. The mere recollection of him will be eminently helpful; for it will be the recollection of all that is high and pure in the Christian character. The same beautiful qualities which make our loss the greater when our friends are taken from us give us also the greatest consolations for that loss. We know that those qualities must be winning every day a fulness of lustre not permitted to anything that dwells still on earth, and yet a lustre which will not dim but intensify our mutual *recognition* when we meet in heaven. We shall then first see those whom we loved, not only in their outward semblance, but such as they were inwardly—such perhaps as their angels ever saw them.

Pray forgive me for having written so much. May God grant you speedily and in abundant measure those consolations which He alone can grant.

Believe me ever most truly yours,

AUBREY DE VERE.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

As these notes and comments appear in an American Magazine, it is fitting to quote a sentence from a letter of Longfellow's to D. F. MacCarthy which I put into print elsewhere, and in which the author of *Evangeline* refers thus to the author

THE CRESCENT, LIMERICK. CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, LEFT OF THE O'CONNELL STATUE.

KILDARE MANOR, RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, ADARE CO., LIMERICK.

of the *Legends of St. Patrick*:—"I am glad to see that you dedicate one piece in the new volume to Aubrey de Vere: a sweet and noble character, and a true poet, who well merits this recognition from your hand." In the same place I quoted the dedication which Father Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, prefixed to his volume of "Poems": "To Aubrey de Vere as a slight expression of reverence for one whose life has been a happy blending of fidelities to his church, his country, and his muse, in an age which presents but few examples of any such conjunction."

It is necessary, however, to bring this paper to a close, "to sheathe our sword," though certainly not "for lack of argument"—not that we have gone near exhausting our stock of matter original and selected. Indeed we have found room for scarcely any selections. We have not even named our favorite, "The Sisters," or any of the finest among two or three hundred sonnets. If any of our readers have been ignorant hitherto of the claims of Aubrey de Vere on the gratitude and veneration of all lovers of literature, especially those of Irish race and Catholic faith—gratitude and veneration for the high gifts he has received from God and for the noble use to which he has devoted them perseveringly and disinterestedly through a long life: we trust that enough has been said to induce such readers to study the writings of a poet of the purest inspiration, a fervent Catholic and a true-hearted son of Erin, who is bound to honor him while living and to cherish his memory for ever.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Prominent among the best known clergymen of the South is Very Reverend Father Felix, of the Order of St. Benedict, and Vicar General of the Vicariate of North Carolina, whose portrait is presented herewith.

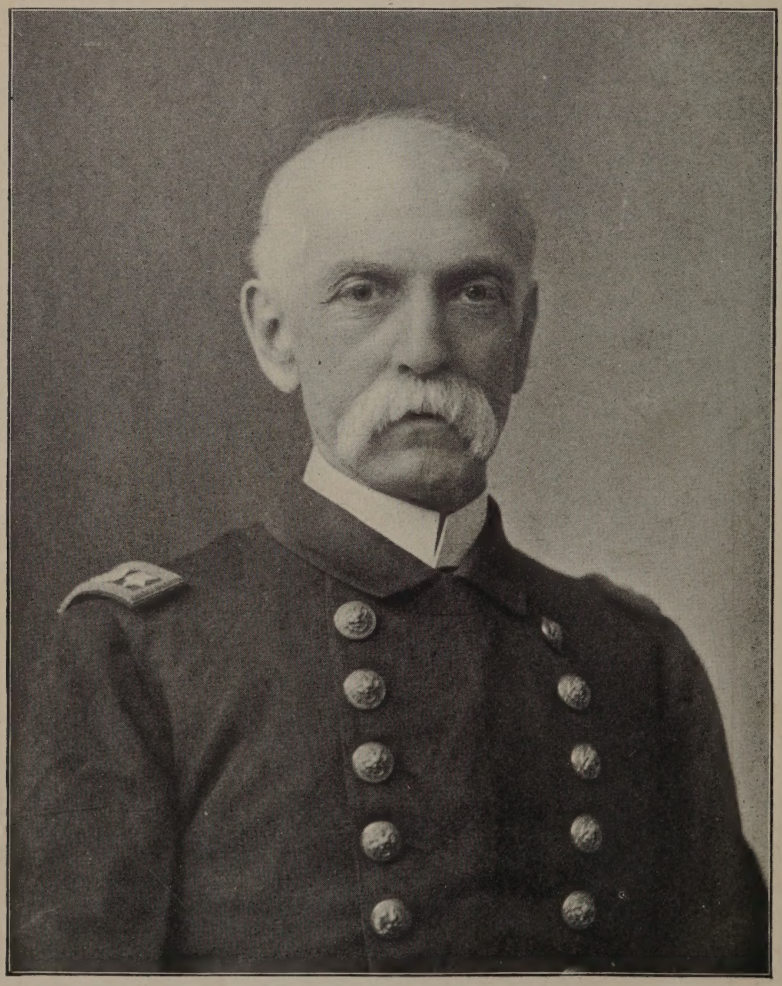
Years ago, when the "Old North State" was a piny wilderness, and the Abbey of Maryhelp, of which Father Felix has long been prior, was a rude structure, dignified by its name only, he came to North Carolina, from St. Vincent's, West Moreland County, Pennsylvania, a newly ordained priest, and since that time has been closely identified with the progress of the Church and the growth of Catholicity in the State.

In Father Felix all the characteristics of a true religious are mani-

VERY REV. FATHER FELIX, O. S. B.

fest; an example, in the perfect observance of the Holy Rule, to the members of his Order; living in simplicity and retirement, notwithstanding his exalted office, his striking personality is nevertheless felt throughout the diocese. Father Felix is a profound scholar, a theologian of unquestionable ability, an authority on rubrics, and professor of the classical course in St. Mary's College, withal possessing those traits which endear him to those with whom he is brought in contact.

Father Felix was brought prominently into public notice in 1897, in connection with the bishopric of Wilmington, Delaware, of which See he was mentioned as a candidate.



REAR ADMIRAL F. M. RAMSAY, U. S. NAVY.

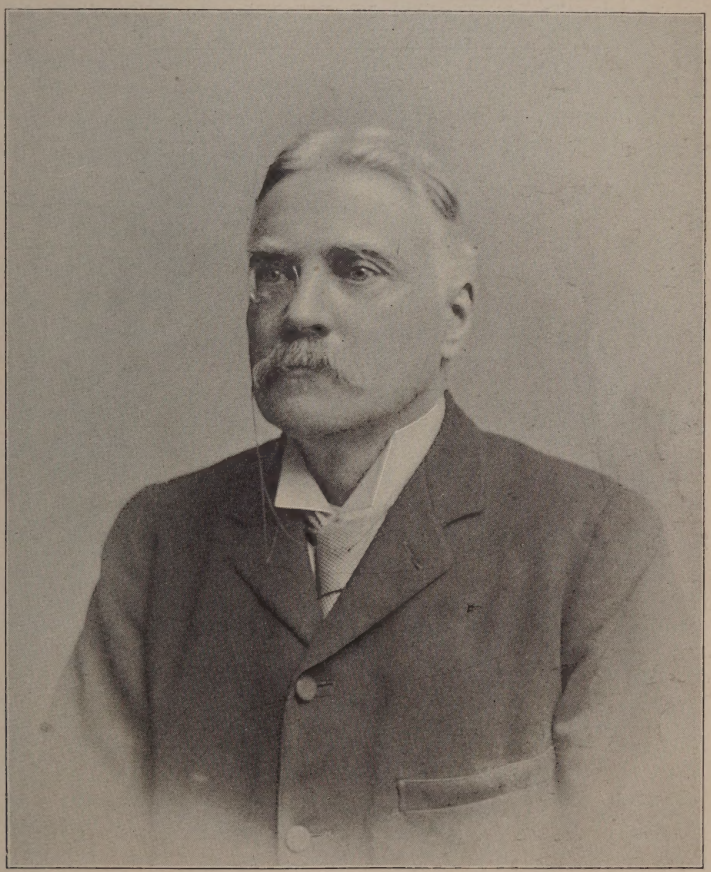
Rear Admiral Francis Monroe Ramsay was selected as the third

member of the Schley court of inquiry, to succeed Admiral Howison, and to act with Admiral Dewey.

Admiral Ramsay is one of the best known and most highly esteemed officers in the naval service. He is a native of the District of Columbia, although he was appointed to the naval academy from Pennsylvania. He was promoted to be a rear admiral in April, 1894. Since his retirement he has lived in Washington.

During the war with Spain his services were utilized by the navy department in many important capacities. He is a man of fine intellectual attainments, with a character proverbial for integrity, and the news of his appointment was received with general favor.

Admiral Ramsay is a devout Catholic.



EDMUND LEAMY, M. P.

A new orator has arisen in the English House of Commons, and very naturally his gift is of Irish origin. The Celt is eloquence itself. According to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Commons was considering the New Factories Bill, which contains a clause

dealing with laundries in Good Shepherd convents, and much discussion was rife.

"Suddenly there came from a corner a little speech which, preserving all the reticencies, yet brought into the discussion such a large and frank and moving breath of human feeling, gave such a vivid glimpse into the tragic depths of suffering, into the pathos and the horror of the fallen woman's life and soul, and into the wondrous Christian glories of the Sisters who watch over the Magdalen Asylums, as these refuges are called, that everybody suddenly grew silent and for fully a quarter of an hour the Scotchman and Englishman and the Irishman were all spellbound, and did not venture on a whisper, much less an interruption, as the volcanic tide of emotion, picturesque description and pathetic suggestion was rolling forth.

THOMAS O'DONNELL, M. P.

Mr. Balfour was among the most profoundly moved, and, indeed, he afterward said that he had been touched very deeply."

The speaker whose eloquence is thus described is Edmund Leamy, and it is to his credit that his first recognition

should come as a result of his defence of a Catholic Sisterhood.

Thomas O'Donnell, M. P., of Kerry, the famous young Irish-speaking member of the visiting Irish delegation, is being very heartily received in this country.

Mr. O'Donnell first spoke Irish, and he was educated in the Gaelic tongue; as a National school-teacher he did all he could to spread the National language; and he early joined the Gaelic League, and rendered valuable service in its behalf. When he was nominated for Parliament he made his canvass almost entirely in Gaelic; and the world is acquainted with the circumstance of his address in the House of Commons in that tongue. His hope for the Gaelic, and for Irish Ireland, however, is in what is done at home; and he has spent all his spare time working in this field. He took steps to see that, for the first time, the census should show a correct return of the number of Irish-speaking people in Kerry; he took a leading part in the organization of "Summer Schools" for the spread of the Gaelic; and recently, he delivered a stirring and eloquent address in Irish, at an immense Gaelic meeting in Cork. In short, he is a type of the militant, aggressive and progressive young Irish-speaking Ireland. It is for this the American Gaels wish to do him honor.

The marriage of two authors is usually made the subject of much speculation and not unnaturally so, for is it not a subject of concern to their reading public, who are anxious to know how the new alliance will affect the style and literary output of both partners. An Irish literary union which has recently taken place will interest the readers of DONAHOE'S who had become acquainted with Ethna Carbery through her contributions to these pages. Ethna Carbery was, and we suppose still will be, the pen-name of Miss Anna Johnston of Belfast. She has married Mr. Seumas MacManus, who will be known to an even wider public in the states as contributor to leading papers and magazines and author of some humorous volumes, and two charming collections of folk-tales. Their marriage took place very quietly at the Star of the Sea Church, some miles out of Belfast, on the border of the Lough and under

MR. AND MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS. (ETHNA CARBERY.)

the shadow of the bride's native Antrim hills. The omniscient American interviewer has secured and published most of the facts about the bridegroom's career, and it remains for us to tell something about our own contributor, Ethna Carbery. She was born, as we have indicated, in County Antrim, and educated at a convent school in Belfast, in which city her parents went to reside. Her success in literature proves in a convincing manner that the highest degree of culture can be attained at an Irish-Catholic school and without recourse to the finishing schools on the continent or in English cities, in which the National spirit of Irish girls is often tampered with as the cost of acquiring a superficial finish. Ethna Carbery was never sent to a finishing school, nor withdrawn from the home influence. At the intermediate school conducted at the Mercy Convent, Belfast, she acquired a thoroughly practical education, and had the advantage of studying higher branches under tutors from the neighboring Saint Malachi's College. She competed in the public intermediate examinations with credit to herself and school, and while she was still in the junior classes had written verse which was published in the Dublin Nationalist weeklies. It was an early beginning, and since that time she has progressed and improved till her latest lyrics are said, by competent critics, to set her side by side with the most notable amongst Irish writers of lyrics. In our pages she has appeared as a writer of short stories, but even in them the poet's touch has been evident and her verses in "Harper's Magazine," "The Atlantic," "The Criterion" and "Bookman" have shown to American readers, the Celtic muse in its most mystical mood. A collected volume of

MOUNT CHARLES GAELIC LEAGUE.

her verse is at present at press in Ireland, having been published at the request of the Gaelic League of Buenos Ayres, and at their expense, as a recognition of her services to the Gaelic movement.

Authors are often so busy and so much wrapped up in their own fancies that they cannot afford to give time to assist in any public movement, but Ethna Carbery has always been the most unselfish of *literateurs* and a most devoted Gaelic League worker. Her election as a member of the Central Executive in Dublin, at the Oireachteas Congress of 1900, was a recognition of her importance as one of the leading spirits of the movement in Ulster. In Donegal, where she has gone to live, she will find renewed inspiration for her poetry and imaginative tales and a wide field for her work in connection with the Gaelic revival. In Seumas MacManus she will have a staunch helper. In his school-teaching days he was Secretary of the first Branch of the League founded in Donegal and as a busy literary man when a resident in Mount Charles, he found time to run a successful League branch, while at the last Dublin Oireachteas the Folk-Tale competition suggested by him, and for which he presented the prizes, was pronounced by Dr. Hyde to be the most interesting of the competitions.

Mr. and Mrs. Seumas MacManus have made their home in a picturesque place on Donegal Harbor, in view of the Abbey of the Four Masters. From this retired and historic spot we may look for literary work of a high order from the pens of both authors.

Our illustrations include a picture group of Mount Charles Gaelic League, and a portrait of Seumas MacManus and Ethna Carbery, taken on the Mount at the head of the Village, the bridegroom's native place.

THE WHITE CHOIR.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O white-plumed choir about the great white Throne,
In starlight glory ever pure and fair,
Is there no memory of our lower air,
Our fair green earth, by heavenly breezes blown
Across your lyres? no longing that makes moan
For love and loved ones?—Is the silver blare
Of great angelic trumpets everywhere?
Or, in God's presence do ye claim your own?

Again, O Lord, we pierce the silent blue,
From our earth-exile crying to the skies!
In answering pity, send us down a clue
To guide our climbing up to Paradise,—
That we, with all Thy Saints, forever blest,
May reach its silvery altitudes of rest.

THE MONKS OF TRABOLGAN.

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

(Author of "My New Curate," "Luke Delmege," etc., etc.)

I.

"Brother Felix," said the old Abbot, stopping and looking out over the silent waters, that were now gray as smouldering ashes, for the sun had gone down with wonderful pomp into the West, "the evening of your profession was just such an evening as this. How many years ago did you say?"

"Eleven years, Father," said the monk, as if he would shift the conversation.

"Eleven years," repeated the old man slowly. "How swiftly they pass! It seems only yesterday that I held your trembling hands in mine; and I remember how I watched the sun through the chancel window playing in your hair, and I wove mock hexameters out of your name, whilst Brother Alexis was preaching. He was prosy, and rather long-winded, Brother, was he not?"

"Very," said the young monk, as he remembered the ordeal.

"What were these queer rhymes that ran in my head? You looked so supremely happy, you know, that the caution and foresight of age must needs forecast clouds and darkness. What were they?"

Infelix est cui, nomen est nimium felix. That was bad. Was it not?" And:—

Felix nuncupatus forsitan foret infelix. That was worse. How Brother Aurelian would put his fingers in his ears if he heard me!"

They walked along again slowly, the aged monk looking anxious enough under this tone of levity; and the younger looking perplexed and annoyed. At last the silence became unbearable.

"Father," said the young monk, "you wish to say something to me. Say it. You know I have never resented anything your kindly heart has judged right to say to me. But you know, too, I cannot bear suspense or uncertainty. I am too volatile, and unstable. What is it?"

"My son," said the old man, pausing, and looking with infinite tenderness at the anxious face of his companion, "what shall I call you, Felix or Infelix?"

"*Infelix,* Father," said the monk, without a moment's hesitation.

"Ah, then, I was right. The clouds have come down. And now, my son, let me tell you why. Sit here. Vespers are over. We shall be in time for night prayers."

They sat down on the purple rocks, for the dew had moistened the slender turf on the summit of the cliff. The sea was now dark, and heaving restlessly, though the twilight of a summer evening still lingered. There was a faint odor of heather on the air; for the wild herbs of the meadows and the high levels were faintly contending with the strong, subtle scents of the sea. The waves broke rather strongly at their feet, and splashed loudly against the black boulders, and rolled

the pebbles about unceremoniously. One heard only the soft crunching of the sheep in the fields.

A ewe lamb came over and placed her head on the Abbot's lap. He rubbed her forehead gently.

"How shall I begin?" said the old Abbot, folding his hands under his scapular. "Shall I say I have a presentiment? Yes. It is better. I have a presentiment, Brother Felix, that somewhere in the near future our dear home shall be broken up, and we shall be scattered, like the sheep, when the shepherd is stricken."

"God forbid!" cried the monk, starting up in terror, "that is too terrible."

The Abbot went on, unheeding, in the same, calm tones, as if his prophecy affected some strangers, and not themselves.

"The Abbey shall be no more. We shall be scattered. The wolves will come down, *and you shall be the cause!*"

"Me! Reverend Father? What have I done to deserve such a horrible fate? Do you not know that my affection for the dear old Abbey is hardly second to my affection for yourself?"

"Yes, I know it. Nevertheless, such is Fate, Destiny; or rather, such is the unfolding of Divine designs."

"But this is a serious charge, dear Father," said the young monk, anxiously. "There must have been something to excite so terrible a suspicion. I am conscious of having done nothing against the welfare of our home and brethren."

"No. Our worst and most dangerous acts are those which we least measure. What happened whilst I was away in Rome?"

"I published that pamphlet," said Brother Felix, unhesitatingly, yet as if he understood the grave import of his words.

"I am aware of that," said the Abbot. "It was shown to me at Rome."

"What?" said the monk in surprise. "Do you mean, Father, that that wretched little rag went to Rome!"

"Yes, I have brought it back, and with it?"

The young monk was now pale with excitement.

"Your condemnation!" said the Abbot, slowly.

The monk, Felix, felt the whole force of the blow. Rome strikes like a Nasmyth hammer, silently, smoothly, but the dread weight of nineteen centuries, and of the immensities is behind it.

"There was nothing wrong in the book," he said, sullenly, as men say when suddenly accused.

"Nothing wrong in doctrine. Quite true. Nothing immature, and most inopportune. Alas, no!"

"I wrote in the interests of the Church," said the monk earnestly. "I cannot stand any longer these encroachments on our rights and privileges. We are not Frenchmen to lie down tamely in face of oppression. I am not an opportunist. God forbid. I stand up for what is right and just, and God is with me. The people have adopted every one of my ideas. They have answered nobly to my appeal. Yet, ——."

"Yet?" said the Abbot.

"If Rome speaks I am silent. I am not going to weigh the feather of my judgment against her vast experience."

"I was asked," said the Abbot, slowly, "by a few sarcastic people, not by the Church authorities, who meas-

ure their language, whether we had established a new Port Royal ——."

"Shame!" said the monk, Felix.

"I was asked who was our Mere Angélique?"

"Disgraceful!" said the monk.

"I was asked about our new Lamennais, who would hurl his *brutum fulmen* against the Church of nineteen centuries, and who would die an unrepentant apostate. And I thought of that lonely brother wandering through the chateau, and making the empty chambers echo with that doleful cry, *O mon frere! mon frere!* And I said to myself, shall it ever be that my little brother, the happy one, whose hands trembled in mine when he spoke his vows, shall have come to this?"

"God forbid!" said Brother Felix, weeping bitterly.

"Let us return," said the Abbot, after a pause. They walked slowly homewards, as the evening bell tolled out over the sands and the sea.

"Console yourself, my child," he said, touched by the brother's anguish. "That danger is past. We will call in all the pamphlets that we can reach; and the stirring of the people will die away after a time. Our danger lies not with mother Rome, who is so patient and forbearing. Our danger lies in another quarter. You know what I mean. It was the gist of your book. Be cautious. Our little hermitage is very dear to us all."

"Dearest of all to me," said the weeping monk. "Father, bless me, and pray for me."

"Say the 'Miserere' once, after night-prayer. God and his Mother keep thee."

There was a great silence in the choir when the monks departed. But it was broken now and again by terrible sobs that broke from the lips of a prostrate figure before the High Altar. The figure was there when the monks came down at midnight for Matins. But no one disturbed it or asked the cause.

II.

The scene where we have placed the foregoing incident was the high cliff that slopes up gradually from the sheltered nook, just outside Cork Harbor, where a tiny bay of yellow sand is the only barrier between the sea and the mansion of Trabolgan, transformed at the date of our story into an abbey, occupied by a community of religious students, known far and wide as the White Monks of Trabolgan. The time is the dawn of the twentieth century, or, rather, its morning. In its dawn a wave of religious enthusiasm had swept from end to end of Ireland, just as some grave political changes were revolutionizing the social condition of the people. Whence that wave originated it would be impossible to say, for the Spirit breatheth where He wills; but it was supposed to have reached Ireland from France, where a sudden cataclysm had emancipated the Church from all the terrible restrictions of the Fourth Republic. This had been followed by a great religious revival, which, in turn, took the shape of a reconstruction of the ancient religious houses, and the establishment of some new Orders adapted to the social and political complexities of the age. A sudden ambition seized on the Irish people, who were just tasting the sweetness of political emancipation, to revive the ancient glories of their race; and to plant on hill and valley modern representations of the ancient con-

vents, whose ruins still testify to their glory. It was thought, too, that above all things the exigencies of the Church demanded the ancient alliance between sanctity and learning; and whilst the already-established Orders devoted themselves to the work of preaching and giving public missions, or the still higher work of the great contemplative Communities, for which Irishmen have always had an affinity, there was a demand for a new Order of monk-students, something on the plan of the French Benedictines; and their first, and mother house, was established at Trabolgan. This beautiful mansion belonged to an ancient and honorable family—the Roches, whose latest representative was Lord Fermoy. As far back as the time of King Edward II they were an honorable and leading Catholic family, for we find that in the year 1314 the magnificent monastery of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine (or, as some say, of the Order of St. Victor), at Bridgetown, just at the confluence of the Blackwater and Spenser's Mulla, was founded by Alexander FitzHugh Roche, whose successors also built most of the castles that dominated the Blackwater, and commanded the passes to the Nagle Mountains. In time, however, the family was attainted and outlawed for participation in the Irish rebellion of 1641; and then, forgetting their glorious name, *de Rupe, de la Roche,* they sank into the condition of mere Englishry, and went over to the religion of the conquerors. But they remained a chivalrous and liberal family, trusted by the people, and tolerant and kindly towards the race that had once looked up to them as their trusted chieftains.

And so, when a home was required for the White Student-Monks, the Lord of Trabolgan at the time cheerfully leased the old mansion to them. They had in turn, by the traditional monastic diligence and dexterity, transformed the woods and glens around, and built long rows of stately corridors, and a *bijou* Gothic library, and a little gem of Gothic design—the chapel—where the monks performed the greatest part of their daily work—singing the praises of the Most High. For study and worship were their daily occupations. Study of all things related to human science, disdaining none, but utilizing all for the glory of their Maker. Hence there were gathered into this silent hermitage theologians, philosophers, artists, poets, mechanicians; and the world, through its literature, poured into this quiet monastery all its most daring and rebellious, as well as its most gentle and salutary, inspirations; and in the mighty crucible of religious thought and feeling all were worked up into a concrete mass of spiritual idealism, which enhanced the artistic aspirations of the place and supplied all the necessary enthusiasm, which showed itself in outward expressions, that drew upon the convent and its inmates the reverence and the jealousy of the world outside.

The monks, many of whom had been educated abroad, were able, by their constant correspondence with the Continental monasteries, to furnish their library with the most rare and costly volumes, many of which were dated from mediæval times. And they were able to purchase from suppressed houses in France and Italy examples of the most perfect workmanship in gold and silver chalices and monstrances, which, however, they en-

gaged to restore should happier days dawn upon their Continental brethren. The monastery, therefore, was quite a repository of treasure-trove, which was jealously guarded by the monks. Few visitors were allowed to cross the sacred threshold of the library and sacristy. Occasionally a missionary priest would go into Retreat at the monastery; the few peasants of the neighborhood were allowed the privilege of hearing Mass in the chapel; but no one had ever heard the chaunting of the monks in the choir, or seen their deft fingers turning out the splendidly bound books, which were rapidly becoming as famous as Plantins or Elzevirs. The rumbling of the organ was followed by the deeper rumbling of the printing-press; and the strange noise of the machinery was the subject of much superstitious conjecture in the peasants' cabins around. Yet, though no one ever was privileged to hear the monks in choir, the fame of their beautiful chaunting had gone far and wide. Many piteous appeals were made to the Abbot by devout or curious *dilettanti* to allow them, even once, to hear the beautiful and quite novel rendering of the famous Church music. The Abbot smiled and gravely shook his head. He kept for his brethren the double secret that was so often put into an academic form of disputation in the chapter-room,

(1) Whether the religious life could really subsist in modern environments without the perpetual presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament?

(2) Whether, if the Psaltery were destroyed, it would be possible to find any suitable form for the expression of sacred worship?

Then, as may be expected, strange rumors were circulated about the Brotherhood. Their hiddenness and secrecy excited curiosity and envy. The books that were issued from their press became objects of jealous scrutiny. But no fault could be found there, unless their enemies desired to anathematise Clement of Alexandria, or Ephrem the Syrian, or St. Hilary, or St. Augustine; for the Brothers had limited all their labor to reprints of the ancient Fathers. Nothing original was ever allowed to pass the gate until it had been subjected to the most careful scrutiny. Brother Felix had again and again been warned not to attempt to issue a certain pamphlet that had become as dear to him as the apple of his eye. He dared to disobey that order: and hence we left him prostrate in the sanctuary the night of the Abbot's admonition. The Brothers wore a white habit, with the usual scapularies and cinctures; but the capuce, or hood, was lined with blue or red silk, according to the academic degree of the Brother; for it was an inexorable rule that only graduates in some home or foreign University could be accepted as postulants in the Order.

And thus they passed their quiet, uneventful life, suffused with perfect peace, laboring to reconcile the feeble hypotheses of modern science with the fixed and stable principles of faith. This was their work. Their pleasure was to exult in the very beautiful and charming scenery which God had put into this little cameo on the earth's surface, and to rejoice in the glorious melodies that pealed from their noble

organ, and which their every effort was to rival and surpass. Ah! these oak-stalls with their heavy brass hinges, and the lecterns for their breviaries: that floor, parquetted in oak, and polished into the smoothness of a mirror; those stained windows, grouped around the great apse window, with its exquisite conception of the great prophetess of the *Magnificat;* the shifting colors as the sun threw down its tender mosaics of purple, and saffron, and amethyst, and beryl, making the floor like that of Heaven in the Apocalypse; the odors of flowers and incense; the magnificent symbolism of the Church in her ceremonies; and the divine and enthralling sweetness that breathed from that noble organ, as its faint, far-away notes deepened into the solemn bourdon; and descending from the clouds to earth raised the souls of the worshippers from earth to Heaven—all this ethereal dream of the noble and perfect and tranquil life—how it all came back to the memories of the monks, when it was all scattered like the rude awakening from a celestial vision to the hard and barren realities of life! And then Nature, with all its Irish marvels of cloud and sky and sea! No wonder that many wearied and tired Americans—as they glided past this little nook of Paradise, and saw the shining, level beach, and the noble trees, and sometimes two or three white-robed monks perched like sea-birds on the cliffs, and witnessed the tranquillity that lay like a golden cloud over all—thought that, perhaps, after all, it were better to live under such peaceful conditions than under the hot, burning skies, and the feverish passionate, throbbing excitement in the Golgothas of our modern cities.

And yet the meek Abbot had a presentiment that all this beauty of nature and love would be broken up and scattered, as by a whirlwind; and that a penitent monk, who loved this retreat more passionately than his brethren, and who was forever deploring his impetuosity and restlessness, would be the innocent and unconscious cause of the disposal of his brotherhood.

III.

We have said that the peaceful community of Trabolgan was an object of jealousy. It was inevitable. Their very exclusiveness made them suspected and disliked. It is quite possible that if they had flung open their gardens and grounds, and made their library and chapel common property, human envy would still rage around what was superhuman. But, the very singularity of the monks' position—their treasures, their vast learning, and the air of academic peace and power that reigned over their persons and pursuits, excited a great deal of criticism and a great deal of dislike in petty minds. Strange rumors had gone to Rome and been discredited there; and wise—overwise people, whose wisdom generally consists in their uncharitable estimates of what is quite beyond their comprehension, began to shrug their shoulders when the White Monks of Trabolgan were mentioned. A vague suspicion of heterodoxy always attaches to learning—there is such a danger for the learned to slip the leash, and go out into wild unknown regions of speculation. But the danger came not from the Church, which looks at everything with such slow, calm eyes; nor from the people, whose faith is so unerring; but, as in France, from the profes-

sional politicians, the empirics in the science of governing, especially from the advanced thinkers to whom progress always spells perfection.

This class, fed on journalism, and magazine literature, knowing the names, but not able to measure the ideas of great thinkers, with scrappy notions of political science, and ragged principles of economical government, have been the bane of the Church in the last few centuries. They sprung from the "encyclopedia"; they will end—God knows where. Just now, they had a majority in a provisional government, under the beck of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain; and they were bitten with the idea of Gambetta, that the Church was so powerful, it could easily afford to have its claws trimmed and its pinions cut. When it became a litle older, and more feeble—well, both should be let grow to their fullest measure. And they fixed their coveteous eyes on the little treasure house of Trabolgan. What a shame to have a few monks left in sole enjoyment of their Raffaelles and Murillos, whilst this metropolitan museum was as bare as the cloisters of a Cistercian monastery! And would not those noble volumes suit the empty racks and shelves of our great University Library, rather than the tiny book-shelves of an insignificant convent? And that organ! What glorious popular concerts might be given on Sunday afternoons to a people that were music mad! It was specious, but dangerous. The angry growl of a people, always jealous of Church privileges, warned off the hungry jackals. But the Imperial Parliament! Yes, a hostile Government might fairly slip in, where a popular Parliament dare not. Oh, for a pretext! It came. Brother Felix gave it.

IV.

He was a specialist, as were all his brethren; and his specialty was engineering. He was a calculating machine. He had a passion for figures. Height, breadth, depth, should be no mystery to him. The magician of the last century had left a wonderful legacy to the world, but a legacy to be lent out at vast usurious interest for the benefit of humanity. Brother Felix borrowed, invested, speculated, developed; and all the deep seas gave up their mysteries to him.

Many a night, like so many an Irish dreamer, did he lie awake, thinking of vast imaginary triumphs for the motherland. For Ireland, to the rest of the world withered and unbeautiful, is to the young Irishman the peerless and rose-crowned queen of chivalry, for whom great deeds of daring might be done, and death itself be met and endured bravely. How often to these dreamers has the grip of the stronger country been loosed, as Perseus delivered Andromeda from the sea monster? How often have British armies been decoyed into ambush and destroyed, reliefs thrown into beleaguered towns, fortresses destroyed, battleships blown up; and then the smile and the glove from my lady's hand! *Ay me di!* Well, Brother Felix was not beyond such dreamings. He had often calculated how easy it would be to pilot a hostile vessel under the teeth of Camden and Carlisle Forts, anchor her in the great inner harbor, land her marines, and take by one tremendous *coup* these impregnable fortresses, that like the

Calpe and Abile of the ancients guarded this retreat to the Atlantic. He had made all his calculations. It was as easy as hoisting a sail, or steering a pleasure boat. For Brother Felix was a child of the sea. He had been baptised in its brine, had breathed its salt vapors from infancy, knew every wrinkle and change of color on its mobile face, loved it with that intense passion which only the mystery of the great miracle of God can arouse. One of his few pleasures was to go out alone, and trust himself into the arms of his great mother. Often in the evening, when the monks had recreation from labor, he pulled out miles to sea—then shipped his oars, drew his capuce over his head, and let the little shell of a boat drift, while he gave himself up to meditation. Sometimes he remained out late, and only came home for the midnight orisons; but the rules allowed such elasticity, and the Abbot knew the brethren well.

The year had narrowed to October, and the Channel and Mediterranean fleets were mobilizing on the Irish coasts. There had been a good deal of public interest in the naval manœuvres, and daily reports of vast engagements were telegraphed to the London Press. Queenstown was a closed harbor. No ship was to take refuge there, however closely pressed. The three forts that guard the harbor were supposed to be fully manned, and to have their guns trailed on any daring vessel that should come within three miles of the harbor's mouth.

One dark, gloomy evening in this month, Brother Felix was out at sea. He had drifted to the east in a strong current; and a great darkness had come swiftly down portending a night-storm. Already half a gale was blowing; and for the first time he was anxious. Then the darkness deepened, and he felt almost despairful when a great object loomed suddenly up from the eastward, and he was challenged: "Boat ahoy!" There was light enough to see that it was a powerful war-vessel; and that she had not the buff chimneys nor the black and yellow hulls of the British men-of-war. That meant nothing, however, for it was quite a usual thing to disguise the colors of the ships during the manœuvres. Brother Felix fell rapidly under her stern; and before he had time to remonstrate, he and his boat were lifted lightly on board the man-of-war. Great was the laughter on board when they found they had picked up not a pilot but a monk. They were going to drop him quietly again into the deep, when the captain interfered, and took the monk into his cabin.

A number of officers were seated around a central table, which was covered with maps, diagrams, etc., and one of the number pointed with a pair of compasses to some spot on the map, about which there was evidently some discussion. The officers rose when the strange apparition of a white-robed monk appeared at the door of the cabin. The captain said:—"Pray, gentlemen, be seated," and courteously placed a chair for the monk.

"I know a great many of your brethren at Einsiedeln," he said suavely. "I have often gone up there from Lucerne. What clever, genial, hospitable fellows they are!"

The bewildered monk could only stare at the singular scene, though he took in at a glance that he was on

board a German warship. The captain spoke English perfectly.

"Now," the latter said, as he pointed to a particular spot on the map, "that is your convent!"

The monk leaned over and saw Trabolgan clearly indicated.

"And these are the terrible forts," said the captain. "What clever fellows you are to build your nest under such an impregnable fortress."

He laughed as he spoke. Brother Felix thought he saw some dawning meaning in his words.

"Come, brother," said the captain, filling out a glass of Nierstein, "drink to the glorious Rhine, and the Fatherland."

Brother Felix raised his glass to the toast.

"You poor monks," continued the captain, "live in such seclusion that you know nothing beyond your books and your prayers. Now, if we had not picked you up you might have drifted to America or eternity."

"Hardly so," said Brother Felix, whom the wine had warmed into emotional heat, "there is not an inch of the harbor I don't know."

"Ha! indeed," said the captain. "Try him, Lieutenant Scholz."

And then and there the poor monk was put to a stern examination; but his pride nerved him to the task, and he fairly astonished his hearers by his minute acquaintance with every sounding and sandbank, every shoal and rock in and around the harbor. But if he surprised them by the minuteness and accuracy of his information, he was in turn surprised by the intimate knowledge they had of the features and geographical minutiæ of the bay and coast.

"And now," said the captain, when the wine and interchange of ideas had warmed them into goodfellowship, "we are entering that harbor tonight—just as an experiment. But there is a dangerous bank, like the back of a mighty whale, here right in the centre of the channel. What may be the distance from either shore!"

Brother Felix told him to the foot.

"Very good. I see you are a seaman. Now, look here, will you take the helm, and pilot us in?"

It was such a tremendous responsibility that Brother Felix recoiled. Yet, it was the very opportunity he had dreamed of for so many years. Yes. Here was a man-of-war, fully equipped; here was a crew of nine hundred men; there were the harbor lights. His spirits rose. His heart beat violently. All his vanity and pride summoned him to do a great deed of seamanship. Yet, he knew the risks well—the danger of wrecking that noble ship with its thousand lives, the tempest that had now risen from a half-gale almost to hurricane, the fierce seas that beat resistlessly into the hollow of the harbor's mouth, the chance of running down a tender or an outward-bound—all these flashed across his mind, and he rubbed his eyes dubiously, and wondered was he dreaming in his cell. No! there were the maps, there the decanters and glasses, there the nameless odors that float around a large war ship, there the calm, expectant captain, there the officers, smiling at his bewildered looks. He made up his mind in a moment—

"Do you enter as friend, or enemy?"

"Friend, of course," they shouted.

"You know the harbor is closed?"

"Yes, to the fleets at the manœuvres. We have just come from them."

"One word more. Shall this be a secret?"

"Yes, on our honor, if you like."

"Come then," said the monk, with a beating heart.

But when he came on deck the terror of the thing struck him. They had slowed down the engines as the ship approached the harbor's mouth, and she rolled heavily in the trough of the waves. The night was now inky black, no star or moon, only a white cloud of swishing rain, seen when the reflection of the lamps around the binnacle struck it. These, too, were now carefully muffled; and probably, the first thing that alarmed the would-be pilot was the observation that the vessel carried no lights. He turned to the captain, and pointed to the masthead.

"No, no," said the captain, rather testily, "this is an experiment."

They crossed the harbor mouth, ran out to sea; and just at midnight slowly turned, and moved, silent as death, into the harbor. Brother Felix stood on the bridge. The captain was by his side, and the navigating lieutenant. Far below in the darkness half the crew were mustered. Then the monk's heart failed him. The lights on Roche's Point flashed double across the mist of rain, and the monk said—

"I dare not do it."

"Rather late, now, I should say," said the captain, with his hand on the knob of the telegraph. "Are we in the gangway yet?"

"Yes," said Brother Felix. He saw the lights of the monastery twinkling behind the lighthouse. He wished he was in his cell.

"Now, then," cried the captain, "Master Pilot, how shall we steer?"

"God only knows, for I don't," said the trembling monk. The rain beat furiously on his face and habit. He could see the tiny stream rolling from the oilskins of his companions. Meanwhile, the huge vessel moved silently through the channel. Already, the lights at the point flashed behind them. The two great forts were invisible. The captain turned to the lieutenant.

"Now is the danger. Will they flash the light upon us?"

"Not they. They are all in bed."

Then the moments that appeared hours to the monk passed by. He felt the vessel steered to north-east. Then there was a rattle of chains, and the captain, turning courteously to the monk, said—

"Now, Brother, let us descend, and drink to the Fatherland and our pilot!"

Shame-faced, wet through, benumbed with cold, the monk descended. The officers were still around the cabin table.

"You see, gentlemen," said the captain, "I said it could be done, and it is done. Here's to the Fatherland. Nay, nay, Brother," he said, seeing the abashed and humbled monk, "you meant well, and your information was useful."

Then Brother Felix, to justify himself, told them how he had dreamed in his waking moments of that very adventure; how he had studied every element of danger in it, and had gone over every incident of that night in imagination.

"It's all so strange," he said, "I'm not sure but that I am dreaming in my cell. But I always thought of the completion of the adventure."

"And that was!" they asked.

"The landing of five hundred marines here at Whitegate or Corka-

beg, for I presume we are in the man-of-war roads, and the massing of these men, within twenty yards of the fortifications."

"You are a dangerous dreamer," said a senior officer. "You hardly know of what you are speaking." He spoke angrily.

The Captain looked thoughtful.

"It shall be done, by Heavens," he said, rising.

And still silently they took that monk, and put him ashore; and they landed, boat by boat, five hundred German sailors, fully armed and equipped, and they passed through the sleeping village, and moved up the hill in the teeth of the raging storm, and were marshalled by their officers in one continuous line outside a low ditch within a stone's throw of Camden Fort; and the sentinel who walked up and down on the beaten track above the sea, heard only the howling of the wind, and saw only infinite blackness, and cursed his fate to be drenched with bitter rain, and pierced with cold, when his comrades were in bed. He did not hear the laughter and the muffled "Hochs" that came from five hundred lips behind him; nor the watchword "Sedan," which was passed from man to man from the Captain at one end of the line to his lieutenant at the other.

And there in the small hours of the morning, in darkness and storm, unable to see each other's faces, the Captain bade the monk good night!

"I thank you," he said. "Yours was the inspiration. By Jove, what a mistake you made when you put on the cowl in place of the epaulettes!"

It was a very wet, bedraggled, humiliated, anxious poor being that let himself quietly into the monastery that morning. He did not think of Matins as he undressed. He thought rather of the desperate foolhardy adventure in which he had been engaged—its possible consequences to himself and to his monastery. Then a vain emotion swept his soul, as he remembered what a leading and inspiring part he had taken in that daring enterprise. And then he thought, what if the Captain's words were true; and I have made a stupendous mistake? And then came a sinking of the heart as he thought what the morrow would bring. And thus anxious, and full of forebodings, he fell asleep. He had a singular dream.

He dreamt that very early, in the dawn of the October morning, he saw the Abbot entering his cell and coming over, bend anxiously towards him. Then the same vision went to the door, and saw with a smile the stream of water that had dripped from the wet habit; and the vision felt the habit and saw it was saturated, and came back, and bent over him again.

"Poor little brother," it said, "poor little brother! And how will it all end?"

Then the vision slipped into the usual mock hexameters, the making of which was the Abbot's weakness.

"*Sortes infelices proebuit domui Felix.*" And the vision vanished.

The monk Felix arose betimes; and thought of all that had happened; and concluded that it was all a dream.

'Twas but my white robe glimmering
in the dawn,
'Twas but the dawn-wind creeping
through my cell.

But the habit was wet and heavy; and that pool of water beneath it!

It may not be a dream after all.

And that morning, as soon as he could escape unperceived he made his way rapidly to the cliff, on which the fort was built. Thence he scanned eagerly the sea in front, the harbor behind. There was no trace of a warship in the roads; there was not a speck on the face of the broad sea. Not a trace even of the storm, except the few heavy waves that lurched lazily beneath.

"It was a dream after all," said Monk Felix. He looked down at his feet. The wet grass was trampled into mire, where the marines had marched. He took up a match box. It bore a German inscription.

"It was not a dream after all," said Monk Felix.

V.

The months rolled by; and not a word was heard of this daring adventure. The manœuvres of the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons had been duly chronicled in the press, had given rise to a feeling of national British pride, had passed from the memories of men. The monastery, with the calm of eternity upon it, lay serene and beautiful in its sheltered nook by the Atlantic. The usual work of praise and prayer went on. The secret of the October night was locked up in two bosoms, and it was safe. But what secret is safe? Spring had scarcely dawned, when the little cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, appeared. It was only a tiny paragraph in a new paper, called the *London Monitor;* but it ran thus:—

"A singular secret has leaked out from the pigeon holes of the Admiralty, where it was well kept. It is to the effect, that during the much-vaunted Autumn manœuvres of last year, a foreign warship, after minutely inspecting the evolution of the squadrons, entered a certain harbor on the southern Irish coast. That harbor was supposed to be closed to all war vessels; and its forts, the most powerful in the kingdom, were fully manned for that purpose, and its guns levelled on the harbor's mouth. What adds to the mystery is, that this vessel entered the harbor, with all its perilous possibilities, in the teeth of a terrible hurricane. It would argue splendid, indeed unheard of, seamanship, but that it is currently reported that the helm was held by a hand, that was more accustomed to a breviary. It is further reported, but this is incredible, that the entire ship's crew, fully armed and equipped, landed and surrounded the Fort Camden that same night. There may be something of the imagination in this strange rumor: but the country will demand an investigation in the face of our vaunted naval superiority."

The investigation indeed, was calmly going on at the time. And by Easter it had progressed so far, that the Abbot had received intimation that a prosecution had been ordered; but he was given the alternative to close his monastery quietly and depart, leaving behind all the Abbey's treasures, which were confiscated to the Crown, and would be devoted to national purposes. For three months, the Abbot delayed his answer. Meanwhile remonstrances poured in upon the Government from many quarters, where the work of the monks was appreciated. The bishop of the diocese went even to London, and represented that what was only a foolish freak had been magnified into an act of high treason; and that it was unworthy of

a great nation to notice it. In vain. Sinister influences were also at work from socialistic sources, and the monastery was doomed.

One of those long sweet, summer evenings when the day lingers, as if loth to depart, and memory and imagination lend a lonely luxury to human thought, after Compline and the "Salve Regina" had been sung by the White Monks of Trabolgan, the Abbot quietly announced that the monastery was to be closed, and the community dispersed. He added that it would be more than useless to demand the reason. All that human influence could do had been done to ward off the evil. But in vain.

The monks, though thunderstricken at the news, retired silently to their cells. But next day at Chapter, their tongues were loosed. They demanded the reason for this sudden and awful catastrophe. The Abbot was inexorable in refusing. Two or three times, Brother Felix, struck to the heart with anguish and remorse, was on the point of throwing himself on the floor of the sanctuary, and confessing his own guilt. But at some mysterious signal given by the Abbot, he held his peace; and so, wondering, fretful, anxious, the community passed the remaining days. On one point, their minds were fully made up, the only point on which they disputed the judgment of their gentle Abbot. Not a single article of value should pass into alien hands. Whatever was portable would go with them into exile. Whatever could not be removed should be destroyed.

The exodus of the monks was secretly fixed for the eve of the feast of St. John the Baptist. On that feast day the emissaries of the government were to come and take possession of the monastery and its treasures. Faithfully the monks kept their vow. They cut the oil paintings from their frames, and rolled them in dry canvas; selected all their valuable books and manuscripts, their chalices and monstrances, and had them secretly conveyed on board a large Norwegian wheat-ship that lay in the harbor, and which they chartered for France. Brother Aurelian's heart was broken, as he saw his library shelves denuded, and looked around at the empty walls. He refused to remove a book, he remained with averted face, and tear-filled eyes, leaning against a panel of the door.

But the great trouble came when the community had to decide whether the great organ was to be left or taken. It seemed such a crime to touch it—such a sacrilege to leave it. These mournful days, Brother Hilarion, the blind organist, could scarcely be torn away from the beloved instrument. He wept with it, cried with it, prayed with it, as his fingers passed listlessly over the ivory keys. At last, it was decided that it should remain. Who knows? God is more powerful than man; and perhaps the day would come when the exiles would come back, and the echoes would awake once more to their beautiful chant, and the spirit of the organ would return, and speak at the fretful demand of human fingers! But everything else should go with the monks, or be destroyed. And so, all that lonely Eve of St. John, the monks were busy, carrying down to the white beach the treasures that were to be placed in the ship's boats, and piling, as Savonarola did on the square of Florence, the rejected books, picture-frames, etc., which could not be taken.

These were to be consumed by fire at the moment of the monks' embarkation. It was quite understood that one of the monks was to remain behind, to meet the Government officials, and to stay in some dim hope that the community would return in happier days to resume possession of their beloved home.

At last, all preparations had been made, and with the utmost secrecy. A huge pile was built on the sands. The vessel was to weigh anchor at sunset, and the monks were to meet it far outside the harbor's mouth, and when night had come down on land and sea. The great bell for Compline tolled mournfully for the last time; and, for the last time, the white monks of Trabolgan glided into the bare and deserted chapel. The lamp of the sanctuary, which had burned, night and day, before the Holy of Holies, was extinguished. The great High Altar of carved oak was amongst the debris to be burned on the sands at midnight. So, too, were the carved oak-stalls and lecterns. Nothing remained of all the former splendor and beauty of their chapel but the great organ, and the stained glass window with its Madonna. The blind monk, Hilarion, sat at his organ for the last time: his heart was breaking; and he made the keys and stops proclaim it. The beautiful service commenced. There was something like irony in the Abbot's response to the demand for his blessing:—

"*Noctem quietam,* et finem perfectum concedat nobis Dominus omnipotens."

But there was a ring of defiance and warning in the voice of the Hebdomadarius, when he sang:—

"Fratres, sobrii estote, et vigilate, quia adversarius vester diabolus, tanquam leo rugiens circuit quærens quem devoret; cui resistite, fortes in fide."

And let it be said that, if sorrow (such sorrow!) filled the hearts of these holy monks in such a sad hour of farewell, it was mitigated by the reflection that we have no abiding place in this world; and that our home is wherever God chooses to place us. But, even their great faith was not proof against their agony, when they came to the Salve Regina, and had to bid farewell to their beautiful Madonna. Three times the Abbot strove to commence the Antiphon, and three times his voice failed him. At length, by a tremendous effort, he intoned the first word. The monks took it up, and sang bravely to the end. But, at the final words: *O clemens! O pia! O dulcis Virgo Maria!* the whole community broke into a violent paroxysm of sobs and tears, and the final prayer was never said.

Then, after a long interval of poignant, silent sorrow, the Abbot arose, and said:—

"Brethren, our cross, without which there is no crown, has been placed upon our shoulders. Tonight, we leave for France. It is a lesson to us never to place our affection again on what is so shifting and uncertain as the circumstances of this life. There is nothing lasting, permanent, unchangeable, but God. I have no hope that we shall return to this, our dear home, sanctified by so many years of blessedness; sanctified, most of all, to me, by your obedience and unvarying love. I thank God that I go forth not alone, but that you are with me. Yet, in the unknown future, it may be that God shall lead us back again, as He led His chosen

people back to the land of Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob. We shall leave one representative here. Brother Felix, you shall remain, to set the torch to that funeral pyre on the sands, when we shall have departed. And, now, brethren, say your farewells, for we depart."

The blind monk, Hilarion, kissed the organ keys, closed down the cover on the manuals, and drew closely the heavy curtains. All the monks kneeled down and kissed the floor of the choir, and, with the Abbot at their head, chanting aloud, "*In exitu Israel de Aegypto,*" they moved along the solitary beach to the boats. Brother Felix sat down on the grey rocks, and waited for the end. All his brethren had said, "Good bye!" The Abbot had kissed him on both cheeks, and whispered:—

Exul infelix felici pusillo, Vale!!

VI.

That night the Baal-fires flashed as usual from hill to hill in this land, so ancient, so conservative of traditions. But the greatest beacon that flared to the sky was the one seen from the sea but invisible from the land side, except for the thick black cloud that ascended beneath Camden Fort, and carried its odor of burning wood far to sea, and far inward over the harbor.

Just at dawn, on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, a large *posse* of police and military marched into the monastery precincts, and grounded arms before the now deserted home of the monks. Something in the aspect of the place struck the inspector at once. He turned around, and saw a white-robed monk seated on a rock near the sea. He was looking mournfully on a huge pile of ashes that still smouldered at his feet.

"I beg pardon," said the officer approaching, "but where is the—Superior?"

"There!" said the monk, pointing to a dim plume of smoke that hung on the verge of the horizon.

"And the monks?" said the officer in amazement.

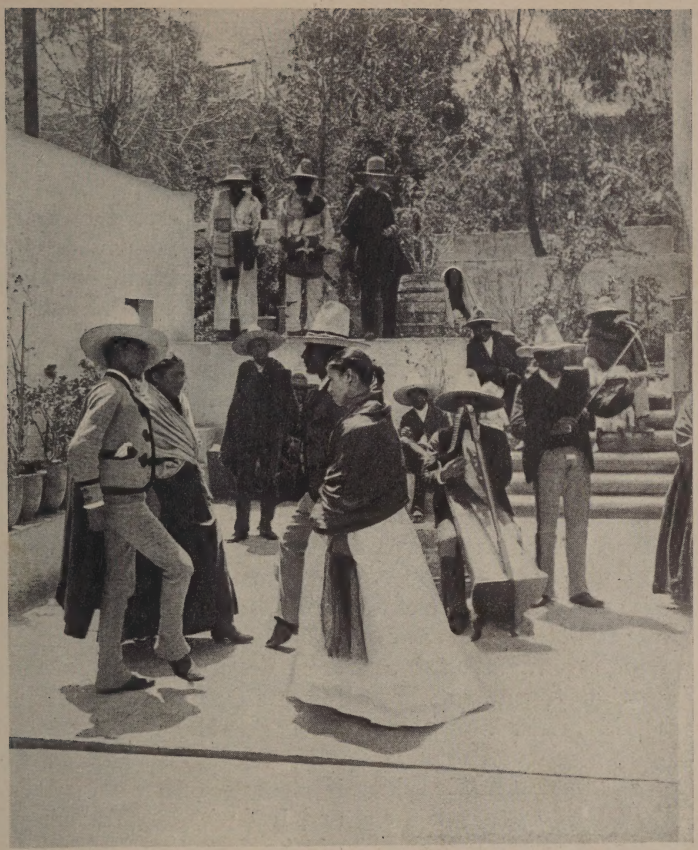
"There!" said the monk without emotion.

Just then a sergeant of police, who had examined the empty and dismantled monastery, came over and whispered to the inspector.

"I understand," said the latter sternly, "that this house is evacuated, and the chattels removed. Now these are Crown property,—so I am instructed. You will, therefore, make yourself liable for a felony if you have these things abstracted and concealed. I hold an exact inventory, and demand to be informed where they are, and to be shown the place."

"There!" said the monk, pointing to the white ashes which the dawn-wind was now and then fanning into a blaze.

The monastery remained unoccupied. A feeble attempt was made to convert it into a military college. But the White Monk, Felix, remained till his death, haunting the dear old place, and living from hand to mouth in the peasants' cottages, and the houses of the priests. The deep rumbling of the printing-press was heard no more. But the fishermen, who have to go out on the high seas at midnight, declare that lights burn in the monastery in the small hours of the morning; and the sounds of a mighty organ, and the deep, bass chanting of the monks, are wafted over the breakers from the lonely shore.



THE DANCE IN THE PATIO.

TOTO: AN ETCHING.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

As bees swarm within the hive, so do the people of the tenements, in the great City of Mexico, crowd into every nook and corner of these squalid habitations. Sometimes a single apartment serves two families; or, if located on the street, the fortunate tenant is not only provided with house room, but with space for the carrying on of some small trade, as well.

No. 19, in the Calle Gante, is of the better class of tenements. It was once a casa grande; but the bright-eyed señoritas, dueña-guarded, and the jaunty caballeros no longer assemble in the patio for a dance in the cool of the day. A cobbler, a charcoal vender, a peddler of pottery and many another humble tradesman have found shelter beneath its roof; and here, too, dwells Juanita and little Toto.

Juanita has the room which was

once the porter's. It is a dark, windowless room, scantily furnished with a few earthenware pots and pans, a bundle of the fibrous maguey root, covered with a ragged zarape, which serves as a bed, and a charcoal brazier over which she prepares her frugal meals.

Upon the wall hangs a cheap print of Our Blessed Lady of Guadalupe. Go where you may, in Mexico, you will find this picture. The sweet face, with its Aztec coloring, smiles down from many a wayside shrine. It hangs over the bed, and over the counter of the pulqueria, and is as often found in the hut of the pelado as in the sala of the well-to-do.

The picture is one of Juanita's treasures. The other is Toto, the touch of whose baby fingers brought balm to the heart of the widowed mother when the child was laid in her arms, five years ago.

Juanita has a "mat" outside the Merced market. Here she sits all the morning, chaffering with buyers over the handful of vegetables which she obtains at wholesale prices, retailing them for enough more to keep corn in the jar and charcoal under the pot.

JUANITA, THE MARKET WOMAN.

To have a stall in the great, shed-like market building has been the ambition of Juanita's life; and the mat upon which she arranges her stock-in trade in small heaps—spreading it close to the curbstone that the passer-by may more readily see how crisp and fresh are her vegetables, brought every morning from the chinampas above the city—is the humble means to the end.

No matter what the weather, Juanita may always be found in her place; and with her, Toto, who gazes at the comers and goers with round, unwinking eyes, and seldom stirs from her mother's side.

No one knows how it happens. Toto is playing quietly with bits of stalks and half-withered flowers—the refuse of the flower stalls— when a "blue flag" carriage drawn by spirited horses dashes around the corner. So seldom do tourists view the market otherwise than on foot that the appearance of the carriage creates a stir among the curbstone dealers all along the line. But Toto, darting forward to rescue another bunch of flowers that is being swept into the gutter, sees it not; and in a moment she is under the horses' hoofs.

It is well for the rich Americano and his wife that no policeman is near, for they have an unpleasant habit, in Mexico, of dragging all parties concerned in an accident, whether directly or indirectly, to the police station; and much time is often spent in investigaton.

CALLE GANTE.

The frightened driver knows this; and he hastily gathers up the crushed form and lays it on the cushioned seat of the carriage, bundles the mother in, and drives at a rattling pace to the street and number which one of the market women remembers as Juanita's abode.

"The poor little beggar is better off," says the American señor, as he lays the baby upon the pallet and hurries out of the squalid room.

Is she? Well, perhaps so; but the dazed mother, sitting dumb and tearless with el Americano's gold in her lap, does not think of that. She notes, mechanically, how the arrowy ray of sunlight that slants through the open door lights up the pitying face of Our Lady of Guadalupe. And then she thinks of the morrow, with no Toto to pry open her drowsy eyes at the first peep of day; no Toto to nestle a hand in hers as she takes her way to the market; no Toto—

"Mother of God! And all the days after!"

OUT OF SEASON.

BISHOP GORDON AND FATHERS OF KINGSTON.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN JAMAICA.

I.

BY REV. PATRICK F. X. MULRY, S. J.

There is no more congenial occupation for the Catholic mind than that of running over the record of what the Church is doing in distant mission fields. Everywhere we are witnesses of her apostolic activity and the unselfishness with which her children co-operate in the truly divine work of the salvation of souls. "Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth and their words unto the end of the world" (Ps. xviii. 5). It is true indeed, that our admiration falls principally upon those heroes, who, with a martyr's death as the one desire of their fervent souls, have pushed on to the very centre of hostile heathenism and are battering at its citadels of sin and superstition. Who does not feel a glow of honest pride as he thinks of the saintly priests and religious, who, but yesterday, amidst the cruelties of a Chinese populace, laid down their lives, in imitation of the Master Shepherd, for the sheep entrusted to them? The world may say what it will, but the old Church is not dead; and the world knows it, too, and will know it as long as deeds of apostolic sacrifice continue to show her life-giving impulse.

The aim, however, of the present paper is not to lead us too far away

from our own country. The mission spirit is one throughout the world and we have only to look in proof on the lives of the devoted clergy about us. "Thy Kingdom Come" is clearly stamped on the labor of any number of our city priests, on the fatigue cheerfully borne by many a jaded country pastor, on the never-ceasing efforts to keep together and augment this little flock, especially in the country districts, that our sketch will concern itself. Kingston, the principal city of the island, has fully one-fourth of its population in the true fold, and this means that over ten thousand souls have, within the last fifty or sixty years, been won over to the

ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL, NUNS' PEN, ST. ANDREW'S PARISH.

harvest of souls which sacrifice and zeal conjoined are reaping among us.

Only five or six days' journey from New York City lies the beautiful island of Jamaica. Out of its total population of something more than seven hundred thousand, the Catholic Church numbers about fourteen or fifteen thousand, and it is with the efChurch. Not that all of them are fervent. Some, indeed, leave nothing to be desired in this respect. The Apostleship of Prayer of the cathedral of Holy Trinity has almost two thousand associates, and amongst its Promoters, men and women, are many real apostles, whose aid in the work of the priests is simply incalculable. One

of these, a white man, with a name as green as the hill of Tara, devotes himself to all the drudgery of a Catholic Boys' Club and his labor is eminently successful. A second, a brother of the first, after an extremely hard week of toil at business, gives up his Sundays to visiting the poor at the almshouse and is almost extravagant in generosity when charity or faith make an appeal. A third, a black man, and one of the most intelligent employees of the Government Savings Bank, has done his best since his reception into the Church, to prove the absorbing zeal for God's house which devours him. Nor are the ladies behindhand. The Apostleship Library is cared for by two of the most zealous of their number. The sick in their homes also bless the charity which seeks them out in the name of the Sacred Heart and it is the Promoter in very many cases who kneels at the bedside of the dying during the administration of the last sacraments. Ordinarily there are about five or six hundred Communions at Holy Trinity on the first Friday of the month, and on extra occasions the number may reach eight hundred. The sodalities of men and women, of boys and girls, have also a fair representation.

PROMOTERS OF APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, HOLY TRINITY, KINGSTON.

Still after all is said and done, the fact remains that many—too many, alas!—are Catholic only in name. Moreover it is far easier to make converts to the Faith than to retain them

in it. The amount of labor required with most of the poor ignorant people is at times appalling. Personal attention is one of the items—and that not the smallest—on the list, and the overworked missioner must now and again, despite no unwillingness on his part, fail in it. In illustration we offer the following, one out of many cases.

Not very long ago one of the Promoters presented herself before the priest with the information that an associate had gone over to Ebeneezer, in other words, had become a Wesleyan, as the Methodists are called in Jamaica, and was now a member of the congregation of Ebeneezer Chapel. The Father was asked to do his best to reclaim the lost sheep, and accordingly, the same day, he betook himself to the out-of-the-way quarter of the city where the object of his zeal was to be found. A Kingston lane at its best is not much to be proud of, but this, even in the priest's experience, was one of the most forbidding, the dirtiest, most ill-smelling. He knocked at a rickety door opening into a yard, but no answer was vouchsafed him. Pushing it open, after a while, he saw two or three feet from him a black man with an unmistakably hostile expression of countenance. The fellow had evidently been listening all the time and was determined to do his best to prevent Rome from claiming her own. It would have been a pleasure to punish insolence on the spot and the shamrock in the priest's blood made him nothing loath for such a procedure; but, although the rumpling up of a heretic might not seldom, especially when an ignorant one, be a means to respect, if not conviction, the stalwart representative of the hated Church knew that souls were not to be saved in this way, and so, dissembling somewhat, after the Jesuit manner, he smiled pleasantly at the ebony gentleman and inquired if Miss So-and-So lived in the yard. There

BANANA WALK WITH GROUP OF ORPHANAGE BOYS. ST. CLAVER'S ORPHANAGE, OUTSIDE SPANISH TOWN

NEGRO HUT.

was some hesitation in giving the answer, but finally His Serene Surliness deigned to reply that no such person was to be found there. Just at this juncture a head was thrust slyly out from behind the door of a cook-house in the rear, and before the gate-keeper could realize what was happening, the Father had passed him and was face to face with the middle-aged Cinderella, whom he suspected and rightly to be the apostate. This point clear, he returned to the muttering doorkeeper, who, unabashed at the open falsehood in which he had been caught, threw at him the challenge: "Wha mek you come when me tell you him no yere?" "And what made you tell me she wasn't here, when she was?" At this the old fellow got more violent, and pretending a bravery he didn't feel, stepped just a little nearer the six-foot teacher of Romanism and blurted out: "You call me liar, sah?" "No," replied the priest coolly, "I didn't say you were a liar. I only said you didn't tell the truth. And my good man," he continued, "if your religion tells you you're right in doing so, you're certainly welcome to it." Then disregarding the growling of the baffled Cerberus, he stepped back to the cook-house.

He had just commenced to talk quietly to the woman he had come to seek, and she was listening patiently, if not willingly, when at his elbow a voice, like an African fog-horn, startled him. He knew at once that the forces of heresy were again upon

ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND CONGREGATION, ABOVE ROCKS, ST. MARY'S PARISH.

HOLY FAMILY SCHOOL, CASSADA RIVER, ST. CATHERINE'S PARISH.

CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR AND CHILDREN OF SCHOOL. FRIENDSHIP, ST. ANDREW'S PARISH.

him. The owner of the voice was a mighty negress. As might have been expected from her vocal utterance, everything about her was on a magnificent scale. Her dress showed somewhat more care than the generality of her kind, and this, with the light of religious fanaticism in her sparkling eyes, the importance of her manner, and the air of proprietorship which she assumed towards the lady of the cook-house, made it evident to the dullest, if not the most deaf, that she was what in tones of thunder she proclaimed herself to be—a Wesleyan leader.

The Father did his best but for a while ineffectually to be left alone with the poor apostate. He represented that he had not come to interview the whole yard, that it showed on their part a fear of Rome, if they refused to allow him to fulfil his object in peace, and that, whether they were willing or not, he intended to carry out his purpose. Eventually the female cyclone retired to a safe distance and in the conversation which ensued, the priest learned the details of the woman's apostasy. She had been ill for some time and neither promoter nor priest had come near her. It was true that they had no knowledge of her sickness, nor could have had, seeing

that no messenger had been sent to inform them. All the same, she reasoned in her ignorant way, they must have been culpable to abandon her in her need, and the Church, too, which they represented must be wrong. At this point the emissary of Wesleyanism again put in her appearance, with the result that Ebeneezer Chapel had one more brand from the Papistical burning. The Father was made aware, now and then, during the interview that every word was being absorbed by some person or persons hidden behind a calico screen close by; in all likelihood, the cyclone herself was among the listeners, for she had disappeared from sight. What more could he do? And so, with a weak promise on the part of the woman to come to the presbytery the next day and have a talk there with him—a promise never kept—he took his departure.

ST. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL, SPANISH TOWN.

From the episode just narrated, it may be seen that work amongst the Jamaica negroes has to deal with those who have already been subjected to ultra-Protestant influences. Private interpretation of the Bible has no more ludicrous exponents anywhere than the numerous black preachers who run riot every night in the streets of Kingston. Some of them seem to be religiously insane and the sight of a priest is often sufficient to rouse them to frenzy. "Idols, idols, idols," was the cry hurled not long ago at one of the Fathers of Holy Trinity, by a squatty, bespectacled fellow, who himself would have made not a bad representation of an African idol. On looking up from the open Bible in his hands, he had beheld passing by the man of Rome, the son of the Babylonian woman. His temper could hardly have been improved by the priest's laughing rejoinder: "Keep it up, old fellow!" One day a Jesuit brother was stopped in the street by a follower of Higgins, the noted street-evangelist, and told that, under instructions from his chief, he gave the Fathers a formal notification that a party of laborers would proceed the next morning to Holy Trinity—and set to work at once to demolish it. The brother's eyes, which were green in the proper sense of the word, had a roguish twinkle in them as he replied: "Sure it's obliged to you we are for your thoughtfulness; but don't you think the job is just a little beyond your strength?" Needless to say there was no attempt made to carry out the threat.

It must not be supposed, however, that, in Kingston especially, there is anything like a general spirit of hostility to the Catholic Church.

Doubtless there are many who are prominent in their opposition, but the rule, even amongst the non-Catholic part of the population, is respect, and, as often as not, admiration. The work of men like Father Dupeyron and Father Dupont has not yet faded out of memory. A statue of the latter was, after his death, erected in the Parade Square by public subscription; in order to commemorate his forty years of apostolic toil in Jamaica. During the last great epidemic of small-pox, some fifteen or twenty years ago, the Fathers stuck to their post, while other clergymen betook themselves elsewhere for safety, and the lesson was not lost on the ever-increasing number of converts since made. The very tendency to religious excitement, though undoubtedly it has its evils, and grave evils at that, is not without its compensations, and with patience, in very many cases, may be utilized by the Catholic missionary, until religion, not superficial, but deep and sincere, may be the result. Subjoined is a portion of a letter written to one of the priests by a Wesleyan leader, a contrast not in sex only, but in manners, to his associate already mentioned. In going his rounds, he had come across a Catholic woman, grown careless in the Faith, and instead of pouncing upon her as a prize, he informed her pastor of the matter. The turns of expression, and the spelling, to some extent, are characteristically Jamaican. "On my visit," he says, "I was asked to see another patient, whoom I found is one of your, but it is one which has strayed from the fold and is desired to return; however, she is being visited by one of the Young Ladies (a Promoter); but I am of great opinion that a visit from

ST. WINEFRIDE'S SCHOOL, PORT HENDERSON.

you will do an amount of good, as I have promised to see you and ask for same. I spoke as much as was needed and felt satisfied that I have discharged my duty as soldier and will feel in entirety when you as one of those in the Front rank of Soldiers have complied with the request. This is to be considered specially if it is out of your district. When I do meet you, I shall inform you of others I come in contact with." This same black man had previously been the means of ending the unlawful union of a Protestant and Catholic, by taking the priest to them and backing up the persuasions of the latter by motives strong enough with these ignorant people to win their consent. His conduct was all the more generous, as the man was a member of his own church and abjured both bad-living and heresy at the same time.

The temptation to linger over the details of Kingston missionary work is a strong one, but the question of schools alone would require more space than we are able to devote to it. In the annual report of the Education Department for the year ended 31st March, 1899, out of 5,323 pupils in average attendance at the twenty-three government schools in Kingston, 1,744 or about one-third were from Catholic schools. The denominational system which yet obtains, despite the marked tendency on the part of the government to replace it by that of the Board Schools, is the only one that is fair to Catholics and, under Bishop Gordon's able direction, they have profited by it. Eleven of the Kingston schools belong to them, one more than to the members of the Church of England and above one-third of the whole number—thirty—in the city.

No better way, perhaps, could be employed in order to ascertain the difficulties of the task before the country missionary in Jamaica, than, with the report already cited as guide, to compare the Catholic school figures of Kingston with those afforded by the island as a whole. There are 893 government schools in Jamaica with an average attendance of 97,091 children. Only twenty-five of these belong to the church with their 3,072 children. Now, therefore, eliminating Kingston, and keeping to the arithmetical view, we find that over an immense area, with hardships and obstacles unimaginable by those who have had no tropical experience, the priest can count for the aid so necessary to make his labor permanent in effect,—on but fourteen schools with their aggregate number of 1,328 pupils.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of education as a factor in the missionary work of Jamaica. Without it the priest is only a spiritual scout, running through the district under his charge and doing good, no doubt, at great intervals in administering the sacraments to his widely-scattered flock, but leaving them meantime with no protection against the ever-active agencies arrayed against us. Wherever he succeeds in putting a school, he establishes a fortified outpost of the Catholic Church; its continuance means the solidifying of the results of preaching and sacrifice and the carrying on of the cause to the next generation. Not many miles outside Kingston there is an abandoned Catholic Chapel in a populous neighborhood. Baptists and Wesleyans and Protestants of the many and diversified patterns abound near it; the true Church alone has scarcely a follower

there. Many years ago a zealous priest, whose name is inseparably connected with the Catholic history of Jamaica, erected this chapel and filled it, too, with worshippers. The congregation was a flourishing one, but, through some oversight, or for the want of means, no school was started. And what was the result? The old people died off and the Church died with them. Their children were forced to frequent Protestant schools near by. They are now Protestants themselves for the most part and old St. Martin's has been abandoned.

Important as the school is, there are unnumbered obstacles to be encountered, and scarcely a wealth of worldly consolation to be acquired in getting it well under way. Let us take a recent example, that of the mission of St. Winefride, in illustration. Stretching along the left shore at the entrance to Kingston harbor is a motley collection of low huts just distinguishable at their distance from the ship channel whence the traveller views them. Over and beyond them lies the extensive flat of the Lignanea Plain made interesting by the beautiful mountain ridge at the farther boundary. At first sight Port Henderson would seem to have nothing to recommend it except the Apostles Battery, with its name dating from Spanish and Catholic occupation, where a British garrison now joins with that of Port Royal opposite in guarding the approaches to the island metropolis. And undoubtedly there are livelier places than this decayed port from which in the old days there sailed many a rich cargo from the cane fields of Jamaica. Sugar has seen its day, and so has Port Henderson, and even the steamers of the United Fruit Company of Boston, which stop regularly every week for the produce of the miles of banana plantations inland, seem more like the mocking spirits of its past prosperity than the really beneficent messengers they prove themselves to the limited number of negro laborers awaiting them.

The dwellings in the immediate vicinity are nearly all those of fishermen, and it was with the few ill-instructed Catholics who comprise a fair proportion of the number that the mission took its start, three or four years ago. Needless to say, the task was in every way a difficult one. Poverty and vice had both set their seal upon the place; vice was apparent in the lives of open, shameless sin which were all but universal; if evidence of poverty were needed, the fact that, time out of mind, no parson had thought fit to attempt here the levying of gospel toll, should with observant people be considered proof sufficient. The surprising thing, however, was that though in general no church-blessing had consecrated the union of their parents, the children were thoroughly innocent. They were also attractive and bright and the artless confidence they bestowed upon the Father who visited them completely won his heart and made him thank God for the only consolation thus far vouchsafed to his labor. Some two dozen of them crowded into the small hut where the first school was started. The American reader, who is used to the magnificent proportions of educational institutions about him, may perhaps be tempted to smile at the thought of the surroundings of this humble fane of learning in its out-of-the-way nook by the shore of the lone Caribbean Sea; but the no less American missionary was for the time being satisfied with

it. After three years of apparently unrequited toil, he had at length succeeded in getting a foothold,—a small foothold, if you will, but a real and secure one. A few yards up the beach was a huge monkey-tamarind tree and under its wide-spreading branches, he had more than once collected his dusky flock to break to them the bread of God's word; wind and wave had furnished the organ accompaniment for the hymns, forceful if not musical, which these poor negroes had sung with him to Christ and His Virgin Mother. Unworthy though he felt himself to be, he had thought of his Master on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and had worked on. It had seemed almost a useless waste of energy, but some of the seed, he knew, would take root; his unpretentious school would prove it; now, at least the children were his and he would save them.

But a new trial awaited him. It was not so much the difficulty of meeting expenses; for one of the Protestant inhabitants had generously given him the hut rent-free and His Lordship, the Bishop, was, according to kind promise, to supply the teacher's salary. The teacher himself was the cross,—no unusual occurrence in the experience of the Jesuit Fathers on the Jamaica mission. It was not long before the Port Henderson Mission saw fit to dispense with the services of its first teacher. His successor, fully as capable, but more unassuming, is even now doing good work in the neighborhood. A little chapel, dedicated to St. Winefride, and which serves also as a school, has been erected on land donated by the children of a good Catholic lady. Nearly fifty boys and girls are in daily attendance at the classes, whilst, amongst their elders the stream of conversions has already started its flow. The next third Sunday of the month, which is the regular Mass Sunday of the mission, about two dozen, old and young, will receive Holy Communion for the first time. This, perhaps, may seem rather a modest outcome of the amount of labor which has been expended, but to those who know Jamaica, it means more than appears on the surface. It is a real beginning; the seed has taken root in good soil; there is now the not too distant prospect of a future rich with the copious harvest-blessing of the Sacred Heart.

A great call upon the strength of the country-missioner is that made by the continual travel which is necessary. In some districts, he must practically live in the saddle if he will keep together the scattered Catholics who depend upon his ministrations. A certain number of the missions, namely, those which are nearest to Kingston, are looked after by two or three Fathers who make that town, at regular intervals, the starting-point of their apostolic excursions. These missions are not without their hardships, and, with some of them, especially in the rainy season where narrow mountain-paths and swollen-torrents may have to be encountered, there may even be the element of danger to add spice to the journey. But it is the country-work farther on which calls for all the reserve of strength spiritual as well as physical at the disposal of the son of St. Ignatius. There are practically four centres outside of Kingston, Reading near Montego Bay in the Parish of St. James for the extreme West of the

Island, Avocat in the Parish of Portland for the East, and Port Maria in St. Mary's Parish and Brownstown in St. Ann's for the miles on miles of intervening territory. At each of these places there is but one Father, and little consideration is needed to realize the absolute impossibility of his being a laggard in such busy surroundings.

For the most part his congregations —and he has at least four or five—are in the formative state; some few of them do not number a hundred and the largest contain no more than five or six hundred. It is true that there is in each a steady increase of membership, but, as has been remarked already, Catholics are easier made than retained in Jamaica. Constant instruction and unceasing vigilance are required on the part of the Pastor to keep his people to the mark. On no two Sundays of the month is he able to say Mass for any one portion of his scattered flock, and so, fatigued though he may be with long mountain-travel under a pitiless tropical sun, he must at once on his arrival at a mission set to work and make use of every moment in what is necessarily a stay of only a few days. Doubtless, when he has spent himself, there is much consolation in store for him, for nowhere does greater fruit reward generous sacrifice; but—often, when hampered by scanty resources, he looks about and thinks of what might be done with more means and more missionaries, he must needs summon all the grace of his vocation to persevere in what seems to himself so small an effort against universal evil. It is indeed a ripening harvest, but the laborers are few.

And to add to it all, Protestanism is everywhere. Knowing the force of mispresentation, it pours from its pulpits a continuous stream of the old calumnies against the Church. The ignorant blacks who come under its influence are told over and over again that Catholics are idolaters, that they adore the Virgin Mary, that confession is a sink of iniquity, that celibacy is only a cloak under which the priest hides the most digusting vices, that, in a word, Rome is the woman of Revelations, "sitting upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns" (Apoc. xvii. 3). In the end, no doubt, this system of lying recoils on the heads of those who employ it, but the immediate effect is an aggressive hostility to everything Catholic and Roman, which time and patience alone can undo. How true this is may be confirmed by the following incident. A devout Catholic had a Wesleyan acquaintance who took every occasion to abuse her faith, and his abuse was based upon the false version of our belief gathered from the diatribes of his parson. She at length persuaded him to accept a copy of "Catholic Belief," as containing the correct exposition of the doctrines of her religion. What was her surprise, if not amusement, at the next meeting with him, to be greeted in these words: "I am ever so thankful for the book you gave me. You yourself have put in my hands a powerful engine to employ against you; for it is all a piece of deception. Not one doctrine it contains is the same as what you believe. I know the tricks of you Romanists and everything in it is just the opposite of what you really hold." This story reminds us of another. One of the Fathers from Kingston was giving a mission at Murray Mountain in St. Ann's Parish.

For some days he had held forth in explanation of disputed points between Catholics and Protestants and amongst his listeners there was none more constant in attendance, or more attentive than an old black fellow, an elder of the neighboring Baptist Chapel. One of the congregation who had been noticing him and had perhaps entertained hopes of his conversion in consequence, hailed him, as he was going away the last evening, with the inquiry: "Hi, Missa Smith, how yer like de Fadder tonight?" Mr. Smith, thus adjured, halted suddenly, and bestowing upon his questioner a look of real African scorn, answered with all the deliberation of a judge giving his verdict: "Him talk well, but him tell lie all de time."

Many years ago a Portuguese colony from Malaga came to Jamaica and part of their number settled near Refuge and Duncans in the Parish of Trelawney. There must have been something like a hundred of them in this locality and the pretty little chapel of All Saints was erected for their worship. As time went on and the mission-field broadened, the visits of the priest became less frequent. Owing to the immense area he had to cover, it eventually happened that his pastoral visits had to be reduced to three or four in the year. Meantime the Baptists in the neighborhood were active. The preachers being always on the ground profited by their opportunities, and the ignorance of the Portuguese children in matters of their faith was used as a weapon in the vigorous war of proselytizing which ensued. When the present zealous pastor took charge of the mission of All Saints, it was a question as to how long he could keep it in existence, so many had become Baptist or Wesleyan or Anglican. Even yet he has done little more than stop the losses, although there are signs that his truly heroic efforts may still succeed in reclaiming the apostates.

Some sixteen or eighteen miles away from this mission, at a place called Alva in the adjoining parish of St. Ann, the same Jesuit priest has not only succeeded in stopping a like process of disintegration, due to somewhat similar causes, but has built up a thoroughly fervent congregation of three or four hundred souls, and has infused into them so Catholic a spirit that they are now practically safe from outside ravagers. And what is more, he has carried war into the enemy's country. Three or four miles from Alva is Murray Mountain, where he has erected a chapel to Mary, Mother of God. Only six years ago, Murray Mountain was a Baptist stronghold; it is now an active centre of Catholicism; black, brown and white have nearly all been gathered into the true fold; those who still remain outside may be counted on one's fingers. And its school, which like that at Alva, is taught by the devoted Sisters of Mercy is a surety for the faith of many years to come.

FAITH.

BY MABEL M. LENT.

A peerless flower blooming in Life's arid waste,
More exquisite than any sprung from earthly sod,
Its perfume, breathing from the soul of grace,
Is borne through space infinities to God.

BOHEMIA.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Bohemia! the happy land
  Where care and trouble have no part;
Where Love is king, and Sorrow banned,
  And all are gay and young at heart.

The land of joy, and light and song,
  Where comrades gather, tried and true;
Where hope and faith divine are strong,
  And skies serene are ever blue.

The Eden fair of pleasant dreams,
  Where weary mortals find sweet rest,
And see bright visions—rainbow gleams
  Of heaven and ideals blest.

There meet the gifted—not the great
  By accident of Fate or birth;
But they who rise from low estate
  By their own efforts, wit and worth.

THE BEST LAID PLANS.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

Dan Shannon had always looked upon love as an affair to be taken up when all others were settled and well put by;—when he could build a house as good as anybody in Platteville, and have a man to sprinkle the lawn twice a day at least; when he could have a phæton for his wife to come down town and take him home to luncheon; when he could afford to send his possible children away to school and have on everything that belonged to him the stamp of money and good taste, too. Money and good taste are not always the same, though Platteville was still in the stage in which it was inclined to think that they are. Dan thought also that the woman who was to share such distinction in Platteville, the rising city, the county capital, the town that held the political balance of power in his state, should bring along something into the partnership. It was a doctrine not overmuch followed as yet in Platteville. The city still had the western habit of having many men and not so many girls, and the men still felt able to support a wife if they could get her. But even all these other ideas aside, Dan did not want to be tied down to anybody just yet. This was the corner in Dan's brain which he kept carefully to himself, and the while most of the sweet

girls were thinking interestedly about Dan and his tastes. His law practice as a junior member of the firm of Sullivan and Shannon was bound to grow, unless Platteville turned back into a prairie desert. And that was not likely, here on the yellow Missouri where the soil gave forth riches if you scratched it, and where a member of Congress was a hereditary institution for the last six terms. A new man would be needed soon Dan was thinking. And beyond Congress there was the Senate. But one thing at a time, and Dan Shannon's clean cut face, with the somewhat narrow eyes and too square jaw, took on a look that it did not wear when he was making a social call or a political speech. It was perfectly plain that into this scheme a wife did not fit very easily, and above all not a wife without money or prospects. And then he sighed.

He had always kept to the safe side and balanced every attention to any one girl by a nice devotion to some other one. But this once he missed a calculation, just as most of us do once in a while. There was Alice Ward. During the summer, when the yellow earth sizzled and quivering heat lines hung over the stretches of bare yellow ground, it was so pleasant to go up the hill that rolled away back of the main street and sit on a porch in the evenings, with the heavy smell of freshly sprinkled ground in the air, and cottonwoods and maples stirring over head, while the moon came up and gleamed on the curve of the river in the distance. The Helmanns were not rich, but they had an industrious knack of making the sun-seared ground bloom as the rose around their house. Mary taught school and Celia was a stenographer. They had drifted in and out of Dan Shannon's vision in business and at the church entertainments, until he knew them pretty well after a fashion. One evening early in the summer Dan met Celia with Alice Ward and walked home with them. Somehow he was glad to linger and to call again. Little by little he learned bits of family history. There were two of the Ward girls, Alice and Clara, and they had come out to Platteville from Chicago for a long vacation. The Helmanns and Wards had lived in the same small town somewhere in Illinois at one time. One of the Ward girls was going to be married soon after they returned. He asked which one, rather indifferently. Celia Helmann answered, "The older one," and Dan said, "Just as it ought to be," and asked no more. It was quite plain to him that Alice was the older. Then he had walked with her, driven with her, talked and played tennis, and taken a delight in seeing her somewhat peaked face grow round and brown. He had in fact made, what any simple-hearted girl might have thought, "love" to Alice. To himself he said, however, that she was engaged and, of course, it would be too bad not to have anybody to make things pleasant for her in Platteville on that account. Moreover, some of his other attentions in Platteville were becoming so marked, that people spoke of them, and the old ladies and those not so old were assuring him that so and so was a "lovely girl," or just "the right one," or would make a "good wife," according to their respective ways of putting it.

But if anyone spoke of Alice, Dan shrugged his shoulders, "Well, you know, of course, that she's engaged."

It all seemed very simple and com-

monplace. But when Alice Ward went away after about six weeks, he noticed that she turned very white when he bade her good-bye in a nice, formal, don't-misunderstand-me sort of a way. One polite, little note told him that they had arrived safely, but no answer came to his very cordial reply. Here, now, was a card announcing the marriage of Clara on Thanksgiving day. Then after all it must have been Alice who was free. Dan Shannon felt at once a thrill of pleasure and a desire to kick himself. These emotions are rather hard to reconcile and the effort is apt to make one irritable. When Father Daly came in about that time to ask Dan to take some part in the fair that was going to be given for St. Paul's church in the week between Christmas and New Year's, Dan said he could not, rather shortly. Father Daly looked mildly surprised and Dan explained that he expected to be out of town.

"Hm," said Father Daly, "I'm sorry, we'll miss you. Do you know what, Dan," he added as he was going towards the door, "seems to me it's time for you to settle down and get married. I think—"

"Nobody would have me," interrupted Dan.

"Ah, don't be telling me that. I need to earn a few marriage fees to help along the parish," and he went out chuckling.

"I'm glad I'm a lawyer," muttered Dan, "and my business saves me from giving people advice for nothing."

At the fair there would be the usual fringe of timids hanging around in the corners, and an endless swarm of children and girls with books asking for a vote. Once, in the good old days, they gave you a fair chance to win something for your quarter, but now you 'voted' for the owners of the books and whoever got the most votes got the article instead of the chance numbers.

Then there were the girls. The Maroney girls would be exuberantly pleasant. Their father had made a good deal of money. The three girls had all been away to school and had come back ready to give Platteville points on behavior, and Dan thought he could do a little of that himself. He had lived a long time in Chicago and had been abroad for several months and there were those who said that Dan wore an English air. Many younger sons had drifted into Platteville and its vicinity, however, and it was quite possible to wear your trousers turned up when it was raining in London without attracting attention even in the hottest Platteville weather. Therefore, while he sometimes liked the Maroney girls in the summer when they were trying to play tennis and wore easy clothes, they always bothered him in the winter when they glided up to him stiffened and rustling; and gave him the high handshake and the even higher pitch of voice.

When he saw Alice he never knew particularly what she wore nor felt the manner of her doing things except to be altogether at ease with her, and Dan sighed. Perhaps the sigh had in it something of a wish that Alice's father, who died young it seemed, had had the good taste to make as much money as old Mr. Maroney did.

Then the door opened and a woman came in. Even to Dan's obtuse masculine eyes, it was plain that she had tried to the utmost to give her shabby things a faint air of becomingness. She was perhaps thirty or thirty-five years

old, but very pale and worn-looking. She seated herself and, after swallowing a few times, at last said in a voice husky with timidity, "I had a letter from you asking me to call to see—"

"What's the name?"

"John Fleming. I came to see what it is about," and her eyes hung on him expectantly.

"Well, Mrs. Fleming, I'm sorry to say we're not looking for a lost heir."

A contraction of pain went over the woman's face. She looked down at her cotton gloves and stroked them nervously. After a moment she said, "It was just because I was afraid that the business might be unpleasant that I came to see you myself."

"What's the matter with Mr. Fleming?"

"He's sick."

Dan Shannon felt as if he had hit her. The quick kindliness of his nature came up over his irritation. "I tell you, Mrs. Fleming, a lawyer get's hard-hearted. We have to meet all kinds of people. Now tell me all about yourself and we'll see what we can do with Smith and Holcomb, for we have here a bill for seventy-five dollars from them against you.

"Yes, it's seventy-five dollars," said Mrs. Fleming, showing neither astonishment nor emotion, as if long accustomed to the fear of it. "We can't pay it now, no matter what they do to us. John is sick in bed."

"What's the matter with him?"

"The doctor says it's bronchitis," but her eyes seemed shadowed with the fear of something worse. "We have three children," she went on. "The oldest is a girl, and she's eight now, and then the next is six. My husband and they could manage alone, but the baby's too little. He isn't quite three, but he's a good little fellow." She looked at him beseechingly. "I've often heard you were a very good and kind man. I heard it from—" she stopped, "several people," she went on, then, "that you are a good man. Now if I could have the baby taken care of for the winter, I could go to work myself. I used to be a stenographer and I could earn some money and maybe pay this bill. It's the only way—"

Dan looked at her with a perfectly non-committal expression. He did not quite like the possible connections between this great reputation for kindness and the care of a good little boy of three. Flattering as was the implication he was ready to disclaim so much virtue and suggest that perhaps it was some other Dan Shannon of whom she had heard. But the woman's appealing eyes held him silent in spite of his returning bad humor.

"Then I was thinking," she went on again, "that business would take you east, and you might be willing to take the little fellow along. He's good and he wouldn't cost you anything extra, except what little I could pay, but I couldn't afford to take him myself now. Once in Glenellyn my aunt would keep him for the winter. Or may be you could find some one who would take him. Even if you were not going all the way," she went on with the fluency of one who has thought it all over and over, "if you were only going home on a visit, as far as Rochelle, you could send the little fellow the rest of the way alone. I don't think he'd be afraid to go on alone. But you'd have to take a day train, as the night express does not stop at Glenellyn. Maybe you wouldn't like that part."

Dan was persistently silent.

"It's the only way," the woman began again. "It would give me a chance to work and get some of the worry off of John's mind and get him the medicine and the food he needs. I'm sure he would be better by spring." She looked at Dan with a look in which there was a wistful hope and an unutterable devotion.

Dan suddenly passed his hands over his eyes and swung his chair around away from her. "So that's it, is it? The baby partly and John the rest." The window and its outlook were in the range of his vision now, and across the low old houses on the other side of the street, he could see the bare, swaying tops of the trees where the Helmanns lived, and he had sat and talked to Alice. The woman's eyes made him think of Alice. Something like that look seemed to be in Alice's eyes, too, when she turned to him at times, only less wistful and anxious.

"Glenellyn is near Chicago, isn't it?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fleming. And Dan remembered that he had told Father Daly that he was going to be out of town and what was the use of being the attorney of a railroad if you couldn't use your passes once in a while to suit yourself. Besides his mother would be glad to see him, though probably if she knew he were coming she would have two or three girls of her own particular choice to thrust at him as often as possible. She did not need to know he was coming until he got there. That was one way of doing things. And then he did not know but that if he talked with Sullivan, they would find that there were several things that needed attention in Chicago. He could go to Rochelle, let the little fellow go on and get his Christmas dinner, and then he might go on to Chicago. It would be pleasant to see Alice and maybe they would both find each other tedious in the winter days and that it was only the pleasant summer weather—

He drummed on the edge of the table.

"I think I can manage around about the day before Christmas. Bring him in to see me some day so we can be acquainted before we start out." He rose and showed Mrs. Fleming out.

She, for her part, said to herself, "I wonder if I should have told him how I came to know so much about him.

. . . . . .

Baby Vinnie, carefully dressed by his mother, full of the excitement of going to ride on the "choo-choo" car with a supply of cookies and playthings, was in excellent humor. Dan, however, was conscious of having risen at six o'clock, that there was no parlor car on the train, and that it was the slowest of locals, and that the morning was raw. The conductor fixed a double seat for them and Vinnie played and talked to him and to the brakeman about his "man-man," as he called the stuffed cotton boy, and the "bow-wow," his stuffed dog, until it was time to stop somewhere at a wayside station for dinner. Vinnie was hardly well started eating, when it was time to go back to the train, so he spent a good while afterwards eating cookies. But when this pleasure was over, Vinnie was at the end of his resources and he sat looking wistfully at Dan. Dan's eyes had strayed from his book and were absently fixed on the swiftly passing fields of dry corn stalks standing up, husked and empty,

where they had grown, now trampled into the bare ground by the cattle turned loose in them. The broad view was desolate as death. No, there was a red-hooded girl slipping along on the patches of ice and a boy with trousers wobbling loosely over his shoe-tops coming along towards the farmhouse, with a basket of corncobs between them. They stared at the train and the boy waved a mittened hand clumsily. It was all so uncouth and joyless seeming that Dan wondered what it was good for in the end. To make freight for the railroads? Still his own people had started, not unlike this, some thirty years before, and made enough to send the boys to school and to buy a house in Rochelle. Even as they were being swept from view he saw that animation had suddenly come into the sluggish figures of the children. They were jumping up and down and waving their hands. Then the wagon-road leading to the farmhouse came before the window. The farmer apathetically humped in his seat, not even turning his head to look at the train, straightened up and began to wave, too, evidently at the children. In the bottom of his wagon, peeping from beneath concealing covers was a Christmas tree. Something from Burns ran disconnectedly through Dan's mind. "To make a happy fireside clime, for weans and wife"—"the true pathos and sublime of human life." Dan laughed, half sceptically. But Vinnie mistook the smile for pleasure, and put out a little hand confidingly and said, "Tell Vinnie a bawe dordy?"

"What?" said Dan.

"A bawe dordy?"

"A bear story."

Vinnie nodded, smiling in anticipation.

The only bear story that would come into Dan's mind about that time was the one of the hunter who met the bear when he hadn't his gun with him and then prayed, "Oh, Lord, I haven't troubled you for a long time. Help me this time if you can. But if you can't don't help the bear, and you'll see the damndest fight you saw in a long time."

Somehow this did not suggest itself to Dan as a good bear story for Vinnie and when he got as far as the man prayed for help, Dan stopped and Vinnie asked what then. Dan concluded rather abruptly that then the bear fell over and bumped his head. Vinnie sat with large and wonder-wide eyes trying to comprehend the occurrence. Then his arm stole around Dan's neck and he said undismayed, "Tell Vinnie a piggy dordy." Dan shook his head, "A titty-tat dordy?" Dan shook his head again. "A water-baby dordy?" But Dan's head was singularly empty of even a suggestion of a story that Vinnie would like, and some of the stories that did come into his mind made him feel ashamed of himself before the child. Vinnie the while was giving his cheek, caressing, coaxing, little pinches after the way of a child who has been only with those who loved it and let it love them. Dan felt a thrill of delightful gentleness go through him at the little one's touches and he felt he must tell the child something. He began at random: "Once there was a little boy." "Wath he a dood ittie boy?" asked Vinnie. Dan had an inspiration in answer. Surely he could tell the child the story of Christmas and Vinnie listened and listened and at last the little body

grew limp and the child was asleep. Dan sat for two mortal hours without stirring, for fear of waking him. He dared not even read. He just sat staring into the darkening world and into the shadows where summer scenes in which were Alice, and he danced into visions of possible houses, and sites of houses, and furnishings. "I'm making at least fifteen hundred dollars a year clear, and most people who make that much in Platteville are saving money on it."

When time for supper came he did not want to take the little fellow into the cold again for a half a meal. So he left him with an anxious old lady and brought in a bowl of warm milk and bread. He would not let the old lady give it to him, however, though she pleaded children and grandchildren, but fed him himself carefully and precariously but proudly.

In about an hour it would be time for him to get off if he were going to Rochelle, and after that Vinnie would have about an hour longer to ride. The old lady declared that she would take personal care and the conductor vouched that he would be responsible for his safe delivery at Glenellyn. He knew people at Glenellyn himself. So Dan said to Vinnie, "After a while Uncle Dan is going to leave you on the car for a while all by yourself and the nice lady. Will you be afraid?"

"Vinnie ithn't fwaid," and he patted Dan's head, "but Vinnie ikes Unkie Dan on de cah."

"Oh that's the way is it?" thought Dan. "He isn't afraid, but he likes Uncle Dan," and somehow it flattered him vastly. Vinnie was a plucky little chap and he ought to have the kind of company he preferred, to be sure. Dan consulted the conductor once more and found that there was a local back some time in the morning about seven o'clock. "They don't expect me for a certainty at any particular time at home. I might as well go on."

Then he took up Vinnie once more and that young lad soon slept the sleep of the just and of those who have their will.

When the brakeman called out "Glenellyn," Dan slipped the sleepy child into his coat with the help of the benevolent old lady, took him on his arm and got off on the little platform, where fantastic shadows whipped up and down in the flickering light of the single lantern. Dan stood there hesitatingly, then he set down the little fellow and leading him by the hand started across towards the tiny waiting room. "Here he is," said a voice, and then there was a gasping little "oh—" and Dan had let go of Vinnie's hand and was saying "Alice" and closed his two hands across hers, while she was looking up at him with eyes in which there was an unspeakable delight. Incoherently, in fits and starts, interrupted by introductions in the waiting room, Dan learned that Alice was here for Christmas. The aunt, with whom she had lived a good part of the time after her father died, lived here. Mrs. Fleming was a second cousin to this aunt. The Flemings had had much misfortune in the last year. Yes, they knew that he was going to bring Vinnie, but they did not know he was coming all the way. "Neither did I," laughed Dan. Then he asked about a hotel, but Alice said that they could not let him go to a hotel.

Dan agreed in the exuberance of a delight he did not care to repress now. He would go back on the morning

train and be time enough to meet and get tired of the girls his mother would have at the house. But Alice pointed out that he could not go to church if he took the morning train, and that there was a late afternoon train which stopped when it was signalled. And so Dan agreed to wait.

Vinnie was going to stay with the Cummings, other cousins of Alice, and first cousins of Mrs. Fleming. Annie Cummings, Tom, Vinnie and the valise were packed into the capacious jumpseat and it fell to Alice and Dan to walk up.

The still, calm air, the luminous sky, the stars, the arching trees, the crispy snow, the little houses with their cosy enclosures, and, above all, the touch of Alice's hand on his arm, were so full of mysterious charm after the barren stretches of lonely earth on which Dan had looked in the morning that he was in a mood that was almost exultation. They stopped at the Cummings' and had some hot tea and cakes. Vinnie, wide awake once more in the delight of a brilliant Christmas tree, came over to "Unkie Dan" with a horn full of knicknacks for Christmas, and a reluctant good night and a kiss. Tom Cummings had told Alice's aunt of the guest to come and the spare room had a roaring fire in an old-fashioned stove that looked like a church door with its gables and points. The whole side of it seemed to open out like a fireplace, and Dan sat and watched the flames creep around the crackling wood. The room was fresh with a certain immaculate, convent-like freshness, which he had almost forgotten in the dust and dinginess of hotels and boarding houses. It was like a dream that he should be under the same roof with Alice. How little did he think it in the morning? He was to be called to go to five o'clock Mass with her and her cousins, and it was late now. But no matter. He leaned back in a luxury of reveries. Dan had not been over-religious. Self-reliant and pushing as he was, the blows of his life had not yet been of the kind that force a man to have a hope and a faith outside of himself and his fellow creatures. Still it seemed even to him that the marvel of the day's ending must mean more than just a trick of chance. At home he had known an anxious and ambitious devotion from his parents, but none of that quiet content and gentle simplicity of pleasure which seemed to mark Alice and her people. May be it might be a good gift to take on a life journey, a more comfortable one than many others. He looked at the clock and saw that it was nearly twelve. At four-thirty he must get up. It was well to get to bed for a little while. When he lay down fantastic figures came up and looked at him and passed away again, people he had seen and others he had not seen, and every little while Alice's dark eyes seemed to obscure the fleeting faces. Dan had gotten into such a fine flow of spirits that they ceased to flow at once when he was ready. Then the head of Dante in a book he had read with Alice came into his mind and he tried to recall the lines under it. At last some of it came, "how hard it is to climb another's stair." "Indeed it is," whispered Dan, "on Christmas, too, and it will not be so next year," and he smiled happily and drifted in blessed unconsciousness.

. . . . .

How do the things that pass come upon us? We plan, we think, and

then what does happen seems to have shaped itself as the outcome of powers we never thought in us, or tried not to think in us. When Dan was coming back from church with the first silver streak showing faintly in the east —— and Alice clinging to him in the darkness of the slippery and unlighted street, he found himself talking of Platteville and fifteen hundred a year. Alice seemed to agree. Dan did not notice that during this argument the Cummingses and nearly everybody else had gotten far ahead of them. He and Alice slipped into the house and huddled around the stove in the sitting room, waiting to be called for breakfast. Dan was helping Alice off with her coat and talking but little, so little that Aunt Ellen was not quite sure whether they were in or not, and she opened the sitting-room door to look in. Dan was holding Alice's hands. Aunt Ellen gasped in utter bewilderment and Alice tried to withdraw her hands, but Dan held them fast. "Merry Christmas, Aunt Ellen. It's all right," he said, "if you're willing to have me for a nephew."

"God bless us!" said Aunt Ellen. "Come and have your breakfast anyway before it's cold."

LOVE SHALL BE LAW.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

Hark to the holy
Harpings of Angels
Moving in mellow
  Musical bars!
Out of the distant
Deeps of the darkness
Sweet come the swelling
  Sounds from the stars.

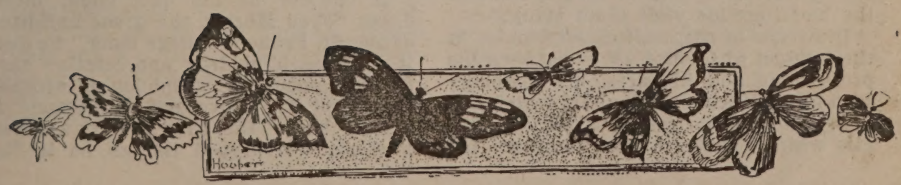
Hark to the hymning,
Ye in life's hollows,
Poverty's pensioners
  Praying for doles!
Lift your bowed heads up,
Let the glad love-song
Sink with its sweetness
  Into your souls.

Listen, ye nations!
Nearer the night winds
Moan, but in music
  Melting to song;
Over the wide earth,
O'er the wide waters,
Love's voice awaking,
  Leads us along.

Sharp from the shining
Shallows of azure,
Lo! the blue lightning
  Leaps through the skies,
Flashing with fearful
Flashes; and night stands
Gray in a gleam that
  Glimmers and dies.

Ay! thus an awful
Anguish like flame shall
Burst from God's bosom
  Burning with ire
O'er the unheeding
Hosts that will hark not
Unto the Angels'
  Undulant choir.

War then, with white-faced
Terror and wailing
Over the earth shall
  Cease to o'erawe;
God shall our guide be,
Guide unto paths where,
Led by the Christ-child,
  Love shall be law.



BOOK REVIEWS.

When estimating the character and achievements of Thomas Babington Macaulay, Justin McCarthy says of him that as the years rolled on he proved among other things that "he could write history which set citizens disputing, but which everybody had to read." The latter part of this sentence is peculiarly applicable to "The History of The Four Georges and William IV", published in four volumes, the first two some years ago, and the concluding numbers within the present year, the whole covering the Georgian era of English history and including the reign of William IV. It is delightful history to read, possessing the fascination of a clever novel while presenting historical facts relative to wars, weighty parliamentary debates, etc., with an obvious regard for truth, and the exercise of an impartial judgment. If any fault can be found with so fair a chronicler, it is that at times his charity is over-abundant, particularly when he extends it to Castlereagh, of whom he says, "yet the man himself had not a cruel nor an ignoble nature." A notable feature of the character sketching Mr. McCarthy deftly works into his history is his apt use of words that etch themselves on the reader's memory, as when he characterizes Lord Liverpool as "a curiously narrow, hide-bound politican"; "Napoleon, a master of men and hemispheres"; "Fox, the greatest friend of liberty"; "Nelson, never was a little body more compact of the virtues that make great captains and brave men"; and of Sheridan, whose funeral "was the funeral not merely of a man, but of an age."

In the opening chapter of Vol. IV, introducing the reign of George IV, "who sought to solemnize the opening of his reign by obtaining a divorce from his wife," Mr. McCarthy gives a graphic picture of that King's visit to Ireland, and of the enthusiastic welcome accorded him by the people "in memory of his sympathetic attitude towards Ireland in his earlier days, and in anticipation of the blessings his visit must bring."

In excuse of certain inconsistencies in the conduct of George IV as between his professions and his acts, his historian says he had that peculiar gift which has lately come to be called "artistic"; "the gift which enables a man to throw his whole heart and soul into any part which the occasion calls upon him to act." The worth of this "artistic" quality to his Irish admirers is demonstrated on the next page, in the excerpt from the King's letter to Lord Liverpool, when he says, "I do not like, I cannot reconcile myself to have the primacy of Ireland filled by an Irishman." This after O'Connell had fallen on his knees and in that attitude presented his majesty with a laurel crown.

There is naturally much to interest Irish readers in the contents of these volumes, but it is when Mr. McCarthy crosses the ocean to study the colonies, and their achievements, that American readers will yield him the closest attention.

They will find told here with generous sympathy and unstinted praise the story of their country's early struggles and of "The war that in giving the world a new nation and a republic greater than Rome added one of the greatest names, and perhaps the noblest name, to the roll call of the great captains of the earth. * * * The high-minded, unfaltering soldier and honorable, simple gentleman whose genius in war and whose modesty in peace made the Republic of America an enduring fact in history."

In discussing parliamentary debates, as is to be expected, Mr. McCarthy is in his element, and manages to infuse into his readers a goodly share of his own enthusiastic appreciation of the statesmanship of the giants called into action by weighty political and governmental developments.

Rarely indeed does a work classified as history prove also to be such a treasure trove of information on "the lights rising and going out in literature, art, philosophy, theology and science."

Harper & Brothers. New York. $1.25 per volume.

When Father Finn, S.J., in the very first chapter of his new book, introduces "Fred Morris, the great half-back of the St. Francis College team," he does it with such evident appreciation that for a moment the suspicion is aroused that "But Thy Love and Thy Grace" is a boys' book. But Fred is only a supernumary, worshipped though he is "by

half the young men of the city." Having diverted attention for a moment he slips out of sight, leaving Miss Dalton and Regina to indulge in feminine raptures over the diamond ring, the great prize of the St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum Fair. By the way, was there ever such an optimistic observer of fairs and their working plans as this reverend author? He revels in "a crowded hour of joyous life," and so contagious is his optimism that despite experiences of such affairs the reader smiles in sympathy, even though decidedly opposed to becoming "idiotically ecstatic at having to borrow carfare to get home."

The friendship that begins between Margaret Dalton and Regina O'Connell, at this fair, is beautifully developed, showing both girls at their best, particularly in the scenes where the little invalid, Rose, plays her gentle part. Here Father Finn does his most skilful work, levelling class distinctions with exquisite delicacy, and yet with such firmness that no one even dreams of such barriers being raised again.

One thing that will puzzle the thoughtful reader is why a working girl in an American city should use such atrocious English. There is no reason in the world why Regina should be Father McNichols' "val'able" penitent. And again, why insult her good taste and judgment by giving her such a lover as "him." It would delight the heart of many an editor if every plagiarist could be as summarily punished as was the unhappy Tom. The sharp, swift retribution that overtook him is the one recompense for meeting him at all.

"But Thy Love and Thy Grace" was Regina's prayer, and they were given to her in overflowing measure, making of her life a beautiful, uplifting example for the comfort and help of thousands of working girls, and of thousands of other girls, aimless and purposeless, who need just such stories to bring home to them how much they too could accomplish by developing or cultivating the noble traits of character that distinguished Margaret Dalton. May they read "Thy Love and Thy Grace" and take its teachings to heart.

Benziger Brothers. New York. $1.00.

In the new and revised edition of "New England Legends and Folk-Lore," the author, Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, adds several tales to the collection, and has also made much improvement in the number and quality of the illustrations. These legendary tales in prose and verse are largely founded on fact, Mr. Drake claiming for them that "they disclose the secret springs by which society was moved and history made," in Colonial days. The story of "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," pictured on the cover, is the most fascinating in the collection and, with others of its class, will undoubtedly be preferred to those recording the infamous and inhuman penalties imposed by the Puritanical laws, or telling of such intolerance as prompted Endicott to cut out the cross from the Colony flag, because it was "the hated emblem and banner of Popery."

In "The Witchcraft Tragedy," while admitting the pitiless persecution, the author seeks to divert attention to what he calls a precedent for "those remarkable proceedings," and relates the tragical story of Urbain Grandier, "whose popularity as a preacher excited the envy of the monks, they instigated some nuns to play the part of persons possessed, and in their convulsions to accuse Grandier of being the cause of their evil visitation. This horrible though absurd charge was sanctioned by Cardinal Richelieu on grounds of personal dislike."

The pleasing quality of Mr. Drake's work would be much increased for Catholic readers by the omission of such passages as this; and the freedom from the intolerance he deplores would be more clearly established if he refrained from such ejaculatory comments as "Jesuit that he was"! called forth by the story of Sir Henry Frankland's fell design on "Agnes, the Maid of the Inn." Apart from those little indications of prejudice, the book is one that can be commended as an interesting and most entertaining collection of New England legends.

The book is beautifully bound and illustrated, and in every detail of its mechanical make-up reflects full credit on the publishers, justly famed for the excellence and artistic merit of their work.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston. $2.50.

Admirers of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" will be grateful for the wonderful thing that happened when Anna Estcourt was twenty-five. This wonderful thing transformed her from a dependent into "The Benefactress," whose story is told with all the charm of the preceding volumes by the same author, the secret of whose personality is so carefully guarded.

The popularity of "The Benefactress" is vouched for by the fact that a third edition is now on the press. For many years Anna Estcourt was obliged to accept the grudged benefactions of her parsimonious sister-in-law, whose richness and frankness combined urged her to make "fatiguingly frequent references to the Estcourt poverty." Just when the situation becomes intolerable, and Anna is taking counsel with herself as to what the years to come may be like, the unexpected happens. The appearance of a servant with a tray, on which lay two letters, changes the aspect of affairs. The letters "struck the whole world into radiance." One was from Uncle Joachim's lawyer, the other one from Uncle Joachim himself, written shortly before his death. This German uncle had visited Anna in London, much to the disgust of the aspiring Lady Estcourt, who had been a Dobbs, and by means of the paternal wealth had purchased Sir Peter Estcourt. Anna was tenderly attached to Uncle Joachim, though that their tastes were not identical was made distressingly plain on the occasion of a visit to St. Paul's, when "Anna's spirit was caught up to Heaven by the fugue rolling in glorious confusion down the echoing aisle." Looking at her rapt face and tear-wet lashes, Uncle Joachim patted her hand kindly and said encouragingly, "In my youth I too cultivated Bach. Now I cultivate pigs. Pigs are better." One result of such a practical and radical change of occupation was the small estate near Stralsund, which he bequeathed to Anna, transforming her into a benefactress, "happiness, love and kindness shining in her eyes." How she takes possession of her estate, at every turn enjoying the delightful and warming feeling of having money of her own to spend; how the idea comes to her to share her home with other women, who like herself were dependent; and how she proceeds to put her scheme into action form the subject matter of several delightful chapters that also give incidental glimpses into the home lives of certain classes of German people. The brightness begins to die out when three of Anna's "sisters," as she elects to call them, arrive to claim her bounty and to reward her with the blackest ingratitude, hating her in their hearts and fully meriting the opinion Axel Lohm has formed of them from the beginning. To best know who Axel Lohm is and what part he plays in the story it is necessary to read the book for one's self, and to so come under the spell of this author's truly fascinating way of dealing with men and women and the events of life.

The Macmillan Company. New York. $1.50.

"His Father's Daughter," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, makes its readers free of many hospitable homes in Ireland, but none more charming than the Castle of Dreams, with its tower, its background of tall, slender woods, and green hillside fields, where "Tim Healy," the pony, led Bodkin many a chase. The Mall, Cliff House, and Knockarea, have many attractions and interests of their own, including a goodly company of men and women, and to see these at their best you must follow them to Castle O'Kelly, in the wilds of Connaught, bare of its acres and its rent roll to be sure, yet offering a welcome to guests, "Though the O'Kellys may have come down in the world," said its imperious mistress. For is it not the home of the Misses O'Kelly, Finola, "who could trudge miles a day, though the calendar declared her an old woman"; and Peggy, "a gentle creature full of tender sentimentalities." Here came Philippa Featherstonehaugh, "Johnny's own daughter"; and Colombe, the child of Johnny's heart; and Ralph, his uncle, in love all his life with Miss Peggy; and Father Tom Kirwan, shrewd and kindly; and Ralph Lismore, the lucky victim of a wrecking accident. And here later on came the impoverished ladies to whom Finola offered a permanent home, reaping thereby a harvest of great content, unlike the "Benefactress." "The worst of it is that we are so happy that none of us want to die," said Aunt Finn, as she opened the door of the great ball-room that had been the glory of the O'Kellys in days long gone. Now at the far end a little rosy light throbbed like a heart before the altar. "Father Tom says Mass here every morning" was the glad tidings imparted to Philippa and her—but this is telling, and as Bodkin would say, "small thanks to any one" who would spoil a good story by telling the end. We shall content ourselves with mentioning that before this happy solution of Miss Finola's problem had been reached there were meetings and partings, love-making and merry-making, misunderstandings and explanations—all culminating in three great events that removed all cause for Father Tom's complaint, "If I was depending on the marriage fees to keep me, I'd be in worse

condition to-day. I haven't had a marriage this twelvemonth that could pay me half a crown."

There are few greater pleasures than the reading of a thoroughly enjoyable book such as this heartsome, winsome story of Irish life, with its fine humor, its play of feeling, and keen shafts of Irish wit. The book is prettily bound in green, with a view of an ancient castle as part of its cover design.

Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.25.

"I hope to goodness that my father will keep off the Pope," says the disrespectful but observant Sandhurst youth incidentally introduced in "The Vicar of St. Luke's," a clever novel by Sibyl Creed. "He loses his head you know when he gets on the Pope."

So many of the genial colonel's co-religionists in real life lose their heads in the same way that it would be doing them a service to persuade them to follow the story of the Vicar of St. Luke's from the moment he is introduced in his study to the last glimpse of him afforded the reader, in the Jesuit novitiate. It is seldom one has the privilege of reading a book that is so thoroughly entertaining while dealing with religious doubts, waverings and convictions.

Victorian Goring, the Vicar of St. Luke's, is an admirable portrait of the Anglican clergyman of extremely high church views—"priest" he styled himself—zealous for souls and reaching out to the truth in his efforts to bring it to his people.

The Vicar's parishioners vary much in their expression of what Mr. Lilly, the master of Rook Bank, calls "the religious idea," but few share his liberal views. "I'm not an anti-anything," he says pleasantly, and assures Mr. Goring of his willingness to be convinced. Much less complacent are the pompous Mr. Bind, the meddlesome Glossop, characterized by the senior curate as "the sort of light cross one would like to exchange for a heavy one"; the fanatical Tremenheere, and Tempany, the schoolmaster, who had "the almost preternatural insensitiveness and the hack fluency engendered by long habits of public speechifying necessarily tolerated."

One could wish that Lena Merton and her part were not necessary to the development of the plot, but they serve to show what malice under the guise of religion can accomplish. Rachel Squire, "rosy and cheerful-featured," shrewd and helpful, is an excellent bit of character-sketching, and the same skill is delicately employed in portraying the grace and beauty of Elsie Lilly.

The failure of the Bind conspiracy, the tragic happenings at Rook Bank, the conversion of Goring to the Faith, his decision to "join up with the Jesuits," as Bind elegantly phrases his choice; the meeting of the senior curate with his former superior in the Novitiate, and the visit of Lilly to the same retreat, form chapters of deep human interest, and lead to the conclusion of one of the best novels written in recent years. Enemies have called it a tract in disguise, which suggests the thought that if tracts could be made so popular their power for good would be mightily increased.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $1.50.

In "Tarry Thou Till I Come," the author, George Croly, has woven about a classic figure—the Wandering Jew—incidents forming a novel of extraordinary power.

The story covers a period from the crucifixion to the fall of Jerusalem, a period which, in the annals of history, stands out with great force. Salathiel, the hero, is doomed to wander till the second coming of Christ. In a moment of blind fury, he aids in bringing the Master to the cross, and Christ utters against him the words of condemnation: "Tarry Thou Till I Come," which doomed him to immortality on earth. It is this ceaseless wanderer who tells the story of these years, reviewing the successive and ever-deepening phases of his life at this time. Salathiel, therefore, under the weight of an affliction, finds himself forced into strange scenes of action. Through them he moves, now the philosopher, now the poet; again he is a leader—always a stately figure around which varied incidents revolve.

It is a fascinating and instructive romance, and is most sympathetically illustrated by T. de Thulstrup, twenty full page drawings adding much to the artistic beauty of the makeup.

Funk & Wagnalls Company. New York. $1.40.

The title and the dedicatory of Rev. Joseph Gordian Daley's new book were happily chosen. They are so out of the ordinary that attention is at once attracted. "The Children of the Chain Gang" have cause for pride in being so generously remembered by their "companion in many merry rambles." Not one has been forgotten by the author of "The Cassock of the Pines," and there is such warm appreciation in the very telling over of their names that it is pleasant to repeat them: Alice Margaret, Alice Monica, Alice Veronica, Annie,

May, Marguerite, Will J., George, Henry, Tom, Forrest, and One in Heaven.

The initial story from which the collection takes its name tells of the career of a young priest who began his ministrations on the Ridge Mission, in the lower counties of Maine, during Know-nothing days. Stalwart of build and kindly of heart he came to his work, ready to obey the scriptural injunction, and equally ready to avail himself of a certain degree of latitude. "The scripture bade me turn him my cheek and I did," he explains to Doctor Holcomb. "But mind you, the Scripture said nothing about turning my back, so when I got the second gratuitous blow, I simply hauled off and laid the fellow out." A muscular way of routing Know-nothingism that will commend itself to many sympathetic minds, causing them to rejoice in the final triumph of the sturdy young priest over the opposing forces of bigotry.

College scrapes, incidents of the war, parish doings, and events of home life, supply the motive of the other stories, all of which are entertaining and many strongly veined with humor of pleasing quality. "A Wayside Belligerency" being a notable instance.

The familiar and affectionate mention of several colleges dear to many hearts marks Father Daley's book one of special interest to college students, those of to-day, and those of the past to whom this little volume will bring back many a pleasant memory.

Wm. H. Young & Company, New York.

Among the Christmas books issued by Marlier & Co., Boston, are two of more than ordinary interest to readers of DONAHOE'S, who have had numerous opportunities to become agreeably acquainted with the authors through their contributions to the Magazine. The books are "The Awakening," by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, and "St. Anthony in Art," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

"The Awakening" comes to Miriam Elaine, an unbeliever, though baptized in the Catholic Faith, and professing it until the death of her mother left her entirely under the influence of her father, who had a "decided disbelief in all revealed religion." With his infidel sentiments Mr. Elaine leaves to his daughter a large fortune and the care of a younger child, Florence, who had been educated "to associate the Divinity with every suggestion of horror and repugnance." Yielding to the persuasion of Mrs. Rogers, Miriam's aunt, Father Daring, the eloquent pastor of St. Placidus, visits the home of the Elaines, and is ushered into a drawing room where marble busts of Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Rousseau and Paine occupy places of honor, a lighted lamp burning before each. Moved to deep feeling by this avowal of unbelief by one who had been a Catholic, Father Daring sternly exhorts Miriam to return to the Faith, and his scathing reproof recalls memories long dormant—"the few years of her childhood at the Sacred Heart convent, her Holy Communions, her confirmation, visions of the gentle nuns, the dear old priest, her confessor, and above all the deep peace of soul that hung about her like an ægis of protection."

Subsequent events deepen the impression made by Father Daring's earnest words and hasten the moment when, her cherished theories no longer satisfying intellect or heart, Miriam kneels at the shrine. "Her prayer was only a prayer of tears, but when she arose and took the priest's hand, there was a light in her countenance that bespoke a new presence within her soul."

At this point the story takes on new interest in the introduction of other characters essential to the development of the plot, and holds the reader's attention throughout some graphic scenes dealing with the suit of Geoffrey Daunt, the trials of Manley and Agnes Brine, the future of Florence Elaine, the atonement, Geoffrey's revenge, and the final scene in the little octagonal room on the vigil of All Saints.

$1.25.

The gift book that in contents and make-up is worthy of the season has an enduring value, and is among the most acceptable of Christmas presents. Such a book is "St. Anthony in Art," which not only concerns itself with the good saint as presented by artists, but also includes in its contents: The Religious Paintings of Tintoretto; Music's Saintly Votary; The Angel Painter; Angels in Art; A Saintly Scholar; Pictures of the Assumption; The Painter of Heaven; The Painter of the Virgin.

A large number of reproductions from paintings of the Masters illustrate the text, and the cover is a charming design worked out in a rich color scheme.

$2.00.

Another book from the same publishers is "The Perfect Woman," translated from the French of Charles de Sainte-Foi by Zephirine N. Brown. Net, $1.00.

QUESTION BOX.

How should one answer a non-Catholic on the following questions:

Q. What is the Catholic rule of faith, and why do not the Catholics make the Bible their rule of faith, as the Protestants claim to do?

A. The Catholic rule of faith is God's word, whatever God has spoken, what God's Church teaches to be the revelation of God, the teaching of Christ to His Apostles, and of the Apostles to those to whom they preached. Divine Revelation is not all in the Bible. The Bible itself testifies that "many other things also did Christ, that are not written in this book." The Revelation of God is just as valuable outside the Bible as in it. So, while the Protestants claim the Bible as their rule of faith, the Catholics say it is not the complete rule, it is only a part of revelation. The Catholics claim all that the Protestants do, and more. And besides the Catholics claim that Christ has left a Teacher in His Church to teach and to explain His Word. So, the Catholic rule of faith is the word of God, Bible and Tradition, interpreted by the infallible Church, guided by the Holy Spirit.

Q. Why is the Catholic Church not progressive?

A. The Catholic Church is progressive. She does not build railroads, or develop oil-wells. Her adherents can and do engage in all material works, as do the adherents of other religions, or of no religion. Her children build magnificent edifices for Divine Worship. But the Church's work is a spiritual work, the salvation of souls. This work never varies, but in its prosecution the Church suits herself to the conditions of time and place, so far as she can do so. She can adapt her discipline to circumstances, but she cannot change the faith. She is not the creator of doctrines: she is but the guardian of revealed truth and its interpreter and teacher. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," said Christ, "but My Word shall not pass away." If to be unchanging in truth is to be unprogressive, the Church must plead guilty. But in no other sense can she be called unprogressive. She has always been a friend and promoter of learning, of the arts, literature and science. She has been indeed their Saviour at certain epochs. Some call her unprogressive because she does not accept every new theory of every unfledged scientist, because she demands not mere unproven theories, but conclusions guaranteed by facts. But this regard for truth is no hindrance, but really a help to science, to honest scientific methods. Isn't the Church in the United States progressive? Some non-Catholics make that her crime.

Q. Are not all denominations branches of the true Church of Christ? As there are many roads leading to a city, are there not many roads leading to heaven?

A. The moment a branch is cut from the trunk, it receives no life. It becomes a dead branch, and is fit only for the burning. Said Christ: "I am the vine, you the branches. . . . If any one abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither, and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire and be burneth."—John XV, 5, 6. The denominations separated from the Church, beginning about 400 years ago. Separated, they are not branches of the Church. Our Divine Lord has pretty plain language regarding many roads. He says, "How narrow is the gate and straight is the way that leadeth to life. And few there are that find it."—Matt. 7, 14. Unity is very dear to Him: He would have but one fold and one shepherd." "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Me."—John 17, 21. And St. Paul wrote: "One God, one faith, one baptism." There is but one way to heaven; there is a broad road to destruction.

Q. Is there any authority in the Scriptures for a man to think that he shall be saved, if he firmly believes in his predestination for the kingdom of heaven?

A. No. There are some texts that the unwise have in their perversity so interpreted. But many another text of Holy Writ severely rebukes their pride of understanding. The Old Testament tells that no man knows whether he is worthy of love or of hate. St. Paul, though not conscious to himself of anything, was not thereby justified. For only the Lord justifies. And he warns him who stands to take care lest he fall. He chastises his own body, lest while preaching to others he may himself become a castaway. And surely St. Paul might well have believed himself destined for heaven. Yet he found his surety only in fulfilment of God's will. Like St. James, he knew that "as the

body without the soul is dead, so also faith without works is dead." And our Lord has said: "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who doeth the will of My Father, who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Q. What means the hierarchy of the Church?

A. This signifies the rulers of the Church: the Pope for all the Church, the bishops, each for his own diocese. To Peter, Christ said: "I give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." And again: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep"; rule over people and bishops. And of the bishops it is written in the Acts of the Apostles: "He has placed you bishops to rule the Church of God."

Q. Does the Catholic Church suppress the Second Commandment?

A. There are Ten Commandments of God. The Protestants divide and number differently from the Catholics. But apart from numbering differently, they all have the same ten commandments.

Q. Why are not marriages between Catholics and Protestants solemnized in Church?

A. For the same reason that the Church does not permit the priest to wear surplice or stole, or to bless the ring at such marriages. The Church does not wish to encourage, but rather to discourage these unions. And so she represents herself through her minister as being not in joy but in gloom for the occasion. And why should she ask into the Church those who do not believe in her rites, her ceremonies, or her sacraments? In the early days of Christianity, even the catechumens, those preparing for baptism, could not stay in the Church at the solemn part of the Mass. In the conferring of her sacraments upon her children, the Church is the sacred place for them, but it has no such sacredness for those not of the fold. And its sacredness and the sacred character of matrimony are signified by excluding mixed marriages from the holy edifice. As this is a matter of discipline, the Church can modify or abolish her practice, or she can make exceptions when she may choose to do so.

Q. Why are so many churches in Italy and in other Catholic countries and in the United States named in honor of the Mother of God, and of the Saints, and so few named after Christ?

A. The Church is dedicated or consecrated solely to the honor and worship of God. It belongs to Him alone. There the Sacrifice is offered to Him, the Sacraments given in His name and by His power. But the Church is frequently placed under the protection of the Blessed Mother or of some saint or saints that the people may have in Mary or the saint a special intercessor before God, and one whose name and life may represent to them how God has been served by the good ones who have passed from earth. But just as when we pray to the saints, our prayers are to reach God through them, so when we call a church by the name of a saint we honor God in honoring His friend. The Catholic understands that God is first and last; the saint a helper, a pleader, and a most powerful and acceptable one with God.

Q. Why is Mass not said on Good Friday, and why is communion not given on that day?

A. Because the Church considers that it adds to the deep sorrow and mourning we should feel on the day we commemorate our Lord's death, to have us deprived of Mass and Holy Communion. We are so reminded that He has left us by His death, that He has consummated His life on earth. We are placed in the attitude of Magdalene, who found the tomb empty, and we are asking where they have placed the Lord. In her present discipline the Church does not permit Holy Communion to be given except as Viaticum to the sick.

TO PUZZLE THE WHOLE UNITED STATES.

To change an old and trite saying, and in its place coin one perhaps as applicable—the American people like to be puzzled, and they enjoy it the more when they are rewarded for their answers. The Ladies' Home Journal is going to both puzzle and reward its readers in a clever way. Each month it is to present a page to be called "The Journal's Amusing Puzzles." This page will contain a certain number of small pictures, each one of which will represent the name of some well-known State, flower, historical character, etc., and for correct solutions of these pictures substantial rewards will be given. Some of the cleverest artists in the country have been engaged to carry out this idea.

If you are troubled with a sallow or muddy complexion, MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS will cure it. They correct the stomach and liver. Sweeten and purify the breath. They are simple, effective and inexpensive.

THE MISSION FOR IMMIGRANT GIRLS.

The total number of immigrants who landed at New York during the year ending June 30th was 393,616. Of this number 19,953 were Irish. As usual, these were nearly all young people of both sexes. The number of females who landed from Ireland in that time was 11,510. To advise, to safeguard and to maintain a Home for these has been the continued work of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary during the past twelvemonth.

Immigrant girls from Ireland may be divided into three classes, each of which calls for a corresponding line of duty on the part of the Mission. The first class is those who proceed by rail or steamboat to their destination on the day of their arrival. To such the Mission gives direction and encouragement.

The second class consists of those whose friends are on hand to claim them on arrival. The Mission investigates in all suspicious cases and provides that its wards be given to those only who are proper and fit to receive them.

The third class is those who have no friends at all or whose friends are not present to meet them as they land. For these the Mission has provided a Home at No. 7 State Street, where they receive board and lodging free of charge. Here they are welcome to remain until friends call or employment is secured.

During the past year 2,120 girls received the hospitality of the Home. This number includes those who arrived via Boston and Philadelphia and who were directed to us by members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Many of these remained at the Home only one night, while others were guests for days and some even for a week or two. Over 500 young girls secured employment from the Home during the year. Unless personally known to the clergy in charge, all who apply for servants must bring letters of introduction from their pastors. In this way precaution is taken and provision is made concerning the standing and character of those to whom the young girls are given.

A grave problem is agitating at the present time the minds of those who have the welfare of Ireland at heart. According to a recent census Ireland, that could easily maintain 8,000,000 people, is now reduced to a population of about 4,500,000.

The Mission holds, as it has always held, that many Irish boys and girls who emigrate would be far better off, physically and morally, in their own country. There is a great deal of useless emigration from Ireland. To correct this, and thus to put some check upon emigration has been the patriotic endeavor of the Mission. The agent, Mr. Patrick McCool, paid a recent visit to Ireland, after an absence of nearly a quarter-of-a-century. He assisted at the ceremony of the dedication of the Cathedral of Letterkenny, in his native county Donegal. Cardinal Logue and many Irish Bishops were there. In this way opportunity presented itself of discussing the emigration question. All the Bishops expressed their high appreciation of the work done here by the Mission for the protection of the Irish Emigrant Girl. Realizing the value of the Mission's experience they suggested the idea of printing a short circular containing information and advice that may be of use tc those who intend to emigrate. A copy of this circular has been already sent to Cardinal Logue for his perusal and endorsement. In due time many thousand copies will be printed. The Bishops of Ireland will supervise their distribution amongst those whom they are intended to serve. By co-operation like this on both sides of the Atlantic it is confidently hoped that break-waters will be erected to stem the flowing tide. Whatever be the result of the anti-emigration movement it is understood that as long as an Irish Immigrant Girl comes to New York to earn a livelihood so long shall the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary continue to safeguard her interests. From the above statistics it is easily seen that there is as much need for the Mission now as in the days gone by.

The Mission is supported by the voluntary contributions of the Irish race in America. Had it any means of support from the City or State, the Directors would not be compelled from year to year to apply for aid to the charitable. The Irish everywhere are noted for their liberality. They have erected and supported churches and institutions of charity not only in their adopted country, but also in the land of their fathers.

The Irish race in America should point to the Mission with pride. Its establishment has been their glory,

its maintenance is their duty. Every sentiment of chivalry, every feeling of patriotism ought incite the Irish race to contribute generously to the glorious work for the protection of the fair daughters of the Old Land.

On October 1st of each year cards of membership in the Rosary Society are sent to collectors throughout the country. The collector's duty is to secure members for the Society. Membership costs only twenty-five cents a year. This entitles the member (whether living or dead) to a share in the merit of the good work accomplished by the Mission and to the benefit of Masses which are offered at the Home every week during the year. Every Saturday a special Mass is offered for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the collectors.

A TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE FOR THE RIGHT ANSWER.

"Borrowed From the Night" is drawing to a close. As we predicted, it has proved one of the most popular serials published in recent years. The mystery surrounding the characters has awakened curiosity to such an extent that numerous letters have reached us asking "What becomes of Preston Martins?" His fate seems to interest more readers than that of any other character, not even excepting Teresa. At several social gatherings this has been the subject of discussion, and the various opinions offered were so entertaining that we decided to call for a public expression of opinion, awarding a TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE to the person who reaches the right conclusion. You have followed the story, and no doubt have formed your own opinion. Why not write it to the Magazine. There are no conditions to be observed except to have your answer mailed on or before December 20th. You may win the TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE. We shall be glad to know what you think of the story, but any way write down what you think will become of Preston Martins and mail it to us. The Winner's name will be announced in the January number.

Address "Serial Story Department," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

THE DRUG HABIT.

Why Victims Are Crowding the Sanitariums and Insane Asylums.

Nearly all patent medicines contain opium, morphine, alcohol—poisonous drugs in some form. That is one reason why doctors are opposed to patent medicines.

We write about it here to explain why we can recommend Father John's Medicine, which is not a patent medicine, which contains no poisonous drugs, no alcohol. It was prescribed for the late Rev. Fr. John O'Brien of Lowell, Mass., fifty years ago.

Its ingredients are all pure food elements—there is no secret about them. They nourish the blood and nerves, and build you up from the start while curing colds, throat and lungs troubles and diseases of the blood. It drives the impurities from the system, makes your food do you good. Germ diseases like consumption, typhoid fever and diphtheria, can't develop in blood fed with Father John's Medicine. It cures cold, prevents pneumonia. If your druggist does not have it send $1 for a large bottle, express prepaid. Carleton & Hovey, Lowell, Mass.

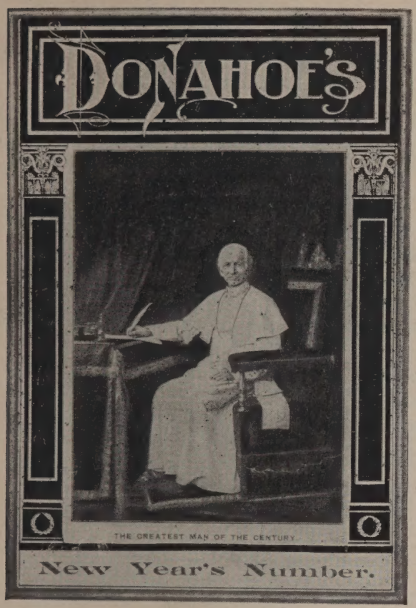
CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

We are now entering the season of
Rheumatic pangs,
Catarrhal sneezes,
Neuralgic fangs,
Asthmatic wheezes.

It is therefore advisable to guard in time against these and kindred evils of cold weather by covering the body with undergarments of wool. Probably the best to buy are the well-known brand of Jaeger make, as these come with a strict guarantee of pure wool, of the finest quality. As they also come in five different weights for fall and winter, there is ample choice for each individual need.

Best of All Christmas Gifts



POPE LEO XIII.

SAYS:

"Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect these productions of the Catholic press, and let everyone in proportion to his income support them with his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press we ought by all means to bring helps of this kind without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones."

TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY:

KINDNESS should cover all the year. Not alone at Christmas should we be reminded of the loving thoughtfulness of friends. The gift that does us good in mind and heart the year round, is the best gift at Christmas. For this reason our Subscribers should present their friends with a year's subscription to DONAHOE'S. It will be a monthly reminder of good-will.

Send your friend's address with $1.50, and we will send him or her DONAHOE'S for a year, also sending the superb Christmas number FREE. In every case your friend will be promptly notified by card that the subscription is your gift.

This offer is for Subscribers, and can only be applied to subscriptions given as gifts to friends.

Fill out this blank and mail to us with $1.50.

Please send Donahoe's Magazine to the following Address for one year:

Name, ...

Address, ...

THIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY TILL JAN. 1st, 1902.

☞Money can be sent by Post Office or Express Order or Registered Letter, all of which can be had on application at the Post Office and Express Office in your city or town. Money sent in letters not registered is at risk of sender, and if lost cannot be traced. **Post Office Money Orders of $2.50 or less can be procured for three cents. Over $2.50 and not exceeding $5.00,—five cents.**

Price 25c. Subscription $2.00 a Year.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Cor. Washington and Boylston Sts., Boston, Mass.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

CONTENTS

The Social Side of the Gaelic Movement, Ill.	Alice L. Milligan	411
Tammany Hall and the Catholic Church	M. P. Curran	421
The Federation Convention	T. B. Minahan.	430
A Bicycle in Morocco. Illustrated	Henry Collins Walsh	432
The Creed of Anarchy	Rev. L. W. Mulhane	441
In Purer Ether. Story. Concluded	Esther A. Waggaman	447
Meeting Public Problems. Illustrated	Anna Seaton Schmidt	457
Borrowed From the Night. Story (Cont'd)	Anna C. Minogue	469
A Memory. Poem	Mary M. Redmond	477
Building a Home. Illustrated	William Peard	477
People in Print. Illustrated	William Hopkins	484
State Paternalism in Education	Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.	489
Question Box		509
Book Reviews		511

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS:

1. Magazines will be sent until ordered stopped.

2. Examine the date on the magazine wrapper. It shows the time to which you are credited.

Subscription, $2.00 per year. Foreign, $2.50.

Make checks and money orders payable to

Post Office Money Orders for $2.00 or less can be obtained for three cents.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY,
Cor. Washington and Boylston Sts.,
Boston, Mass.

Ziegler Electric Company,

Manufacturers and Importers of

PHYSICAL and CHEMICAL APPARATUS

For Colleges and Schools.

General Catalogues as well as Special Catalogues for the works of Hall & Bergen, Gage, Avery Williams, Newell, etc., sent on application.

141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

GRANOLITHIC

ROCK ASPHALT

TRADE MARK REG. LAID BY SIMPSON BROS. CORPORATION 166 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON.

TAR CONCRETE

Floors, Sidewalks, Driveways, etc. Tel. Main 1155

JUST READY!

Catholic Home Annual

For 1902.

With beautiful cover in colors and 50 illustrations.

Price, 25 Cents free by mail.

SPECIAL FEATURE THIS YEAR:

Original Storiettes by 17 foremost writers;

Father Finn.
C. W. Stoddard.
M. F. Egan.
M. A. Taggart.
M. C. Crowley.
Anna T. Sadlier.
M. T. Waggaman.
M. F. Nixon Roulet
S. M. O'Malley.
Mary E. Mannix.
M. G. Bonesteel.
Katharine Jenkins.
M. E. Henry-Ruffin
E. Howard Wight.
M. J. Brunowe.
Mary Allis.
Eugenie Uhlrich.

Besides a new long story by Father Finn, there are many other interesting Stories and Articles. **All for 25 Cents.**

For sale by all Catholic Booksellers.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

NEW YORK: 36-38 Barclay St. CINCINNATI: 343 Main St. CHICAGO: 211-213 Madison St.

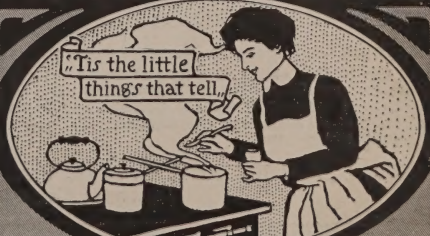
AVOID UNKNOWN BRANDS

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

SEND FOR "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. N.Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF



REFUSE COUNTERFEITS

J. Liebig

LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE IN BLUE

Schools and Colleges

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
EMMITSBURG, MD.

Conducted by the Sisters of Charity.

Beautifully situated among the Blue Ridge Mountains.
Classical and Scientific Courses.
Specially organized departments of ***Music and Art.***
Well equipped Library and Laboratory.
Steam Heat and Electric Light.
Terms $250.00 per academic year. Letters of inquiry directed to the MOTHER SUPERIOR.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Classics, Letters, Science, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture.

Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses.
Ecclesiastical students at special rates.
Rooms Free. Junior or Senior Year, Collegiate Courses.
Rooms to Rent, moderate charge,
St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 13.

The 58th year will open ***September 10th, 1901.***
Catalogues free. Address
REV. A. MORRISSEY, C.S.C., President.

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME,
West Rittenhouse Square,
Nineteenth St., below Walnut, Philadelphia.

This well-known Establishment, intended both for boarders and day scholars, possesses every attraction, being located in the most delightful section of the city, opposite West Ritttenhouse Square. The course of studies is thorough, embracing all the branches requisite for a solid and refined education, also a College Preparatory Course.

The forty-fifth year of the Academy opens
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.
For further particulars apply to the Sister Superior of the Academy.

Villanova College,

12 Miles from Philadelphia,

Conducted by the Augustinian Fathers,
Aims at the health and happiness of her students: two very essential conditions for their progress. A choice of three courses is offered, Classical, Scientific or Business.
Athletics of all kinds are encouraged.
Write for Prospectus.

REV. L. A. DELUREY, O. S. A., Pres.,
Delaware County, Pa.

St. Mary's College.
St. Mary's, Kansas.

Conducted by the **Fathers of the Society of Jesus;** has two courses of studies — **the Classical and the Commercial.** This is one of the best-known Catholic boarding schools for boys in the West, and is provided with every accommodation for promoting the health, comfort and advancement of the student. For full information, terms, etc., address

REV. JAMES M'CABE, S. J., President.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
EMMITSBURG, MD.

Conducted by an Association of Secular Clergymen under the auspices of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore.

Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Terms, $300.00 in Senior, and $250.00 in Junior Dept. Address
REV. WILLIAM L. O'HARA, President.

St. Mary's Academic Institute.
St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo Co., Ind.

Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Location unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness. Grounds extensive. Buildings elegant and spacious. Rates very low. Every facility is offered for acquiring a thorough and accomplished education. For terms and other particulars address
SISTER SUPERIOR, St. Mary's, Vigo Co., Ind.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASS.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Collegiate and Preparatory Departments. Extensive grounds and exceedingly healthy location. New buildings, large gymnasium, indoor running track, hot and cold baths, modern conveniences. Easily reached from New York State and Pennsylvania. Board, tuition, washing and mending, use of gymnasium, library and reading room, physical instruction and medical attendance, $257.00 a year. Send for catalogue to
Rev. John F. Lehy, S. J., President.

Georgetown University
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Under the management of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Over one hundred professors and seven hundred students.

Department of Arts and Sciences. Georgetown College, founded in 1788-89

Oldest Catholic College in the United States. Preparatory and Collegiate Courses for Boarders and Day Scholars. **Complete Post-Graduate Courses.**

Medical Department, founded 1851.

A numerous and eminent Medical Faculty. Excellent clinical advantages. Georgetown University Hospital just opened. A Dental School will be opened this year in connection with Medical Department.

Law Department, founded 1870.

Unequalled opportunities for the study of American jurisprudence.
For information and Catalogue address

Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S. J.,
Rector.

This Season's New Books.

Just Published:

St. Anthony in Art

And Other Sketches. By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET, author of "With a Pessimist in Spain," "A Harp of Many Chords," etc. 12mo, cloth. Rich cover design. Illustrated with a large number of reproductions from paintings of the Masters. The handsomest and most elaborate gift book of the year. Price, $2.00

A book that every woman will want to read:

The Perfect Woman

Translated from the French of Charles de Sainte-Foi. By ZEPHIRINE N. BROWN. 16mo, cloth. Handsomely printed and bound. Net, $1.00

A charming story, charmingly told:

The Awakening

By REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM. 12mo, cloth. $1.25

Everything good that can be said has been said of

My New Curate.

Twelve editions have been printed and sales are as large as ever. 12mo, cloth. Illustrated, $1.50

New Editions of Successful Books.

The People of Our Parish.

By LELIA HARDIN BUGG, author of "The Correct Thing for Catholics." The sharpest, liveliest, most entertaining book in a decade. 12mo, cloth, gilt top. $1.00.

Cithara Mea.

Poems. By the REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, P.P., author of "My New Curate," etc. 16mo, cloth, gilt edges. $1.25

Weighed In The Balance.

By CHRISTIAN REID, author of "Armine," "Carmela," "A Woman of Fortune," "The Land of the Sun," etc. 12mo, cloth, illustrated. $1.50

"A novel of intensely sustained interest from first to last."
—*Review*, St. Louis.

The Secret of Fougereuse.

A Romance of the XVth century. From the French, by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, with illustrations by Chase Emerson and Louis Meynell. 12mo, cloth, ornamental. $1.25.

Ask for them at Booksellers Everywhere.

MARLIER & COMPANY, Ltd., Boston, Mass.

Our Christmas Number!

DO NOT WAIT UNTIL DECEMBER

to interest your friends in the beautiful Christmas edition now in course of preparation. You know what our Christmas and Easter numbers are, and when we tell you that the Christmas number for 1901 will be better than any previous issue, you will know what to expect. Nothing has been spared to make it a worthy tribute to the season, and a Christmas token that will delight young and old. Wishing to give you the pleasure of discovering all the delightful features for yourself when the number reaches you, we shall make no full announcement of the contents, which will include articles, stories, poems, many beautiful illustrations, and other notable features.

A few of the special Christmas subjects are —

CHRISTMASES OF LONG AGO, by Dr. B. F. DeCosta. A unique paper dealing with events and people of other days.

OUR TRUE POSITION, by Rev. John J. Mullaney. The first of a series of essays on "Our True Position" will begin in this number. The object of these essays is to show how difficult it is for the average non-Catholic, no matter how high his rank, or how cultured his mind—to be entirely free from prejudice against his Catholic neighbors. The sources for this prejudice and ignorance will be pointed out, and the remedy suggested.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN (Aubrey De Vere), by Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. From the wealth of personal letters and reminiscences in his possession, Father Russell has prepared another of his delightful papers, taking as his subject Aubrey De Vere. A fine collection of views and portraits accompany the text.

THE PASSIONATE HEARTS OF INISGLOIR, by Ethna Carbery. A story full of Celtic pathos, and told as only a Celtic writer can tell it.

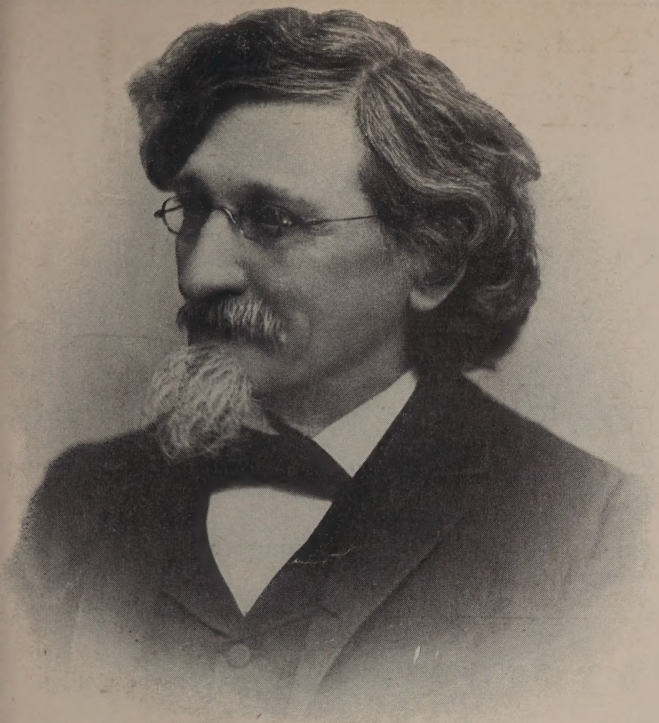
The fiction of this Christmas number is particularly strong, many favorite contributors appearing. We shall mention only one story, in itself worth the price of the number.

A Ten Dollar Gold Piece for the Right Answer.

Borrowed From the Night is drawing to a close. As we predicted it has proved one of the most popular serials published in recent years. The mystery surrounding the characters has awakened curiosity to such an extent that numerous letters have reached us asking "What becomes of Preston Martins?" His fate seems to interest more readers than that of any other character, not even excepting Teresa. At several social gatherings this has been the subject of discussion, and the various opinions offered were so entertaining that we decided to call for a public expression of opinion, awarding a **TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE** to the person who reaches the right conclusion. You have followed the story, and no doubt have formed your own opinion. Why not write it to the Magazine. There are no conditions to be observed except to have your answer mailed on or before December 20th. You may win the **TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.** We shall be glad to know what you think of the story, but any way write down what you think will become of Preston Martins, and mail it to us.

Address "Serial Story Department."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.



The Recognized Masterpiece.

All authorities admit that for authentic matter in connection with the progress of the Catholic Church in the United States nothing is so complete as the masterpiece compiled by

John Gilmary Shea.

It has been our good fortune that this country produced a man of his erudite painstaking disposition to plod through the masses of matter not always easily accessible and bring from precious archives and idvergent localities the valuable information contained in the 3000 pages bound together as the

"History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

No library can afford to be without this set of four volumes which comprise the substance of all that marks the mile stones of advance in the United States from the year 1521 to our times of the greatest institution the world has ever known. This work is not only reliable and complete, and of the choicest narrative, but is embellished with portraits views, maps and fac-similes many of which are fine steel engravings. All are copyrighted and comprise the most valuable collection in this country. We are publishing this extensive and valuable collection in four large library volumes, containing about 3,000 pages.

Elegantly bound in dark cloth, with marbleized edges and gold titles, for $12.00

In half morocco, real gold edges, $15.00

This is positively the greatest set of books ever offered for the price quoted, and is regarded by all as a masterpiece of Church History.

Please send us your order and we will securely pack and ship the books promptly.

Catholic Historical Publishing Co.,
108 Potter Building, - New York.

— THE —

Broad-Shouldered College Suit

...For Young Men

$20

Broad Shoulders, our copyrighted "Hour Glass" Back, nearly straight front and medium cutaway. Elegantly made from unfinished worsteds, and fancy Scotch mixtures.

Olives, Grays and Browns, Plain Oxfords, Blues and Blacks.

These suits are manufactured only by us, and are proving the most successful of any we have ever introduced.

A. Shuman & Co.

Shuman Corner, Boston.

THOS. R. SHEWELL & CO.

68 CHAUNCY STREET, BOSTON. 111 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK. 378 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

TILDEN'S COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY.

This text deals with the interchange of commercial products. Brief but comprehensive chapters on mathematical, physical and descriptive geography are given so that the foundation work for the study of Commercial Geography may be well laid.

SOUTHWORTH'S ESSENTIALS OF ARITHMETIC, BOOKS I AND II.

In the preparation of these texts two objects have been constantly in view. First, the training of the pupil in thought and reason about matters involving the use of numbers. Second, To secure through abundant and varied exercises and practice, accuracy and facility in the more mechanical uses of numbers required by the demand of business.

THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF ROUND-HAND RATIONAL SLANT WRITING.

Observation has shown that a moderate slant to the right is the normal hand of the multitude. To meet the demand which experience has thus developed, THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF ROUND-HAND RATIONAL SLANT WRITING HAS BEEN PREPARED

M. J. O'BRIEN, General Manager.

"The Prudential Girl of 1902"

This Attractive Calendar

for 1902, artistically printed in ten colors, size 10 x 12 inches, combines utility with beauty; a pleasing wall decoration for home or office. Sent free. Fill out and mail coupon.

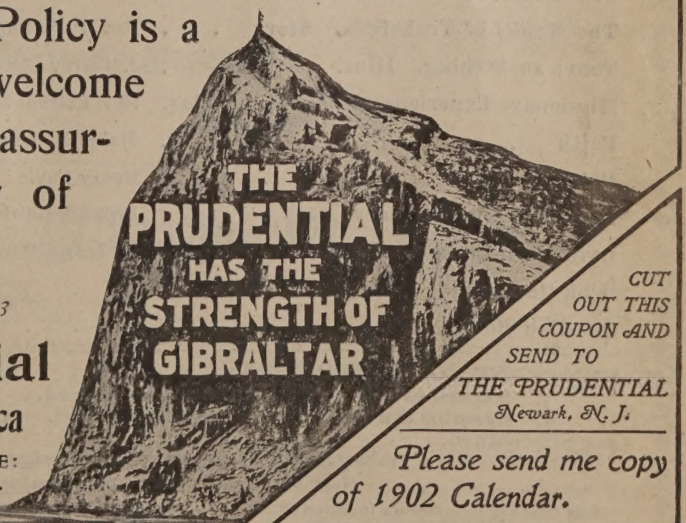
The Prudential

Life Insurance Policy is a generous and welcome Christmas gift, assuring your family of future comfort.

Write for information Dept. 13

The Prudential
Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.



CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND TO THE PRUDENTIAL Newark, N. J.

Please send me copy of 1902 Calendar.

Name .....

Street .....

Dept. 13 City..... *State*.....

Price 25c. Subscription $2.00 a Year.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Cor. Washington and Boylston Sts., Boston, Mass.

DECEMBER, 1901.

CONTENTS

Christmas-tide Long Ago. Illustrated.	Dr. B. F. De Costa	515
Glory to God and Peace to Men. Poem.	Amadeus	529
By Light o' the Moon. Poem	Rev. James B. Dollard	530
Borrowed from the Night. Story. Cont'd.	Anna C. Minogue	531
Our True Position	Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D.	533
The Other One		541
St. Anthony of Padua. Poem. Illus.	J. Gertrude Menard	542
The Poor. Poem. Illus.	J. Gertrude Menard	543
A Christmas Visitor. Story	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	544
The Little Mother's Christmas. Story	John Austin Schetty	551
Poets I Have Known (Aubrey de Vere), Ill.	Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.	555
People in Print. Ill.	William Hopkins	571
The White Choir. Poem	Caroline D. Swan	577
The Monks of Trabolgan. Story	Rev. P. A. Sheehan	578
Toto; an Etching. Illus.	J. Torrey Connor	593
Missionary Experiences in Jamaica. Illus.	Rev. Patrick F. X. Mulry, S. J.	597
Faith	Mabel M. Lent	609
Bohemia. Poem	Henry Coyle	610
Best Laid Plans. Story	Eugenie Uhlrich	610
Love Shall Be Law. Poem.	D. J. Donahoe	618
Book Reviews		620
Question Box.		625

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS:

1. Magazines will be sent until ordered stopped.
2. Examine the date on the magazine wrapper. It shows the time to which you are credited.

Subscription, $2.00 per year. Foreign, $2.50.

Make checks and money orders payable to

Post Office Money Orders for $2.00 or less can be obtained for three cents.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY,
Cor. Washington and Boylston Sts.,
Boston, Mass.

National Fire Insurance Company

Of Hartford, Conn.

JAMES NICHOLS, President.

B. R. STILLMAN, Secretary.

H. A. SMITH, Asst. Secretary.

Total Assets, Jan. 1, 1900,	**$4,851,789.34**
Capital fully paid - -	**1,000,000.00**
Net Surplus - - -	**1,533,879.71**

Book,
Mercantile and
Society work.

Printing and **Engraving**

Wedding and
Ball work.
Blank Books.

Printers of...
Donahoe's Magazine

JOHN D. O'CONNOR.
DANIEL F. O'CONNOR.

Washington Press,
Corporation

18 ESSEX STREET,

NEAR WASHINGTON STREET,

'PHONE, OXFORD 224. ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL BOSTON, MASS. 14 ....BOSTON.

ALL claims look alike on paper. All printing looks alike before starting —

But there is a mighty difference in the finished article.

We cannot show you just how much better we can print your catalogue, or booklet, or circulars, or stationery but we can show you what we have done for others, which is good evidence of what we can do for you. Before placing your orders consider this evidence.

THE C. & C. PRESS

(Caustic & Claflin)

26-28 Brattle Street, Cambridge.

Christmas Cards, Calendars and Booklet Packets.

18TH SEASON.

Our well-known packets are ready, and need only brief mention. First 7 Packs, post-paid, for $3.85. 10 Packs, post-paid, $5.80.

No. 1. For 54 cts., 17 Xmas Cards and Novelty.
" 2. " 54 cts., 10 Fine " " Booklet.
" 3. " $1.08, 25 Xmas Cards, 1 Set (four) Brownie Cards.
" 4. " $1.08, 10 Beautiful Calendars.
" 5. " 54 cts., 5 " " all different.
" 6. " 27 cts., 10 Xmas Cards.
" 7. " 54 cts., 5 Booklets and Calendar.
" 8. " $1.08, 7 Artistic Booklets.
" 9. " 54 cts., 5 Photos, Mounted. 8x10 Classical and Modern Subjects.
" 10. " 54 cts., 25 Sunday-School Cards.

☞ Special Packets and lots put up to order.

TEACHERS. For $1.08, 50 Cards, no two alike. For 54 cts., 25 Cards, no two alike.

Samples paper by the pound, 15 Cents.

H. H. CARTER & CO.,

Satisfaction Guaranteed

5 Somerset Street, Boston. Full Circulars on application.

Solid Gold Thimble - FREE!

We want every user of cereals to try a package of Nameless Breakfast Food and if your grocer does not keep it in stock and you can influence him to do so we are willing to compensate you for your trouble by sending you free,

A HANDSOME SOLID GOLD THIMBLE

This thimble retails for $2.00 and will last a lifetime, as it is solid gold. Urge your grocer to purchase a case, which you can do by agreeing to buy of him. Ask him to write his jobber's name and his own in the lower left hand corner, then sign your name and address in lower right hand corner, mail to us, and we will send you the gold thimble Free.

NOTE — We are advertising this in many magazines and as your grocer can sign but one order, we would advise you to see him before any one else.

Liberty Pure Food Co., Whitney Bldg., Boston

JOBBER.....

You may send me 1 case NAMELESS FOOD at $4.50 per case — 36 2lb. packages.

Retailer's Signature,

.....

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Size of Thimble _____

ASSETS:	SURPLUS:	LIABILITIES: (Including Reserves)
$32,198,504.44	$4,698,785.19	$27,499,719.25

Oldest Accident Company in America

Largest in the World

The Travelers

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Paid Accident Claims (1900) of One Million Dollars

All Forms of Life Insurance
Guaranteed Net Cost. No Estimates

This Handsome 14-karat Gold Filled Cross

ONE DOLLAR.

We carry in stock a large line of **Religious Jewelry** at prices ranging from 25c. to $25.00 a piece

also

CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS, JEWELED ROSARIES, SCAPULARS, CRUCIFIXES, CATHOLIC PICTURES, STATUES, SICK CALL OUTFITS, ETC., ETC.

Completely illustrated Catalogue mailed to any address free on application. Address DEPT. 22.

THE LIPMAN SUPPLY HOUSE,
56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED.

HUTCHINGS, MURPHY & CO.

STAINED AND LEADED GLASS.

471 and 475 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

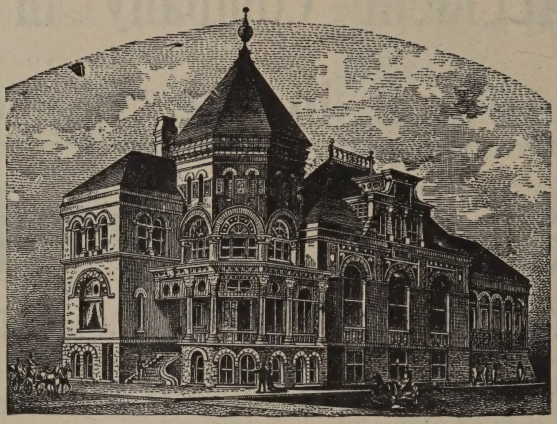
We take the liberty of referring to any of these Clergymen and would call your attention to our work in the following churches, all of which has been put in during the past two years:

Immaculate Conception, Boston, Mass., Rev. W. G. R. Mullan, S. J.
Convent Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Mass. Rev. W. D. Joyce, O. M. I.
Church of the Sacred Heart, Newton Centre, Mass. Rev. D. J. Wholey
Church of the Sacred Heart, Weymouth, Mass., Rev. J. B. Holland
St. Joseph's, So. Norwalk, Conn. Rev. Wm. Maher, D.D.
St. Augustine's, Andover, Mass., Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O.S.A.
St. Gregory's, Dorchester, Mass. Rev. Wm. H. Fitzpatrick
St. Mary's, Franklin, Mass. Rev. M. J. Lee
Church of the Assumption, Westport, Conn., Rev. T. H. Shanly
St. Mary's, Dedham, Mass., Rev J. H. Fleming
St. Charles', Woburn, Mass. Rev. J. J. Keegan
St. Joseph's, Wakefield, Mass. Rev. J. E. Millerick
St. Anthony's, Cohasset, Mass. Rev. W. H. McDonough
St. Bernard's, Rockland, Me. Rev. R. W. Phelan
St. James's, Danielson, Conn. Rev. J. P. Guinet
St. Peter's, Lowell, Mass. Rev. Michael Ronan
St. Mary's, West Quincy, Mass. Rev. A. F. Roche
St. Mary's, Branford, Conn. Rev. Edward Martin
Corpus Christi, Sandwich, Mass. Rev. P. F. McKenna
St. Mary's Convent, Bangor, Me., Very Rev. Michael O'Brien, V. G.
Convent of the Precious Blood, Manchester, N. H. Sister M. St. Gertrude
Sacred Heart, Mt. Auburn, Mass. Rev. Thos. W. Coughlan
St. Lawrence's, Brookline, Mass. Rev. Thos. F. McManus
St. Augustine's Chapel, So. Boston, Mass. Rev. Denis O'Callaghan
Our Lady of the Isle, Newport, R. I. Rev. Wm. Meenan
Precious Blood Church, Hyde Park, Mass., Rev. Jas. J. Chittick
St. Cecilia's Church, Boston, Mass. Rev. J. J. McNulty
St. Joseph's Church, Medway, Mass. Rev. D. J. Kelliher
St. George's Church, Saxonville, Mass. Rev. P. B. Murphy
St. Leonard's Church, Boston, Mass. Rev. Ubaldus Pautolfi
Mt. St. Joseph College, Baltimore, Md. Bro. Dominic
Church of the Sacred Heart, Lowell, Mass. Rev. J. P. Reynolds

Special attention given to repairing.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.



Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.'s Building.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - - - -	$1,000,000.00
CASH ASSETS - - - - - - - - -	$4,081,895.13

The Paper for...

1847 AMARIAH STORRS
1866 AMARIAH STORRS & CO.
1883 A. STORRS & CO.
1884 A. STORRS & BEMENT CO.

THIS MACAZINE

Is furnished by the
old established house of

A. STORRS & BEMENT CO.,

85 and 87 FRANKLIN STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

A Thrilling Romance

Of an Intensely Dramatic Flavor.

"Strong, manly, sufficiently accurate in its history, and thoroughly sympathetic."

"It rings true. All in all, Blennerhasset is a book to buy, to read, to preserve; and of how many books may this be said?" —*Detroit Journal, Sept. 14, 1901.*

"The incidents of the tale are intensely dramatic, and the pictures, by C. H. Stephens of Philadelphia, are the most striking ever given to any historical novel."—*Boston Globe, Oct. 1, 1901.*

Bound in Blue Silk Cloth. Striking Decorative Cover. Gilt top, 12 full page illustrations $1.50

By CHARLES FELTON PIDGIN
Author of
Quincy Adams Sawyer
Now nearing its 200th thousand. $1.50.

Uniquely illustrated Humorous Verses
"JUNK," A Book to Stagger Sorrow, **$1.00**

At All Booksellers.

In Preparation **Miss Petticoats.**

Thomas R. Shewell & Co.

147 Summer ST., BOSTON. 111 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK. 378 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

If you want text-books with the latest educational (?) fads, we do not have them. If you want text-books with educational merit, we would call your attention to the following list:

Greenleaf's Inductive Series of Arithmetics,		Gilbert's School Studies in Words.	$.22
Complete	$.65	Brands' Good Health for Children	.20
Brief Course	.30	Brands' Lessons on the Human Body	.50
First Lessons in Numbers	.22	Tilden's Commercial Geography	1.25
Southworth's New Lessons in Language	.36	Round-Hand Slant Writing Nos. 1 & 2	.60
		Nos. 3 to 7	.75
Southworth's English Grammar and Composition	.60	Round-Hand Vertical Writing, small size	.75
		large size	1.00

For Information in reference to the above list, address

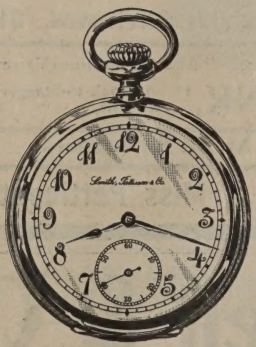
M. J. O'BRIEN, Manager

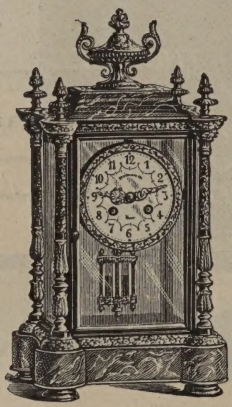
SMITH, PATTERSON & CO.

Diamond Merchants

—AND—

JEWELERS.





Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware,
Jewelry, Cut Glass, Bric-a-Brac,
Opera Glasses, Umbrellas, Canes.

ARTICLES $1 TO $10 A SPECIALTY

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

52 Summer St., ... Boston.

MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

prevent fermentation of food and formation of gases in the stomach. They immediately relieve and quickly cure all forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. After over indulgence in eating or drinking they at once restore the stomach and sweeten the breath. At all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. 25 cents per box.

A. J. DITMAN, 2 Barclay St., N. Y.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

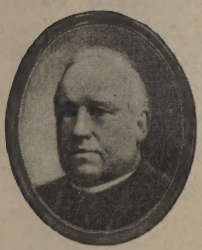
The only suspender that gives absolute comfort under all conditions.

No strain on wearer's shoulders or on the buttons. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings cannot rust. Look for "**President**" on the buckles of the genuine. Extra heavy style for manual workers. Price 50 cents. If you have any trouble in getting the genuine, we will send you a pair of the latest design, postpaid, on receipt of price.

C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co. Box 206, Shirley, Mass.

HOW TO PREVENT COLDS.

SIMPLE WAY TO ESCAPE THIS COMMON AFFLICTION.



A cold is the result of a sudden chill closing the pores of the skin and failure of the body to throw off the impurities. The worst thing you could do at such a time is to take the cough mixtures and balsams, or any patent medicines containing poisonous drugs which deaden the nerves and weaken the body.

Father John's Medicine builds you up at the same time it cures the cold; drives out the impurities and makes new, healthy tissue — that gives you vital force to ward off disease.

This old remedy is not a patent medicine, but the prescription of an eminent specialist, who prescribed it for the late Rev. Father John O'Brien of St. Patrick's parish, Lowell, Mass., fifty years ago. It contains no opium, morphine or poisonous drugs in any form — you will never have a cold if you keep it on hand to take after any exposure.

It is a Food medicine and good to take right along, helps digest your food and has a gentle, laxative effect without weakening.

We guarantee it to cure any cough or cold or refund the money. There is no better prescription for consumption, and if, after a fair trial, you are not satisfied with the results, write to Medical Staff, Father John's Medicine, Lowell, Mass., explaining your case, and your money will be returned if desired.

This prescription has been in use in hospitals for years. It is prescribed by physicians. Rev. Fr. H. E. Lennon of Sacred Heart Parish, Coos, N. H., says :

"I have used Father John's Medicine for a persistent cough and found almost immediate relief. It is invaluable in this cold climate. I consider it the very best medicine on the market for the ailments for which it is prescribed."

Endorsed by St. Vincent de Paul Hospital.

"Many persons of our institution have used Father John's Medicine with excellent results." —Hospice St. Vincent de Paul, Manchester, N. H.

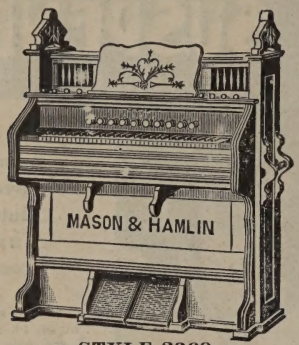
Endorsed by Hospital Notre Dame de Lourdes.

"We are glad to endorse Father John's Medicine. We have tried it and are satisfied with its splendid results."—Sisters Notre Dame Hospital, Manchester, N. H.

If your druggist does not have it send $1 for a large bottle, express prepaid.—Carleton & Hovey, Mfg. Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Simple but not Severe
Small but Serviceable

these are the striking points of our new style



STYLE 2360.

Chapel Organ

Its musical qualities are of a high order, as are those of all organs of our make. 100 styles for all uses.

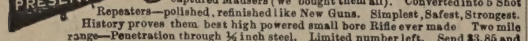
Mason & Hamlin Co.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Rescued From Drink

by a new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1508 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food

Only $12.85 FOR 8.35 SPORTING MAUSER RIFLE



SELECTED from lot captured Mausers (we bought them all). Converted into 5 Shot Repeaters—polished, refinished like New Guns. Simplest, Safest, Strongest. History proves them best high powered small bore Rifle ever made. Two mile range—Penetration through ½ inch steel. Limited number left. Send $3.85 and rifle will be sent C. O. D., balance $9.00 and expressage. Full examination allowed.

F. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, New York.

23 YEARS
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Jaeger
WOOLENS

Only True Sanitary Underwear

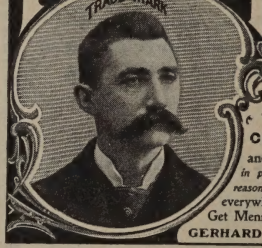
Send for Catalogue.

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL WANTS

Agencies in principal Cities

New York:	16 West 23d St.
	155-57 Broadway
Brooklyn:	504 Fulton St.
Boston:	230-32 Boylston St.
Phila.:	924 Chestnut St.
Chicago:	82 State St.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING,
and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

WALTER H. CHASE

(Formerly with SETH W. FULLER.)

Electrical Work of Every Description

Repairing a Specialty.
Incandescent Lighting Installed.

N. E. Agent for STORY GEN. ELEC. CO.

Electric Bells and Annunciators, Gas Lighting, Door Openers, Burglar Alarms, Telephone Systems.

Ballard Building, 17 Bromfield Street.
BOSTON.

Telephone Main 4397-2.

THE IDEAL SIGHT RESTORER

WE RESTORE SIGHT!

GLASSES RENDER DEFECTIVE VISION CHRONIC.

Write for our ILLUSTRATED TREATISE, Mailed Free.

THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A Christmas Gift of Sight to Father, Mother, Uncle, Aunt, Sister, Brother or Friend.

THE GOLD MEDAL

OF THE

PAN-AMERICAN EXPO-SITION

COPYRIGHT 1901

BY THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION CO.

BUFFALO 1901

AWARDED TO

MELLIN'S FOOD

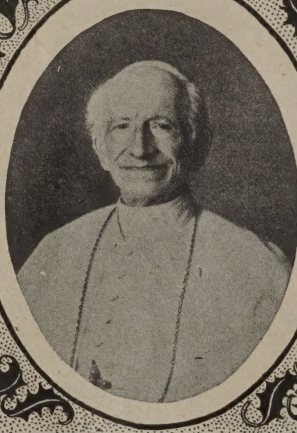
MELLIN'S FOOD CO. BOSTON.

Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these **KEELEY INSTITUTES.** Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.



Newark, Ohio.

I wish to say in connection with Vanilla Crystals that my cook pronounces them far superior to anything she ever used in that department.

REV. B. M. O'BOYLAN.

WHY NOT TRY VANILLA CRYSTALS

THE DELICIOUS FLAVORING USED AT THE VATICAN

AND PRAISED BY

POPE LEO XIII

ALL GROCERS 10¢ BY MAIL 14¢

VANILLA CRYSTAL COMPANY
101 BEEKMAN ST. N.Y.

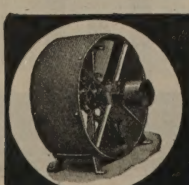
SHORTHAND YOU can learn the PERNIN easily by MAIL or self-instruction. No position, no shading, connective vowel method. LEADS the world in shorthand. FREE lessons; text-book on approval. Write H. M. PERNIN, author, Detroit, Mich.

Cash for REAL ESTATE no matter where it is. Send description and cash price and get my wonderfully successful plan. **W. M. OSTRANDER,** North American Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

$25.00 REPEATING SHOT GUN ONLY $16.50

Sportsmen write: "Nothing on earth like Spencer." For a short time to reduce stock, limited number of best shooting guns in the world will be offered. Receipt of $5.00 gun will be sent C. O. D. Balance $11.50 and expressage. Full examination allowed. Made of best forged steel. Finest twist barrel. Double extractors. Model 1900 take down. Handsome gun. Used by the U. S. Army, expressmen, and over 20,000 Sportsmen. Six shots less than three seconds.

F. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, New York.



Exeter Blowers AND VENTILATING FANS

HEATING AND VENTILATING

SEND FOR CATALOGUE 32 OLIVER ST. BOSTON.

EXETER MACHINE WORKS EXETER. N.H.

The time *was* when about anything would do: but the time *is* when nothing but the best will do

EVANS' ALE and STOUT

stand for the best the world knows of brewing and *bottling*. The *first* and *only* ale *free* from *sediment*.

Brewed for past 115 years by
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Millions can testify to the safety and simplicity of the I-J Revolvers
HARMLESS
HONEST GOODS AND HONEST PRICES
Without intent to do so IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS cannot be discharged

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IS IMPOSSIBLE

Price, $5.50

You can pay $10.00 for a Revolver and be no better satisfied than with an

IVER JOHNSON

for **$5.50.** Our guarantee back of every one. Ask your dealer. Sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of price, cash with order.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS and CYCLE WORKS
Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the well-known Iver Johnson Bicycles, Guns and Revolvers.

New York Salesrooms,
99 Chambers Street

Established 1871
Catalogue Free

Our Business is to make Folks Comfortable.

SENSIBLE PRESENTS

That shown above is our "UNIVERSITY CHAIR." It's a brain worker's chair, has an adjustable back, and arms that lift up and turn over forming shelves for writing, holding books, etc. We make over thirty other styles of **RECLINING CHAIRS.** (*Catalogue C.*)

And over sixty kinds of **ROLLING and CARRYING CHAIRS,** meeting every requirement for in or out-door use. (*Catalogue B.*)

FOR INVALIDS. We make a large variety of devices for their comfort, such as Beds, Lifts, Tables, Back Rests, Commodes, etc. (*Catalogue A.*)

FOR BOOK LOVERS. Sargent's Economic System of Devices for Brain Workers embraces our unrivalled Ball Bearing Rotary Book Cases, Reading Stands, Dictionary and Atlas Holders, Adjustable Reading Desks attachable to any chair, etc. (*Catalogue D.*)

Illustrated Catalogues free. Postage 2 cents each.

GEORGE F. SARGENT CO., 289 P Fourth Av. (next 23d St.) New York

CARPETS.

Mattings, Rugs,
Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Etc.

We carry everything in Floor Coverings to be found in an up-to-date Carpet House.

C. C. BAILEY & CO.

Importers, Wholesalers and Retailers of

Floor Coverings.

90 Canal St., Boston.

While in the city call at our Warerooms. Take elevator. Telephone 647 Haymarket.

NO PRACTICE IS REQUIRED TO PREPARE

Oatnuts

Ask Your Grocer For

Oatnuts

Red Package

LIBERTY PURE FOOD CO.

THE PERFECT FOOD

THE REFINED OATMEAL

R. A. CAMPBELL

Tuberculosis
(CONSUMPTION)

Tuberculosis, whether of the throat, lungs, bowels or other organs, exists when the tissue or mucous membrane lining the particular organ has become so impaired as to furnish a "culture" spot or spots for the germ, Tubercle Bacilli, ultimately causing ulcers or sores or as they are called in the lungs cavities. "A healthy mucous membrane is a normal barrier to the invasion of Tubercle Bacilli and other disease bearing germs."

TINCTURE AMÄL

is not a "cure all" but by its effect upon the human system rebuilds tissue, restores the mucous membrane, in incipient and even in advanced cases of Tuberculosis, thus destroying the germ and does it in any climate. Accomplishing this much in Tuberculosis where loss is so great and waste so evident, it readily cures the lesser troubles of the membrane as Bronchitis, Catarrh, acute or chronic, Laryngitis, etc., etc.

The entire subject is dealt with in a common sense way in "Living for Health" written by a well known authority, which is mailed free upon application together with "Specific Cases"—treated and cured by Tincture Amäl as reported by leading physicians in various parts of this country, reprinted from medical journals.

Every claim we make for Tincture Amäl is fully sustained by numerous thorough tests on the part of the medical profession.

TINCTURE AMÄL MFG. CO., Ltd., Baltimore, Md.

The Turner-Reich Lens

"It's all in the lens"

"IT'S ALL IN THE LENS."

The Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens

We invite the attention of all photographers, amateur and professional, to the merits of this lens.

Some of its good points:

1. Working aperture F:7.5.
2. Absolutely flat field and freedom from astigmatism.
3. Even illumination of the image and great depth of focus.
4. Large light circle in proportion to focal length.

The TURNER-REICH were the first anastigmat lenses invented and controlled in this country. No foreign royalties or import duties are paid on them, and they are made by one of the oldest lens manufacturing concerns in the United States, having a long established reputation as opticians. Write for free illustrated catalogue

GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CORK EXHIBITION

The grandest Exhibition ever yet presented in Ireland will be held in the city of Cork during a period of six months next year. A complete exhibition of everything manufactured or designed on Irish soil will be presented there, as well as extensive exhibits of various kinds from foreign countries. The Exhibition will serve as a practical object lesson, pointing out the way by which the depopulation of the country can be stopped, namely, by the development of the existing Irish manufactures and the creation of new ones.

OPENS IN MAY, CLOSES OCT. 31, 1902.

The grounds on which the Exhibition will be held comprise nearly forty acres ; the buildings alone now in process of erection, which are to contain the exhibits, will cover an area of eight acres. Many unique features, novel amusements, the national games and pastimes of various countries, more especially those of Ireland, will be given a prominent place on the Exhibition program. Special excursion trips at extraordinary low rates will be arranged by the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, to run from Cork to all points of historic and scenic interest; to Youghal, and up the beautiful Blackwater by Lismore; to Bantry Bay, to Killarney by the Western Route via Glengarift and the Gap of Dunloe, returning by the way of Mallow; to Waterford, Dublin, Galway and return to Cork; in a word, short tours to every part of Ireland. It may reasonably be expected that a great reunion — a grand home-gathering of the scattered Gael from the ends of the earth will take place in Cork next summer.

ARE YOU GOING

to be present at this great national home-coming to renew your strength and faith by contact with the mother earth — and with representatives of your widely dispersed kindred — to continue the struggle for national existence? If you are — and you should — then we suggest that you and your friends come

With Donahoe's Magazine Excursion.

We propose to organize at least one excursion from Boston to the Cork Exhibition, by one of the finest steamers that crosses the Atlantic. Our arrangements as to the round trip fare and admission tickets to the Exhibition are not yet fully completed. We are negotiating with the American Trunk Line Railroads for a reduction of fares for our excursionists from their homes to the Atlantic seaboard and return, and we will soon be able to give full details as to terms and conditions for every class of passengers.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY,

18 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.

ORGANIZED 1866.

HARTFORD STEAM BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

THOROUGH INSPECTION

And Insurance against loss or damage to property and loss of life and injury to persons caused by

STEAM BOILER EXPLOSIONS

Full information concerning the plan of the Company's operations can be obtained at the

COMPANY'S OFFICE, - HARTFORD, CONN.

OR AT ANY AGENCY.

J. M. ALLEN, President. — W. B. FRANKLIN, Vice-President.
J. B. PIERCE, Secretary. — FRANCIS B. ALLEN, 2d Vice-Pres.
S. F. MIDDLEBROOK, Asst. Sec'y. — L. B. BRAINERD, Treasurer.
E. J. MURPHY, M. E. Consulting Engineer.

GENERAL AGENTS.

Theo. H. Babcock	New York City	Office, 160 Broadway
Corbin & Goodrich	Philadelphia, Pa.	" 432 Walnut St.
Lawford & McKim	Baltimore, Md.	" 19 Chamber of Commerce
C. E. Roberts	Boston, Mass.	" 125 Milk St.
	Providence, R. I.	" 29 Weybosset St.
H. M. Lemon	Chicago, Ill.	" 169 Jackson St.
C. C. Gardiner	St. Louis, Mo.	" 319 North Fourth St.
S. R. Benjamin	Hartford, Conn.	" 650 Main St.
W. G. Lineburg & Son	Bridgeport, Conn.	" 2 Sanford Building
Burwell & Briggs	Cleveland, O.	" 208 Superior St.
Mann & Wilson	San Francisco, Cal	" 396 Sansome St.
Thos. F. Daly	Denver, Col.	" 423 Ernest & Cranmer Building
Louis V. Clark & Co.	Birmingham, Ala.	" 110 North 19th St.
W. S. Hastie & Son	Charleston, S. C.	" 44 Broad St.
Peter F. Pescud	New Orleans, La.	" 818 Gravier St.

More than 80,000 Steam Boilers now under the Insurance and Inspection of the Company.

TAPESTRY PAINTINGS. 2,000 Tapestry Paintings to choose from. 38 Artists employed, including Gold Medalists from the Paris Salon. Special designs for special rooms furnished.

ARTISTIC HOME DECORATIONS. We can show you effects NEVER before thought of and at moderate prices, too. Write for Color Schemes, Designs, Estimates. ARTISTS SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD to execute every sort of Decorations and Painting. We are educating the country in Color Harmony. We supply everything that goes to make up the interior of a home — Stained Glass, Relief, Carpets, Furniture, Parquetry, Tiles, Window Shades, Art Hangings, Draperies, etc.

RUSSIAN TAPESTRY. For Wall Hangings in colorings to match all kinds of wood-work, carpets and draperies. To be pasted on like wall paper. 52 inches wide. It costs little more than Burlaps, and has taken the place of Burlaps in private homes, being softer, smoother and more rich and restful. We commend these most highly. We have made special silk draperies to match them. Send 10 cents for postage on samples.

GOBELIN ART CRETONS. For Wall Hangings. They are pasted on like wall paper. They are taking the place of the latter, being softer and more artistic, costing a very little more—about the same as wall paper at $1.00 a roll. We have them in styles of Grecian, Russian, Venetian, Brazilian, Roman, Rococo, Dresden, Festoon College stripe, Marie Antoinette, Indian, Calcutta, Bombay, Delft, Soudan, and, mark you, we have draperies to match. Send 25 cents to pay postage on samples.

WALL PAPERS. New styles, designed by gold medal artists. Send 50 cents to prepay express on large sample books and drapery. Will include drapery samples in package, See our Antique, Metallic, French, Pressed Silk and India effects. Have 500 different wall hangings with draperies specially made to match.

DRAPERIES. We have Draperies to match all kinds of wall hangings from 15 cents a yard. This is a very important feature to attain the acme of artistic excellence in decoration. No matter how much or how little you want to spend you must have harmony in form and color. Send 25 cents for samples.

FREE. If you will send us the floor plans of your house we will send you free a color scheme, illustrated by samples themselves. (Regular charge for this is $25.00.) Tell us what you want on the walls of the principle rooms—tint, paint, paper or stuff. We can decorate your house from $200.00 up. If possible send us the plans, rough pencil outline will do. Tell us if you want curtains, carpets, furniture—in fact, itemize to us everything you desire. If you have any or all of those articles let us know the color of them so we can bring them into the color scheme. Send 25 cents to pay postage.

DOUTHITT'S MANUAL OF ART DECORATIONS. The art book of the century 200 royal quarto pages filled with full-page colored illustrations of modern home interiors and studies. Price, $2.00. If you want to be up in decoration send $2.00 for this book, worth $50.00.

SCHOOL. Six 3-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, $5.00. Complete written instructions by mail, $1.00. Tapestry paintings rented; full size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. New catalogue of 170 studies, 25 cents. Send $1.00 for complete instructions in tapestry painting and compendium of studies.

TAPESTRY MATERIALS. We manufacture Tapestry Materials superior to foreign goods and at half the price, Book of samples, 10 cents, Send $1.50 for trial order, for two yards of 50-inch wide No. 6 goods, worth $3.00.

SPECIAL. We have just received from Paris exact reproductions in color, tint, blend, shade, by color photography, copies of Giotto's Famous Painting, "St. Anthony of Padua;" Murillo's "Assumption of the Virgin;" and Pichat's Celebrated "Our Lady of Lourdes." They come in sizes of 74 in. by 45 in., and 45 in. by 31 in. Special price to introduce these WORKS OF ART. $25.00 for large size; $15.00 for small size. Orders will be filled in rotation as received.

WHEN IN NEW YORK DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT OUR HOUSE.

JOHN F. DOUTHITT, American Tapestry and Decorative Co.

222 FIFTH AVENUE, Near 26th Street, NEW YORK.

Bay State Electrotype Foundry.

L. W. ROGERS, Prop'r. Established 1873.

Engraving

Cuts of all kinds
Wood, Half-tone, Zinc, etc., from
Drawings, Photographs or Machines.

Type-setting

For Electrotyping of all kinds.

Electrotyping

Of all kinds.
Book and Job Work.
Fine Cut Work a Specialty.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

165 Devonshire and 26 Arch Sts., Boston.

Established 1860.

Boston Plumbing Company

19 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston, Mass.
Plumbing, Heating, Gas Fitting, Stove Repairing and Sheet Metal Work.
All work warranted satisfactory. Prices Reasonable.
Estimates furnished.

M. J. Donovan & Co., - Props.
Telephone 857-3, Boston.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches Rash and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 52 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the *haut-ton*, (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*"

One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FRED T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Europe.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Toilet preparations for sale in Boston, Mass., at Houghton & Dutton, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. ☞Beware of base imitations. $1000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

TWO POINTS
OF SUPERIORITY.

LIGHT TOUCH which means Durability,

SPEED which means large amount of work accomplished, are sufficient to justify your consideration of

The FOX.

6 Different Models.

A comparison is all we ask; we are satisfied you will agree that we have a

SUPERIOR MACHINE,
"Superior in Every Essential Feature."

Late models equipped with every automatic feature. Catalogue and price list on request.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

WINTER SCENERY
ON THE
Lackawanna Railroad
WILL ADD NEW PLEASURE TO
THE
Holiday TRIP

BUFFALO ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Miss Marion Cunningham, the Popular Young Treasurer of the Young Woman's Club of Emporia, Kans., has This to Say of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — Your Vegetable Compound cured me of womb trouble from which I had been a great sufferer for nearly three years. During that time I was very irregular and would often have intense pain in the small of my back, and blinding headaches and severe cramps. For three months I used **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and aches and pains are as a past memory, while health and happiness is my daily experience now. You certainly have one grateful friend in Emporia, and I have praised your Vegetable Compound to a large number of my friends. You have my permission to publish my testimonial in connection with my picture. Yours sincerely, MISS MARION CUNNINGHAM, Emporia, Kans."

$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

CLYDE LINE

ONLY DIRECT ALL WATER ROUTE
BETWEEN
NEW YORK, BOSTON,
&
CHARLESTON, S.C.
JACKSONVILLE

FLORIDA

THE CLYDE LINE FLEET

is composed of handsome, staunch, and fast-going ocean steamships of modern type, luxuriously furnished and richly appointed. Table and cuisine unsurpassed.

ST. JOHN'S RIVER SERVICE between Jacksonville and Sanford, Fla., and all intermediate stations.

Full information, reservations for staterooms, tickets, etc., may be had of

WM. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents,
THEO. G. EGER, G. M. 19 STATE STREET, NEW YORK.

A SATISFACTORY MEAL

At a moderate price is served a la carte on the "Great Western Limited," leaving Chicago every night for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, St. Joseph and Kansas City,

...Via the...

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

J. P. ELMER, General Passenger Agent,
113 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

CALIFORNIA

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

Leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 5.15 p. m. the third day. Buffet-smoking and library cars (with barber), double drawing-room sleeping cars. All meals in dining cars.

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS

Leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 4.15 p. m. the third day. Buffet-smoking and library cars (with barber) and Pullman sleeping cars. All meals in dining cars.

THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS

Leaves Chicago 11.30 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 8.25 a. m. the fourth day. Buffet drawing-room sleeping cars and tourist sleeping cars Chicago to San Francisco daily. Personally conducted excursions to California and Oregon every Tuesday and Friday.

Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS BY THIS ROUTE.

THREE FAST THROUGH TRAINS EVERY DAY

"Big Four"

Best Route to

California
Colorado
Texas

Via

St. Louis

WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.
W. P. DEPPE, Asst. Gen'l P. & T. A.
CINCINNATI, O.

Boston & Maine Railroad.

LOWEST RATES
Fast Train Service

BETWEEN

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis,

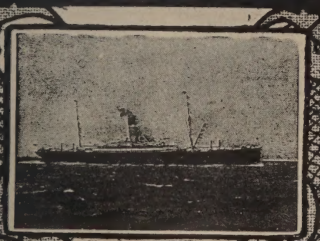
And all Points WEST, NORTHWEST, SOUTHWEST

Pullman, Parlor and Sleeping Cars on all Through Trains.

For tickets and information apply at any principal Ticket Office of the Company.

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,
BOSTON.

DOMINION LINE to EUROPE



FASTEST STEAMERS
BOSTON TO
QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
S. S. Commonwealth, 13,000 tons.
S. S. New England, 11,000 tons.
S. S. Canada, 9,000 tons.

MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.
Boston to Gibraltar,
Naples, Genoa, and Alexandria, Egypt.

Apply to
RICHARDS, MILLS & CO.
77 State St., Boston.

CUNARD LINE

Boston
Queenstown
Liverpool.

FAST, TWIN-SCREW PASSENGER SERVICE.
Saloon, $50 up; 2d Saloon, $40 up.
Third Class, at Low Rates.

WINTER RATES.

SAXONIA, new, 14,000 tons, sails Dec. 7.
IVERNIA, new, 14,000 tons, sails Nov. 23.
ULTONIA, 10,000 tons, 3d class only, sails Dec. 21.

ALEXANDER MARTIN, Agent, 99 State St., BOSTON.

CURES GOITRE

A well known Cincinnati physician has discovered a remedy that cures Goitre or Thick Neck. And to prove this he sends a free trial package so that patients may try and know positively that Goitre can be cured. Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, 3150 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will forward a trial treatment by return mail.

"QUEEN OF SEA ROUTES."

MERCHANTS AND MINERS TRANS. CO.

Steamship Lines

From

BOSTON and PROVIDENCE

To Norfolk, Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, Savannah and all points South and West.

Tickets include meals and room on steamer. Six sailings each week. Send for illustrated booklet and particulars to., address

A. M. GRAHAM, Agent, Boston, Mass.
J. W. McCLOSKEY, Agent, Providence, R. I.
J. C. WHITNEY, T. M. W. P. TURNER, G. P. A.
General Offices, Baltimore, Md.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

WHAT sensations are more agreeable than those following some good, quick exercise, a rub with a rough towel, a scrub with Ivory Soap and a dash of cold water? The nerves are braced, the muscles are hardened, and the man or woman is better able to resist disease and the wearing effects of mental strain.

If the Ivory Soap is not positively essential, it is at least delightfully cleansing, and the beneficial effects of a pure soap constantly used, can hardly be overestimated.

RUBIFOAM
FOR THE
TEETH
25¢
RUBIFOAM not only thoroughly cleanses the teeth, but on account of its antiseptic qualities prevents decay. Deliciously flavored. Put up by
E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Good for the Spotter of Spotless Town!
He spotted a spot on the Butcher's gown.
'T would not be meet, for justice' sake,
To roast the Butcher at the steak,
And so behind the bars he'll go.
Bars of what? — **SAPOLIO**

VOSE PIANOS

and deliver the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations. VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

ments every family in moderate circumstances can own a vose piano. We take old instruments in exchange

1851. 1901.

The Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,

ISSUES Endowment Policies to either men or women, which (besides giving Five other options)

GUARANTEE when the Insured is Fifty, Sixty or Seventy Years Old TO PAY $1,500 IN CASH FOR EVERY $1,000 of Insurance in force.

Sample policies, rates, and other information will be given on application to the Home Office.

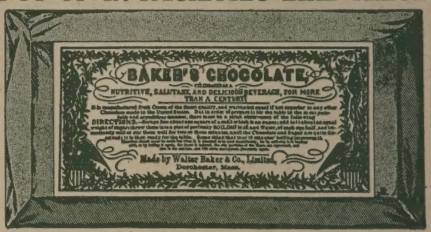
JONATHAN B. BUNCE, President.
JOHN M. HOLCOMBE, Vice-President.
CHARLES H. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

LOOK AT THE LABELS!

THE GENUINE

BAKER'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

PUT UP IN PACKAGES LIKE THESE



MOST AND BEST FOR THE MONEY

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

A SURE CURE FOR WRINKLES

Keeps the Stocking Neat and Trim.

Never Slips or Tears.

The Velvet Grip CUSHION HOSE SUPPORTER

Sample pair, by mail, 25c.
Catalogue free.

No Stitching in the Elastic.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston.

Look for the name on every loop, and for the Moulded Rubber Button.

BIGGER BOX
SAME PRICE

Enameline

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

Brilliant. Clean. Easily Applied. Absolutely Odorless

LIQUID—
BETTER YET!
FIRE PROOF!!

READ BLENNERHASSETT, A THRILLING ROMANCE OF AARR Hilsey Building

B.P.L. Bindery,
MAR 25 1902